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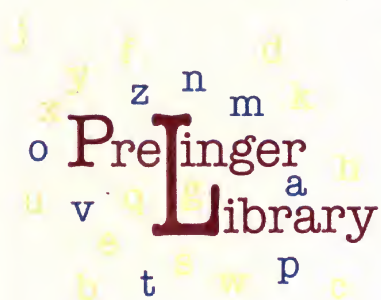
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June-July, 1906

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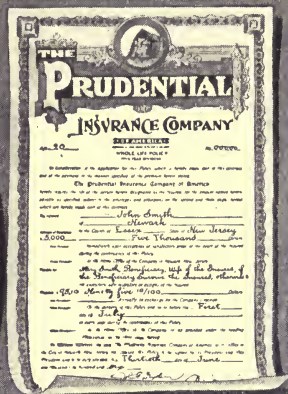
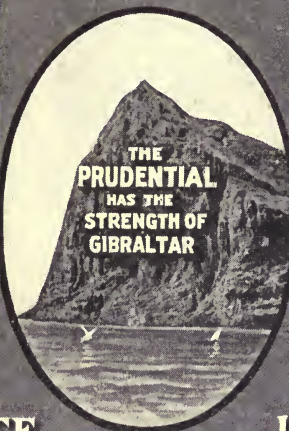
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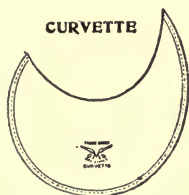
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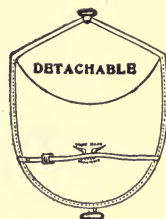


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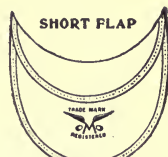
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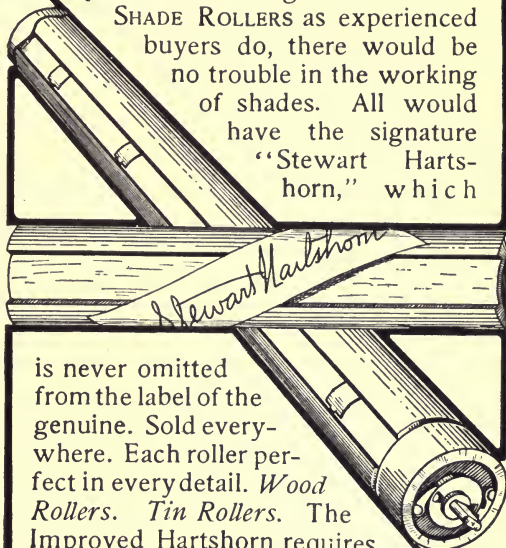
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TO every reader of this periodical who loves nature and animals and outdoor life, we will send without charge four beautiful pictures, which sell at retail for 50 cents each. These pictures are wonderful examples of the art of color photography, being printed on heavy plate paper by the most improved process. Framed at moderate cost they will make splendid decorations for den or cosy corner, or they can be used just as they are in any room of the house. The subjects represented are such as will appeal to nature lovers generally. Exact size of pictures, $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Why We Make This Offer

The object of this offer is to acquaint you with our new "Library of Natural History" which has recently been published, after years of labor and at an enormous expense. It is the only work of its kind in existence illustrated from actual photographs, of which it contains over 2,000, besides many full-page plates showing birds and animals in their natural colors. Every living creature on the earth—animal and man—is described and pictured in this Library. In many cases special expeditions armed with cameras and dry plates had to be sent to foreign lands to secure the photographs from which the illustrations were made. The work is not technical or dry, but teems with the most interesting and instructive stories of animal life, told by famous naturalists and explorers. Over 2,000,000 copies have already been sold in Germany and England.

No Obligation

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the Library. We will forward the pictures, together with a description of the books, by mail postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers; this Society transacts all its business by correspondence.

Do not confuse these with cheap pictures. They sell at Art Stores for 50 cents each.

enclose 10 cents (stamps or silver) for postage and wrapping. This will be refunded if you request it after examining the pictures. Mail the accompanying coupon promptly, as the supply of pictures is limited, and this advertisement will not appear again.

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THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, New York

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SEND \$1.00 NOW and get one dozen photographs and a year's subscription to Vick's Magazine. Our publication has been recognized as the leader in the floral and garden field for over a quarter of a century. It has recently been enlarged and improved and many new departments added, making it a HOME MAGAZINE FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY. Price 50 cents a year. Sample copy FREE.

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to sell her our Fruit Jar Opener. It's a dandy. Opens the tightest fruit jar. Holds and closes jars tight when hot. Pays for itself first canning day. Sells at sight. Agents make \$1.00 an hour. Sample post-paid 60 cents. Money refunded, Big Commission. Information and circulars free.

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OUR SPECIALTY--High Class Investments.

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Write for our latest offering. Get your name on our mailing list.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Savings and Loan Society

101 Montgomery St., Cor. Sutter

Has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1-2) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Humboldt Savings Bank

626 Market Street.

For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend on all savings deposits has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Corner California and Montgomery Streets.

For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

710 Market Street.

For the half year ending June 30, 1906, dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1-4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street.

For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
The Continental Building and Loan Association

Corner Market and Church Sts., San Francisco.

Has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1906, a dividend of five per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, six per cent on term deposits, and six per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits will be payable on and after July 1st. Interest on deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
San Francisco Savings Union

Northwest Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and two-thirds (3 2-3) per cent on term deposits, and three and one-third (3 1-3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof, and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

Don't Leave Home

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Emergency Sick and Accident Cabinets

In Your Suit Case

Contains 24 articles most likely to be needed in case of sickness or accident.



Size 3 1-2 x 4 1-2 x 6 1-2

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and any person liable to be sick or meet with accident should have one

Price \$1.50. Express Charges Prepaid

Large sizes for factories, etc., \$7.00 and \$4.00. Canvassers wanted.
The Accident Cabinet Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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CUT RATE SHIPPERS

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LOS ANGELES

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French American Bank, of San Francisco

Corner Montgomery and Market Sts.

Capital Paid in\$1,000,000

Undivided Profits\$125,000

Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President; John Ginty, Cashier; M. Girard, Asst. Cashier.

Empowered by law to act as Trustee, Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver and Assignee and to do a general banking business.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

Cor. Market, Jones and McAllister Sts., S. F.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this society, held June 27, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3 1-2) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1906, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 2, 1906.

Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Central Trust Company of California

42 Montgomery St., Corner Sutter St.

For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the Savings Department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, payable on and after July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.



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The Ideal Piano
For All
Hands

TRAINED *or* UNTRAINED

Sweetest melody responds to the touch of the master hand upon the Krell Auto-Grand, while by the simple turn of a lever the novice is enabled to bring out the same magic notes of harmony.

Two Ways Are Better Than One

The Krell Auto-Grand is a piano of matchless grade, well fitted for the house beautiful. Its quality of tone cannot be surpassed and its charm as a perfect automatic instrument lies in its simplicity of construction.

Piano and player are built within one case and the mechanism is ideal. Finest materials and absence of complicated parts insure its durability. *An absolute guarantee for five years is given.* Operated by a wonderful battery of bellows, the player action is individual. *Every note has its own separate action,* and while the Krell Auto-Grand rarely needs attention, complete action for any note can be detached and readjusted within one minute.

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A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE to any one filling out coupon and enclosing 10c for postage. Only one bottle to a family.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

**FOR CHILDREN
WHILE CUTTING
THEIR TEETH**

*An Old and
Well-Tried
Remedy*

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of

mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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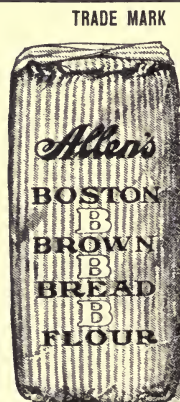
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ECONOMY,

ASSURANCE

Eat Hot Cakes, Muffins, Boston Brown Bread or Plum Pudding made from **ALLEN'S SELF - RISING B. B. B. FLOUR.** It is the most tasty and healthful food you can procure.



The **Economy** in buying: the **Simplicity** in making and the **Assurance** of having a pure and wholesome food are points worthy of your consideration.

Allen's B. B. B. Flour Co.

**PACIFIC COAST
FACTORY
SAN JOSE, CAL.**

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Scenes in Golden Gate Park.

AUG 31 1907

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLVII

June-July, 1906

No. 6

The Hope of San Francisco

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

Tho' to the stroke of fate I bow,
And woe my young heart fills,
The diadem is on my brow--
My dais still the hills.

Ye winds that 'round my smouldering slopes
And ruined temples rave,
Know this--the anchor of my hopes--
I mothered but the brave!

Tell all the world my sons are true;
Within my gates they lie,
A scanty shred to shelter them
Beneath the starry sky.

Such hearts shall keep my flag unfurled,
Shall guard my high estate,
And press the commerce of the world
To thread my Golden Gate.

The noble ships that fare afar,
My rovers of the sea,
With leaping prow and bending spar
Will still come home to me.

The house-flags of full many a line
Shall star my bay--their boast
Be that this title still is mine,
The Mistress of the Coast!

San Francisco, May 13, 1906.



"Fairmont," as it will appear when finished. The interior, with its mass of wood decorations, lent fuel to the fire. This is now being replaced with more severe regard for fire, and will be of mahogany, instead of soft woods. The scheme of decoration will be repeated.



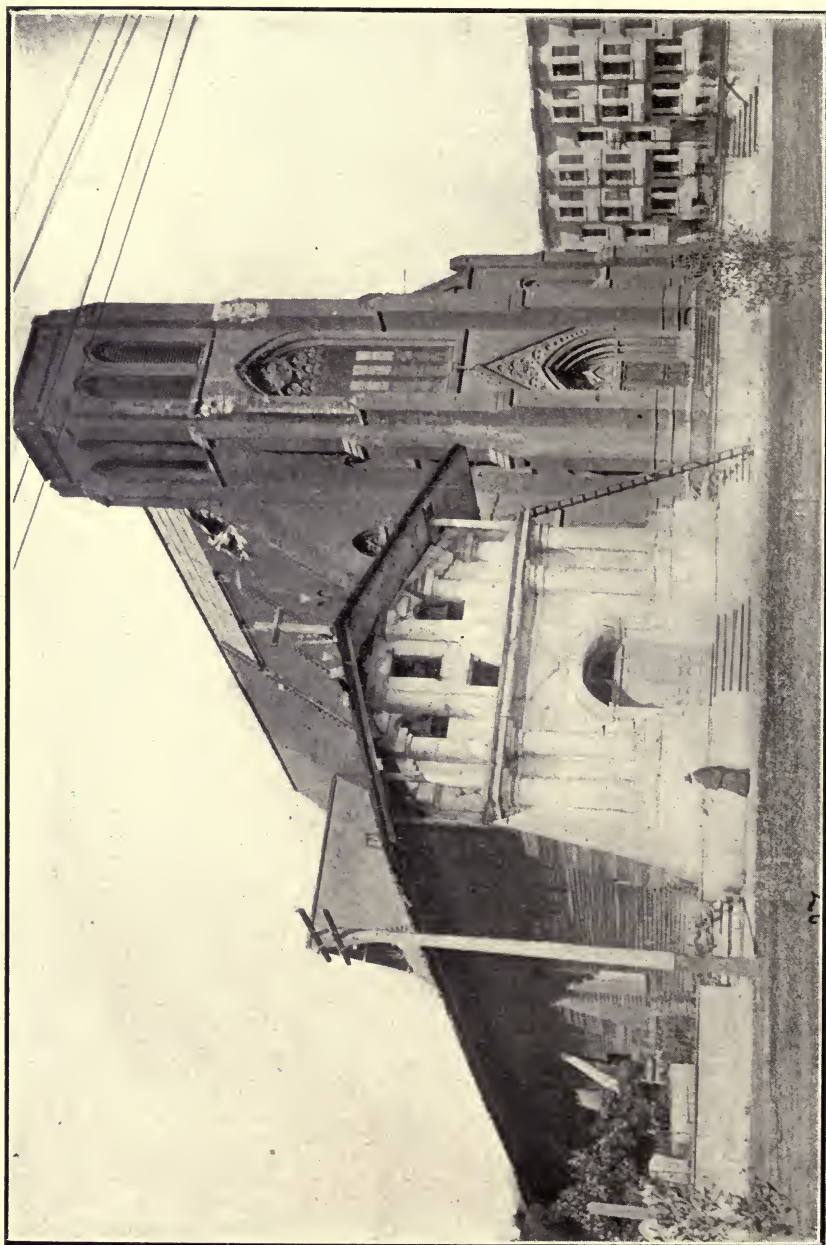
The Palace Hotel, San Francisco, for many years the largest in the world, gutted by the flames. Next to it the Monadnock, a modern steel and concrete structure, not greatly damaged.



Mission street, looking south from Twentieth.



Merchant's Exchange Building on California street, San Francisco, after the earthquake and fire. In the foreground is the California Safe Deposit Building, completely ruined by the fire. In background is the Mutual Life Insurance Company's building on Sansome and California Streets.



Mission Dolores Church, built in 1776. Survived the earthquakes of 1868 and 1906, and the fire of the latter year.



The James L. Flood residence and the Fairmont, after the fire.

Photo by White.



This splendid mansion is the temporary home of one of the largest gentlemen's furnishing goods houses in the city. It is located on Pacific Avenue in the fashionable residence district, just outside the burned section.



Looking west up Pacific avenue. This view was taken with the object of showing how little damage was done by the 'quake. Pacific avenue is outside the fire district.



The White automobile on the water-front (East street.) The automobile was the means of saving many lives during the fire, and served as a rapid means of communication between relief stations and to and from hospitals.



Residences on Pacific avenue. This picture shows how little damage was done by the earthquake. Chimneys are still standing and concrete garden walls are uninjured.



View of Shreve Building, looking down Grant avenue.



Line of cars on Sutter street in unburned section of San Francisco. These cars were used as camps for refugees, making comfortable abiding places until better could be provided.



Scenes in Golden Gate Park.



Front of the Kohl building. This building is but slightly injured by fire, and is now occupied by tenants. Fire raged all around it.

What San Francisco Has to Start With

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

WHEN the pioneers of 1849 landed upon the peninsula of Yerba Buena, there was little to attract their eyes. Of all the buildings familiar to later-day San Franciscans, the only one to be seen was the Mission Dolores—an adobe church, surrounded by the rude habitations of a few Indians. Where the Presidio Military Reservation now is were the quarters of the Spanish Commandant. The waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street, and the whole region from that thoroughfare to the ocean beach where the Cliff House now stands, was a waste of sand-dunes, broken here and there by rugged eminences, where the underlying rocky strata cropped out to the surface. Of these, the most notable were Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill and Strawberry Hill. When the strong trade winds

that blow on every summer's afternoon swept the peninsula from the ocean to the bay, the air was filled with grit, there being as yet no well-kept United States Military Reservation, no beautiful Golden Gate Park, and no trim Western Addition to mitigate the plague of all-pervading sand. The only pleasing objects to be seen were the clumps of scrub oaks and the wild flowers that in spring carpeted little oases in the desert of dunes. There were glorious vistas of the bay, of course, but they could be obtained equally well from the hills of Alameda, Contra Costa and Marin Counties. There was nothing attractive about the peninsula itself. It was desolate, forlorn, wind-swept.

Let us consider what the pioneers built up from this unpromising material and on this unprepossessing spot in little

more than half a century. The largest single piece of property is the Military Reservation at the Presidio, which is owned by the War Department of the United States and comprises about fifteen hundred acres, more than half of them planted with groves of pine and eucalyptus trees. The Reservation is traversed by splendidly-kept roads, and contains handsome quarters for a large number of troops. There are barracks, pretty houses for married officers and their families, quarters for unmarried officers, non-commissioned officers and men; hospitals, stables, a fort—Fort Winfield Scott—which, though not of much use against modern heavy guns, is still highly picturesque. The hilly ground overlooking the bay and ocean affords wide-stretching views, and here are mounted mortar batteries and other weapons of defense against a hostile fleet.

The next largest area in the city and county of San Francisco is Golden Gate Park, which, all considered, is the most notable public recreation ground anywhere in the world. It comprises a thousand acres, and is four miles long from its Panhandle entrance at Baker street to

the ocean beach. In a quarter of a century, or less than half the time that has elapsed since the arrival of the pioneers, the barren and desolate sand-dunes have been covered with driveways, paths, lakes, conservatories, flower-beds, ornamental trees and broad lawns. Opportunities for many outdoor sports are afforded; there are lawn-tennis courts, which are almost constantly thronged with eager players; bowling greens, hand-ball courts, a polo and baseball ground, a lake for boating, another sheet of water for model yacht-racing; miles of bicycle and bridle paths, of drives for horse-drawn vehicles and automobiles, and a speedway for fast trotters. There is a museum, the only permanent structure of the California Midwinter Exposition; an art gallery filled with interesting pictures, and an aviary, said to be the largest in the world, wherein the birds have real trees to roost upon and genuine running water to sport in. There is an extensive park for buffalo and elk, and there are smaller enclosures for other animals. One of the finest music stands in the world was presented to the Park by that public spirited citizen,



A conspicuous sign on the water front.



The first insurance company that started up in their old location on California street.



Wells, Fargo & Co.'s new quarters on Golden Gate avenue.

Claus Spreckels. A Japanese garden that formed part of the Midwinter Fair is another attraction. A fully-equipped ground for track and field events, with ample accommodations for a large number of spectators, is near completion. Just to the south of Golden Gate Park, and facing the illimitable ocean, is the quaint little settlement known as "Carville," from the fact that the first habitations there were built from old horse-cars that

neer times. The glossy, mild-eyed creatures gambol in the water and frolic on the rocks as though there were no such things as earthquakes or conflagrations.

All these, familiar to a generation of Californians, are still unimpaired, and will serve to delight and recreate generations yet unborn. Though the mighty fire which devastated the metropolis of San Francisco ruined an area exceeding the combined areas swept by the Chicago,



This old brick building on Washington St. resisted the great fire, and is now the only macaroni and vermicelli factory in San Francisco.

had been put out of business by the cable and electric vehicles. To the north of the Park is the Cliff House—not the old tavern in which the pioneers of San Francisco had so many gay suppers, but the new and much larger structure built upon its site. Its balconies look out upon the ocean and face the famous Seal Rocks, upon which raucously bark the sturdy descendants of the seals of pio-

Boston and Baltimore fires, about one-half of the ground occupied by the city remained intact. The burned district was four miles long by about two and one-half miles deep, making ten square miles. In this district were included all the banks, the principal wholesale and retail establishments, the most notable hotels, churches, restaurants, libraries, club-houses, and the mansions of the pioneer

millionaires—Stanford, Hopkins, Flood, Crocker, O'Brien and Huntington. The splendid mansion of Claus Spreckels on Van Ness avenue also perished, though it

was on the westerly side of that noble barrier against the destroying demon. But the great residence district to the west of Van Ness avenue, Octavia and



Mutual Savings Bank, taken from Third street. A steel structure with gray sandstone facing that stood the fire in fine shape. New buildings rising on the right of picture, the highest of these being the new Chronicle building.



Union Trust Building, Montgomery and Market, looking down Post street. Fire raged all around this modern steel, brick and terra cotta building, but without inflicting serious injury to tenants' belongings. The wall on the left is what is left of the Masonic Temple.



Mills building, looking down Bush street. Brick and steel structure which was injured by fire, property of D. O. Mills.



Kearny street front of the new Chronicle building.

Dolores streets, was saved, and is capable, by crowding somewhat, of sheltering from 250,000 to 300,000 people. It includes nearly all the handsome private

residences of the city, with the exception of the Nob Hill houses, of which all had ceased for some years to be homes, and some had become public institutions, the

Stanford house being the city headquarters of Stanford University, and the Hopkins house sheltering the art department of the University of California. It is unlikely that the Flood House would have been kept up by the next generation of the family, which had already found the California street mansion and the Menlo Park chateau burdens. These enormous houses, built in the first flush of excite-

ment much more likely to be a permanent embodiment of a great fortune is a big hotel like the Fairmont, erected by the daughters of the late Senator James G. Fair as a memorial of their father, or a large office structure like the James Flood building on Market and Powell streets.

Though the Lurline and North Beach baths, with the salt water tank of the



Crocker building, from Montgomery street. A granite, steel, brick and terra cotta building; will be re-occupied after repairs. On the right may be seen the Call and the new Chronicle buildings.

ment over the possession of great fortunes, were intended to rival the splendid homes of European nobles, and are utterly unsuited to the conditions of life in California, where domestic servants are hard to get, incompetent and expensive. Another generation would have seen their demolition in any case; the fire merely hastened what was inevitable. A monu-

mentary building, the Sutro Baths, near Point Lobos, are almost intact, only a few of the many thousands of square feet of glass contained in the roof being fractured. The gardens laid out by the late Adolph Sutro on the rocky eminence above the Cliff House, commanding superb vistas of the Marin County hills, of Point Bonita and its



James Flood building, Market and Powell streets. This is the largest building in San Francisco, comparatively uninjured. The Call building may be seen on the right. The Chronicle and the Mutual Savings buildings on the left, in background.

guiding light, of the Golden Gate, the broad Pacific, and the fleet of merchantmen, passenger steamers and fishing boats that enter or go forth from the port of San Francisco—these are unin-

jured. So, too, are the extensive woods planted by the late Mayor to the south of Golden Gate Park.

The various plazas scattered about the city, such as Union Square, Portsmouth



View of St. Francis Hotel. This building was gutted by fire. The building was not so badly injured but that it will be repaired.



A tent school in Golden Gate Park.



The Mint, looking up Fifth street toward Market. This splendid building remained uninjured by earthquake, dynamite or fire.



View of Post-office, looking from Market street. The building in the foreground was shattered by dynamite to save the Post-office, and the damage on the Government building was by earthquake and dynamite only.



The Ferry Drug Company was the first drug store to open after the fire in San Francisco. It was the chemist of this store that made the discovery of a vegetable that is an absolute cure for chronic catarrh. The cut represents their temporary quarters at foot of Market street, No. 4 Sacramento street, where they will stay until their new store, which is to be one of the finest in the West, is completed.

Square, Lafayette and Alamo Square, Jefferson Park, etc., though the foliage of the down-town ones may be scorched and the grass worn off through the hard

lovers of the quaint, the Mariners' Church, situate a block or two from the waterfront, is more to be regretted, for its reading desk, made in the fashion of



Lotta's Fountain, at junction of Third, Market, Kearny and Geary streets.

usage of the past two or three months, can soon be restored to their former trimness. Most of the churches that were in the burned area will be rebuilt, but some of them on other sites, as the tendency for several years past has been to tear down the religious edifices in the business district and to erect new ones in the more westerly part of the city. The site of Trinity Church on Union Square was occupied by the Savoy Hotel, and the site of Calvary Church on the same plaza by the Hotel St. Francis. The Olympic Club house stood on the site of a church, and the Techau Tavern did business in a church, the interior of which had not been altered greatly. By

the stern of a clipper, was probably unique. It is to be hoped that the Mariners' Church and its interesting pulpit may be rebuilt.

There are hundreds of miles of streets graded, sewered and provided with water mains and gas-pipes; also hundreds of miles of car-tracks that are damaged only here and there by the sinking of the track on soft ground. Even if we suppose that 150,000 people have left San Francisco, there still remain 300,000, and these, with some exceptions, the most courageous and substantial of her citizens. And, after all, people, not houses, make a city, for where the people are, the houses are sure to be.

But even in the burned area, many buildings resisted both seismic shock and fire. The most notable of these are the Crocker Building, the Union Trust Building, the Merchants' Exchange Building, the Kohl Building, the Mills Building, the Monadnock Building, the new Chronicle Building, the Claus Spreckels (or Call) Building, the Mutual Savings Bank Building, the Grant Building, the Hotel St. Francis, the Fairmont Hotel (which was not hurt structurally by the fire, and practically not at all by the shake; there were no cracks even in the plaster), the old Montgomery Block, the Custom-House, the new United

which seems untouched by flame, and the Custom-House (which was saved on Wednesday, the 18th, and again on Friday, the 19th, by the gallant and well-directed efforts of its employees, assisted by some United States marines and soldiers) were denuded of everything inflammable that they contained, but, being well constructed of steel and concrete with terra cotta, granite or stone walls, are structurally sound and can be rendered serviceable again. In fact, almost the only buildings that were seriously damaged by the seismic shocks were structures standing on soft or "made" ground, or built dishonestly of bad



Wells-Fargo building, looking down Second street, which will shortly be re-occupied.

States Post Office, and the Ferry Building. All these, except the Kohl Building (only three or four floors of which were burned), the Montgomery Block,

materials. The fire, of course, destroyed many structures that were honestly built of wood, but could not destroy the steel and concrete structures.

The financial center of San Francisco will remain where it was, for as early as May 21st some of the banking concerns were open for business on the old sites. The banks are solvent, and San Francisco's merchants have resources and good credit. The Eastern and local capitalists who own San Francisco real estate, for which they have paid hundreds of thousands of dollars, will be compelled, by their own interest, to erect new buildings on the sites of those that are destroyed, and to put those that still remain into tenantable condition. Some

will be made ready for occupation as quickly as possible.

None of the machinery in the Union Iron Works was damaged, and needful repairs to the buildings were made quickly. A few weeks after the 18th, 2,300 men were at work, and more were put on later. The Risdon Iron Works are in good condition, and the Western Sugar Refinery continued work almost without interruption. The electric plant and gas works near the Refinery were ready for business shortly after the 18th.

To turn for a moment to works of



The U. S. Mint, which is unhurt by fire or 'quake. This is an example of a well-built edifice. All of the Government buildings in San Francisco were saved, not because of an especial effort to do so, but because of superiority in construction.

buildings that were not yet completed on April 18th, such as the Whittell Building, the Newman & Levinson Building, and the annex to the Hotel St. Francis,

Art and Literature: Though a large number of paintings perished, some valuable ones were saved, the most famous of them being Millet's canvas, "The Man

with the Hoe," which hung in the Crocker house on Nob Hill. Many of the best paintings owned by the Bohemian Club were saved under the directions

flames were seen to be gaining too rapidly to permit of saving the pictures and frames, the canvases were cut out and rolled into bundles. The work was con-



The Shreve Block, and one of the new sky-scrapers. The debris is being cleared away in all directions.

of Charles Dickman, who was placed in charge of the work by the members. In the gallery in Golden Gate Park, a landscape of Charles Francois Daubigny; "Twilight," by J. Dupre; "Sur le Zinc," by Jules Page, and "The Shepherd and his Flock," by Jean Francois Millet, are undamaged. Nearly all the collection in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art was saved by the exertions of Professor Edmond O'Neill, who, when he saw the fire creeping up the hill, took a little band of volunteers into the building and removed many of the pictures to the lawn of the Flood house. When the

tinued even after the flames had begun to consume the gallery, nearly every valuable painting being saved by the Professor and his assistants. They are now stored safely in one of the buildings on the campus of the University of California.

Among the paintings saved are an Egyptian study by Jean Benjamin Constant; "The Doves," by Jerome; "The Snows of the Sierras," the masterpiece of William Keith, and considered one of the greatest landscapes ever painted by an American; "In the Studio," by Jules Page, which won a gold medal in the



Canadian Bank of Commerce, occupying the ground floor of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. building on Sansome and California. Although gutted by fire, the construction of this building was so perfect that it will soon be in perfect condition. It is now occupied by the Mutual Life and Canadian Bank of Commerce.



California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner California and Montgomery street.



Looking east down Market street, showing James Flood building, Native Sons' monument, Claus Spreckels' building, and Emporium. All but the last are not seriously injured.

Paris Salon; "Constance de Beverly," and many other works by European and American artists.

Though nearly every important public and private collection of books in the city fell a prey to the flames, four of the six branches of the Public Library, containing 27,000 volumes, and about 13,-

000 books in the hands of borrowers were saved. The \$750,000 given by Andrew Carnegie is untouched, and the Public Library owns a block of land on Van Ness avenue. Bonds to the amount of a million dollars are also available. The law libraries of ex-Judge Charles W. Slack, Judge Carroll Cook, and Garret



Larkin street, near Turk.



View of Call building, looking from Geary street. Building operations are going on in all directions.

McEnerney, were saved and placed at the disposal of the legal fraternity by their owners.

But it is not brick and stone, or books and paintings that make a city any more

than they make a school or a university. A city is the product of the spirit of its citizens and the natural advantages of its site. If San Francisco grew from a population of a few hundreds in 1849



The Merchants' Exchange, partially occupied and being remodeled.



Techau Tavern, Sutter street, bet. Van Ness and Franklin street.

to 450,000 in 1899, through the enterprise and labor of its inhabitants, it assuredly will not take it long to grow from 300,000 to half a million. Its inhabitants have been tried by fire, and many of the least desirable, the weak, the financially unsound, have been burned out. Some of the best of those who have been compelled by the necessity of maintaining a family to seek other fields of effort for a time, will return as soon as they are able, and will help to rebuild the city by the Golden Gate. The natural advantages that made San Francisco a great port and a great city are hers inalienably. The interior valleys

with their stores of grain and fruits, the mountains that yielded lumber and minerals, are still tributary to San Francisco. Deep water still runs along the waterfront and countless steamers and sailing vessels seek a haven in the bay, which is still the most important harbor on the Pacific Coast. The errors that were made in laying out the old San Francisco can now be remedied, and the new San Francisco will be a nobler, more beautiful and attractive city than before. It may lack the familiar holes, corners and smells of Chinatown, but it will be more agreeable to the eye if not quite so piquant to the nose. And even of this we cannot be too sure, for it is said that the Chinese will insist upon rebuilding on the old site. Possibly the new San Francisco will not be so joyous a place to the unregenerate nor so painful a spot to the pious as formerly, but even of this it is not well to be too positive. Of one thing we may rest assured; it is not necessary to possess the gift of prophecy to be able to foretell that the great gifts lavished upon San Francisco by the Creator and the indomitable spirit of her citizens will raise her from her ashes to be one of the wonder cities of the world. In helping to restore her scepter to the Queen City of the Pacific, let us all acquit ourselves like men!



A firm that showed its faith in the new San Francisco by rebuilding temporary quarters near the old quarters before the embers were cooled.



Looking N. W. from Third and Mission streets, San Francisco. Claus Spreckels and Mutual Savings Bank Buildings of steel, concrete and granite, gutted internally, but sound structurally.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK.

Acting on the firm conviction that there is "only one Market street in the world," the Humboldt Savings Bank is erecting a "class A" building on Market street, below Fourth, the safe deposit vaults of which will be the finest on the coast. This splendid earthquake and fire proof building will be 220 feet high, 18 stories front and 13 stories rear, with metal trimmings throughout. The banking room will cover the entire front floor, occupying 170 feet through to Stevenson street. There will be 300 to 400 rooms in the building.

With iron for this erection leaving the foundry at the rate of one story a week, it is expected that it will be finished by July 1, 1907.

THE PRUDENTIAL LIFE

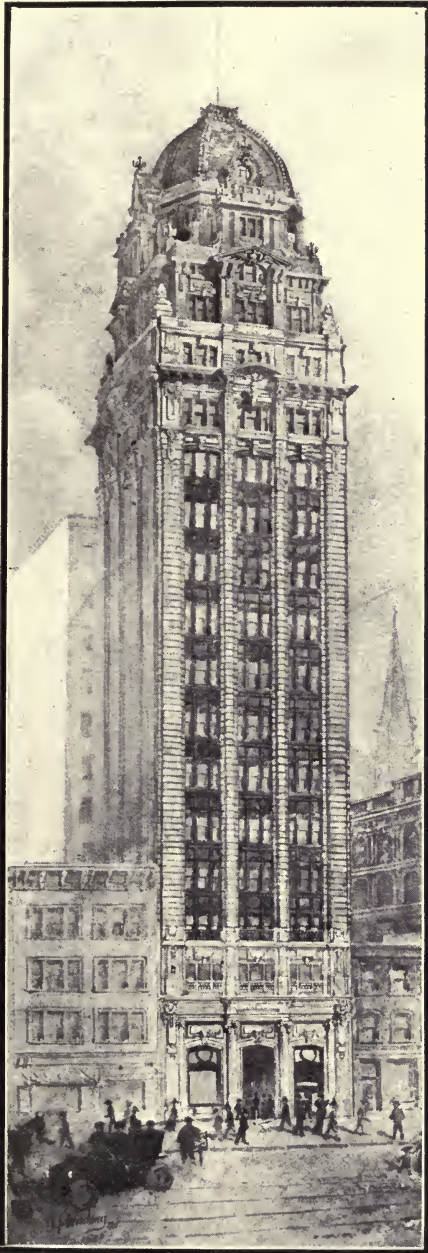
INSURANCE COMPANY

AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

The prompt way in which the officials of the Prudential Insurance Company set to work to put their business in order after the disaster, furnishes a striking instance of the indomitable pluck and resourcefulness which go far to explain American business success. The Prudential was the first life insurance company to open an office in San Francisco after the catastrophe. Its former offices were on the fifth floor of the Claus Spreckels' building. The building itself, as everybody knows, was one of the few left standing, but the contents of the office, including the local records of the company's business, were totally destroyed.

As soon as the actual state of things was made known to the Home Office at Newark, New Jersey, authority was given to Manager Boyns to take offices at 865 Eddy street, to serve as a temporary headquarters for the company, and complete duplicate records, including policy-holders' names and addresses were prepared in Newark, and despatched to San Francisco with all possible speed. Thus in a few days the business was running regularly as if nothing had happened.

One gratifying circumstance is that no death claims have been received by the Prudential on account of the calamity, although a close watch had been kept for such cases. Such an experience is unique



New Humboldt Savings Bank building, located on the "only Market street in the World," between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

for the Prudential, as there are hardly any accidents attended with considerable loss of life occurring in any part of the country which do not involve some liability to "The Strength of Gibraltar" company, and such claims are always promptly met.

In view of the abnormal conditions brought about by the disaster, the company allowed all policy-holders affected thereby thirty days beyond the legal limit within which to pay their outstanding premiums.

The Prudential only commenced business on the Pacific Coast in 1901, but since then its expansion has been remarkable. At the beginning of the present year, it had several millions of insurance in force in California, all cared for through the two agencies at San Francisco and Los Angeles. That the company and its representatives here are in no wise baffled by what has occurred, but are, on the contrary, like the Coast people generally, determined to do greater things than ever, may be inferred from the advertising campaign which the company has commenced in the Overland Monthly. Its future announcements in this publication will be well worthy of the attention of our readers. The policies of the Prudential are well known to be of a high grade character, both as regards their protective and investment features. Information regarding them may be readily obtained from Mr. Robert S. Boyns, 865



Robert S. Boyns, Manager of the Prudential Life Insurance Company.

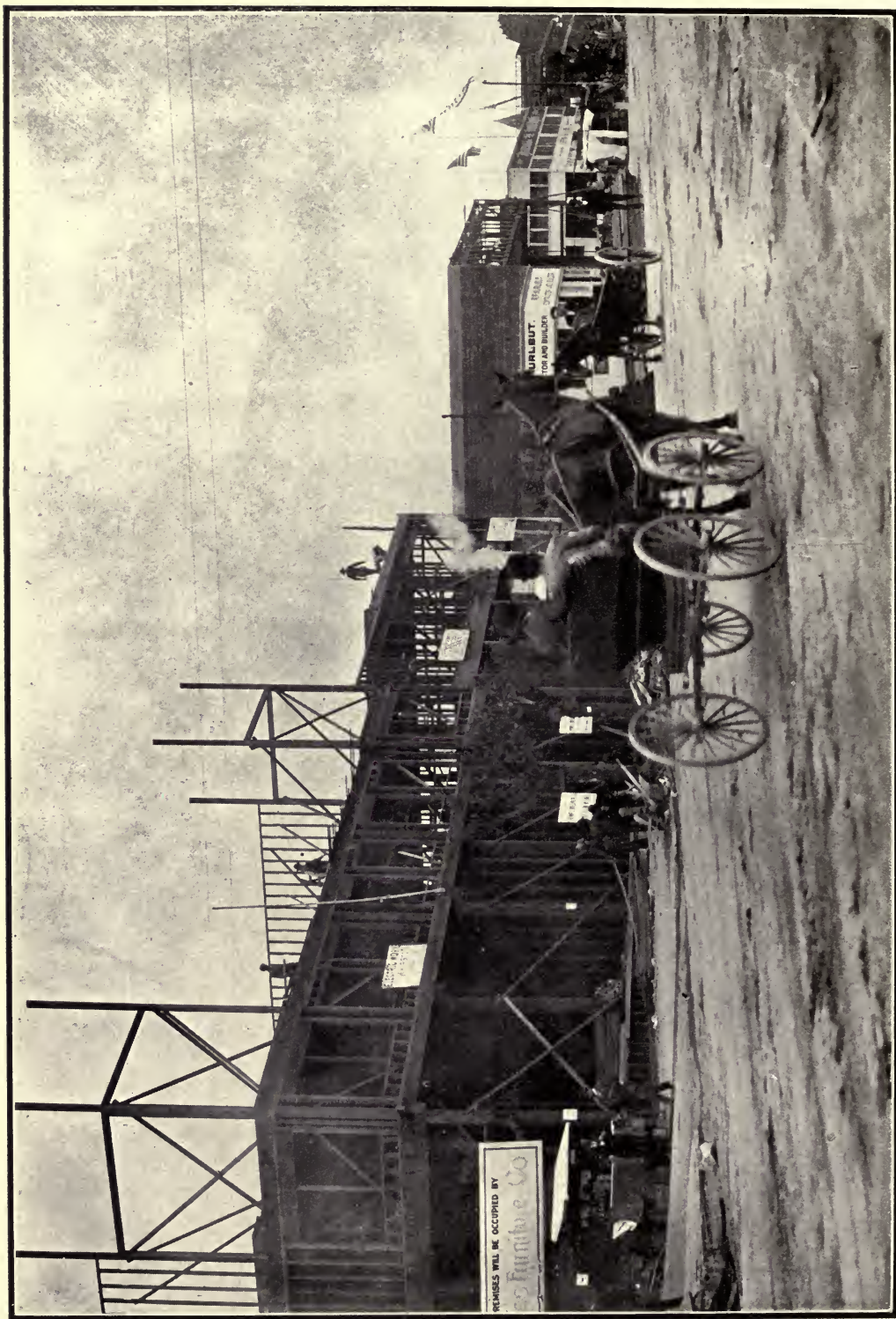
Eddy street, San Francisco; the Nelles Company, 706-707 Herman W. Hellman building, Los Angeles; O. Edgar Fell, rooms 407-9 New York Block, Seattle; Wm. B. Raleigh, rooms 401-5 McKay building, Portland, Ore.; or Harry A. Flood, 410 Empire State building, Spokane, Washington.



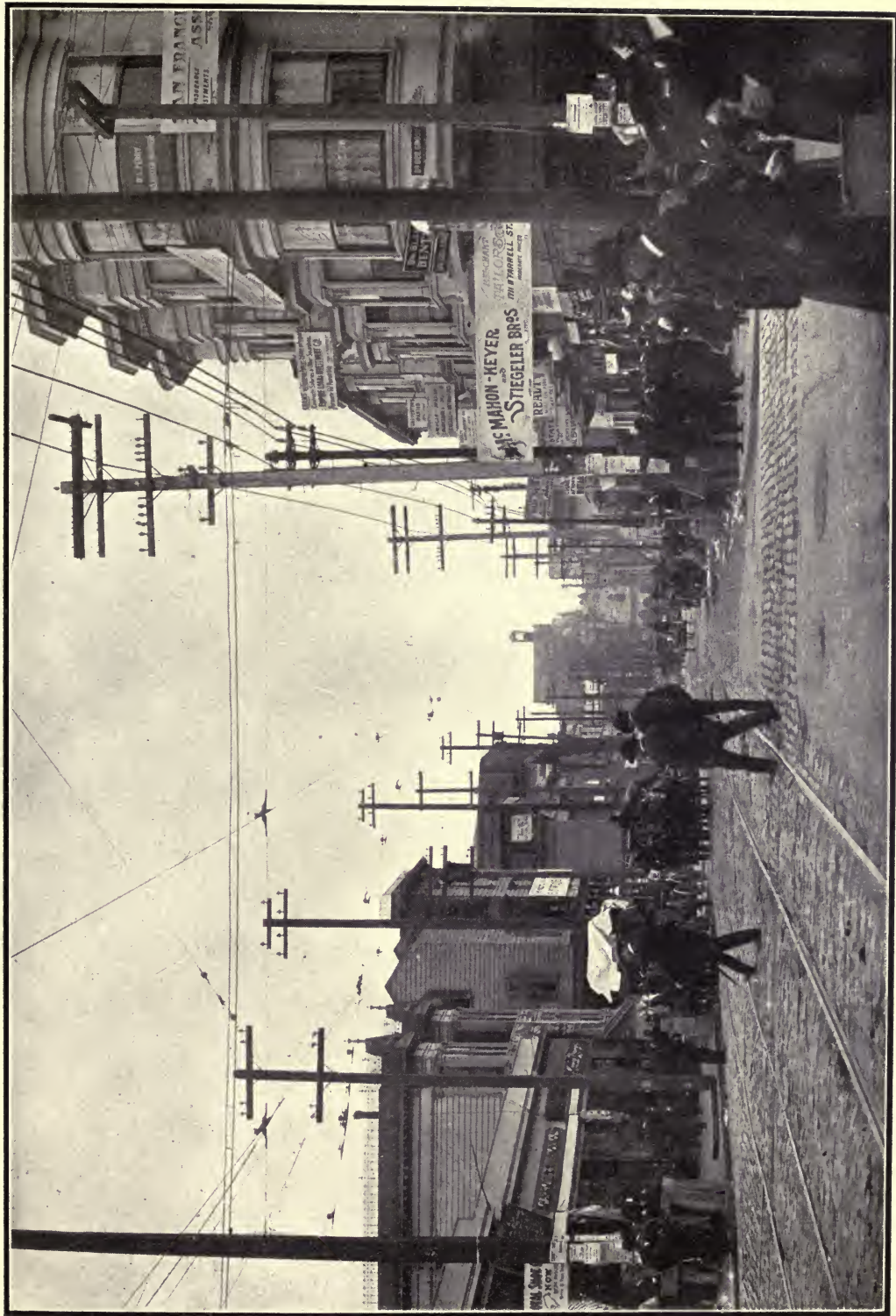
Polk street, between McAllister and Golden Gate avenue.



What San Francisco has to Start With. New buildings that are being constructed in the Greater San Francisco, rise like mushrooms in one night.



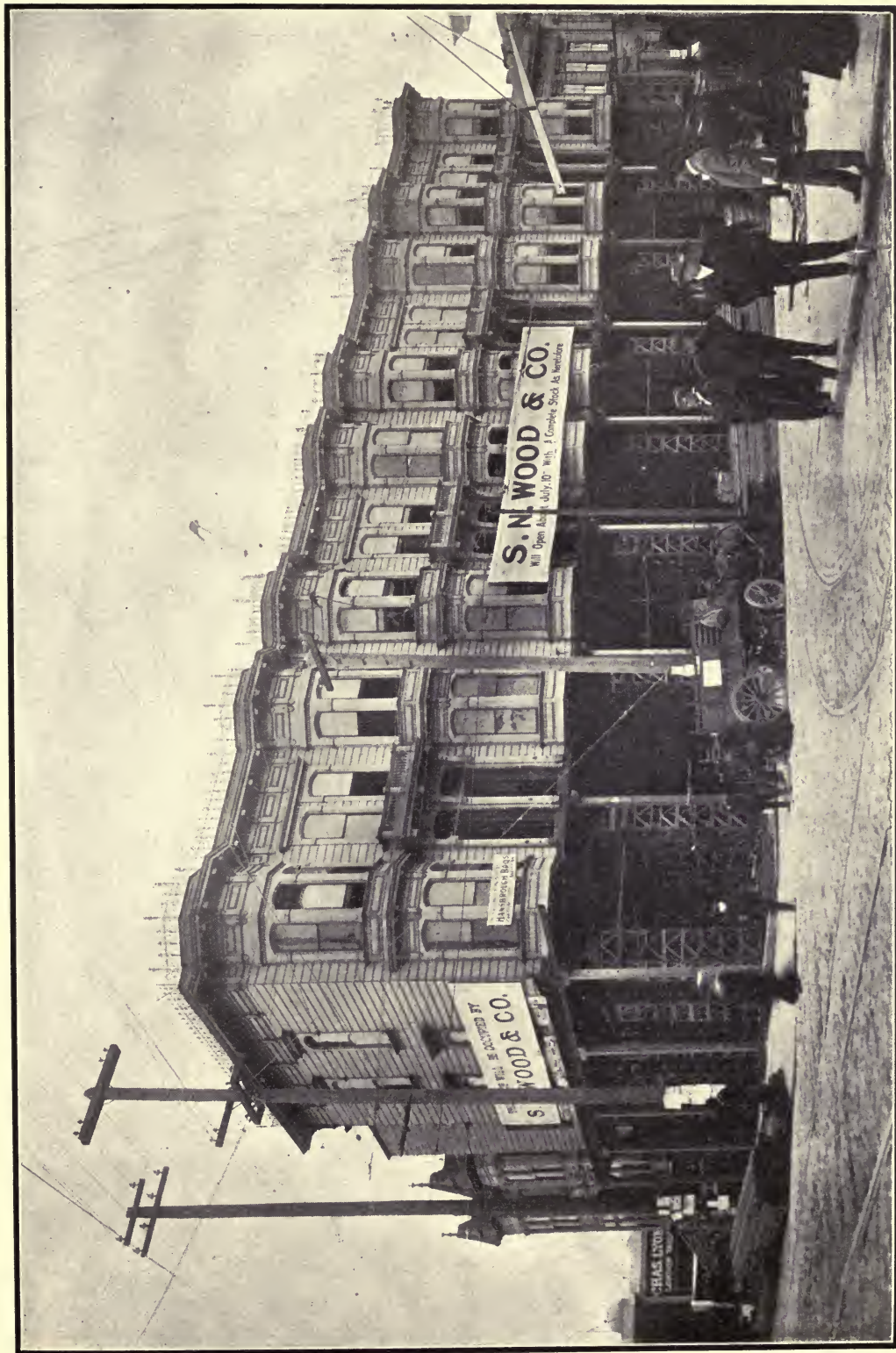
What San Francisco has to Start With. The new building of the Cordes Furniture Store, being erected on Van Ness avenue.



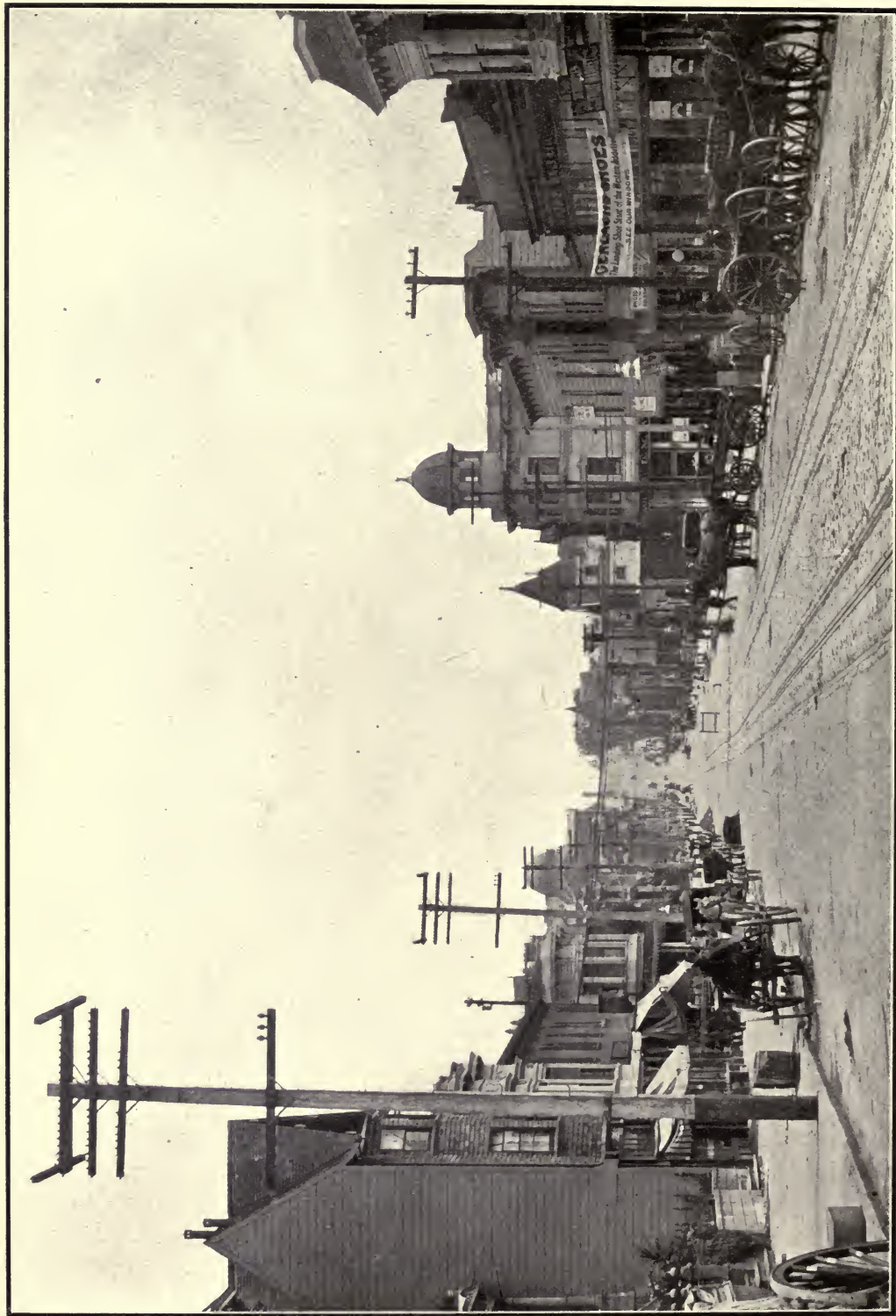
What San Francisco has to Start With. Fillmore street, looking south from O'Farrell.



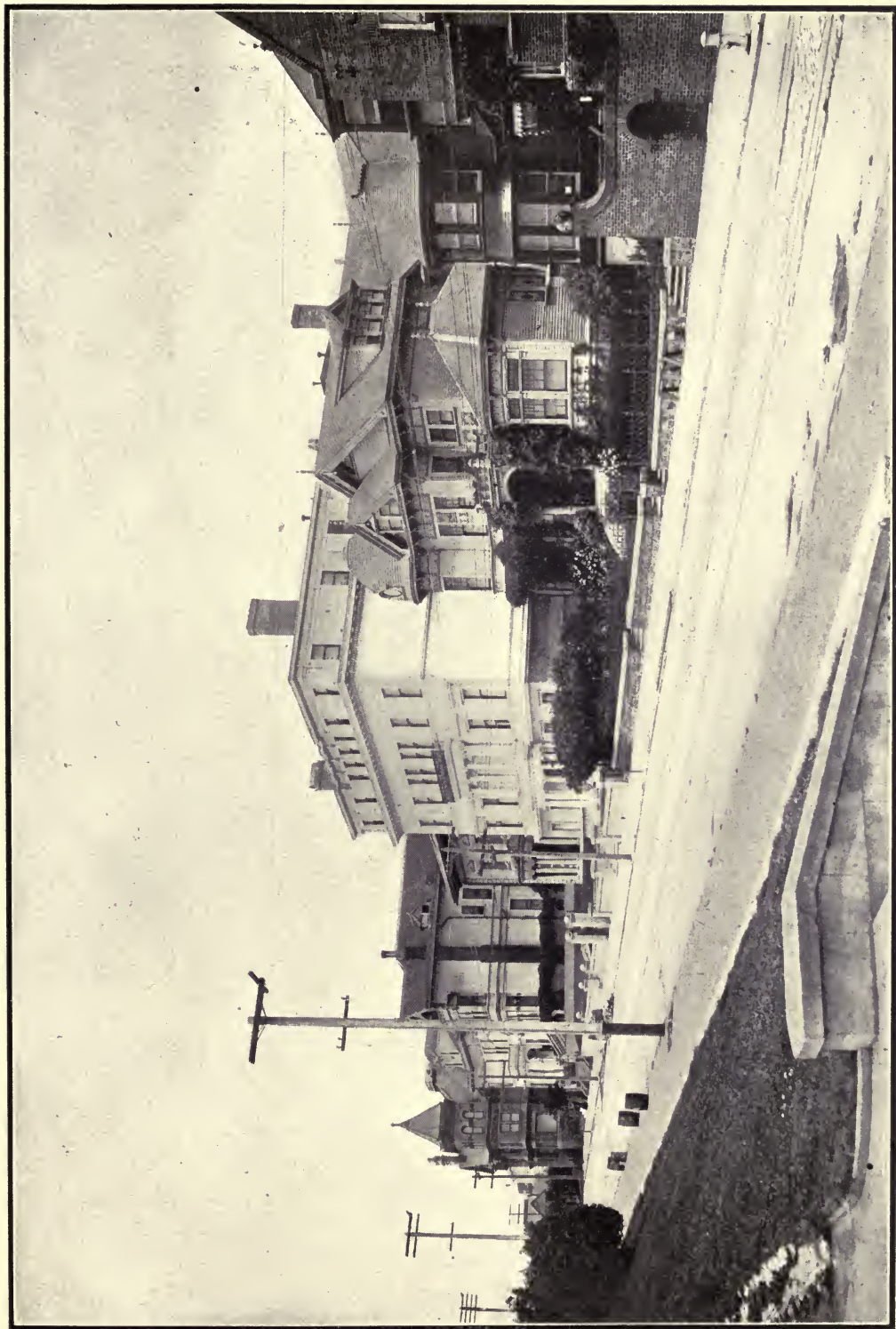
What San Francisco has to Start With. Fillmore street, looking north from Post street.



What San Francisco has to Start With. Raising and re-modeling house for S. N. Wood & Co., Fillmore street.



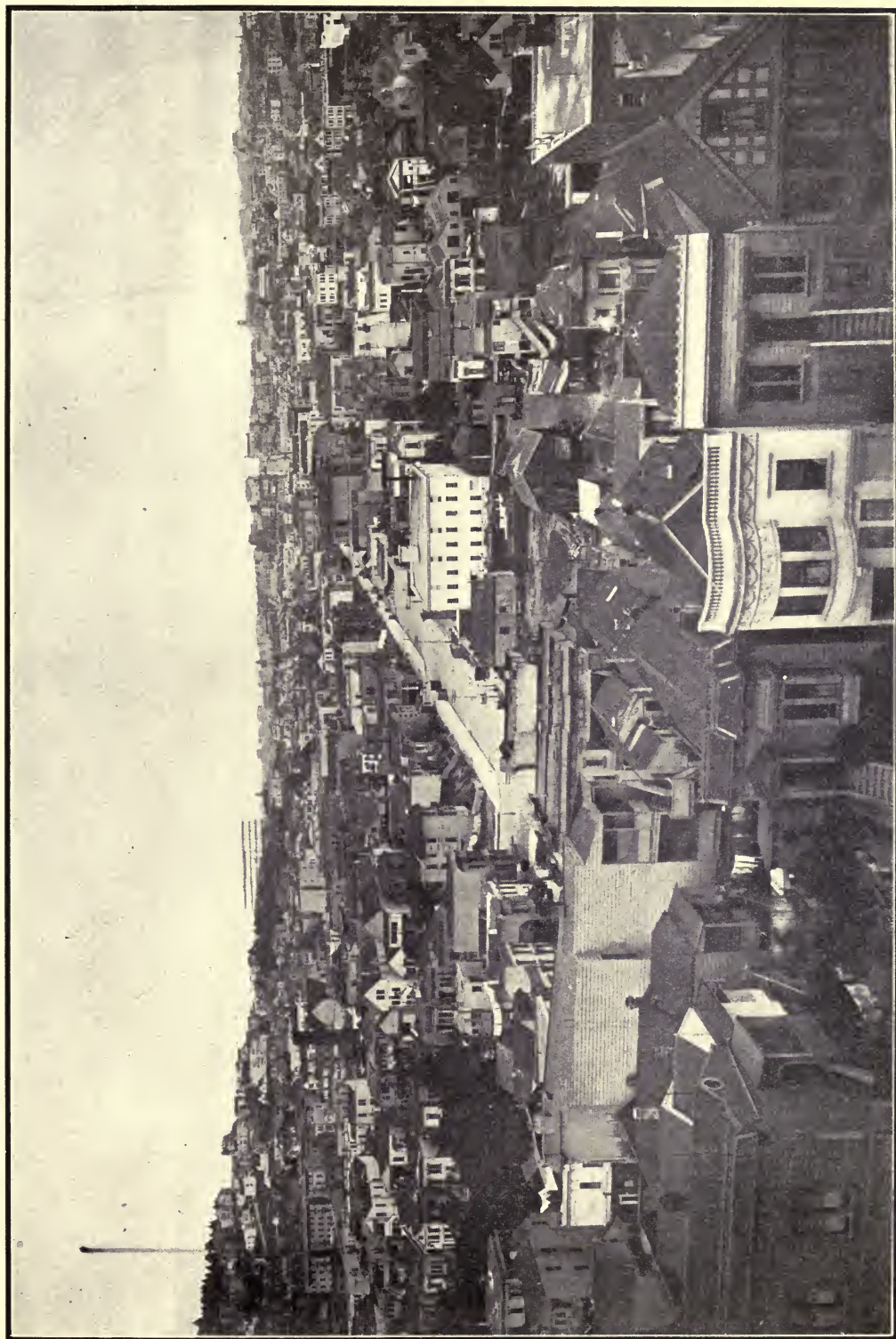
What San Francisco has to Start With. California street, looking East from Broderick.



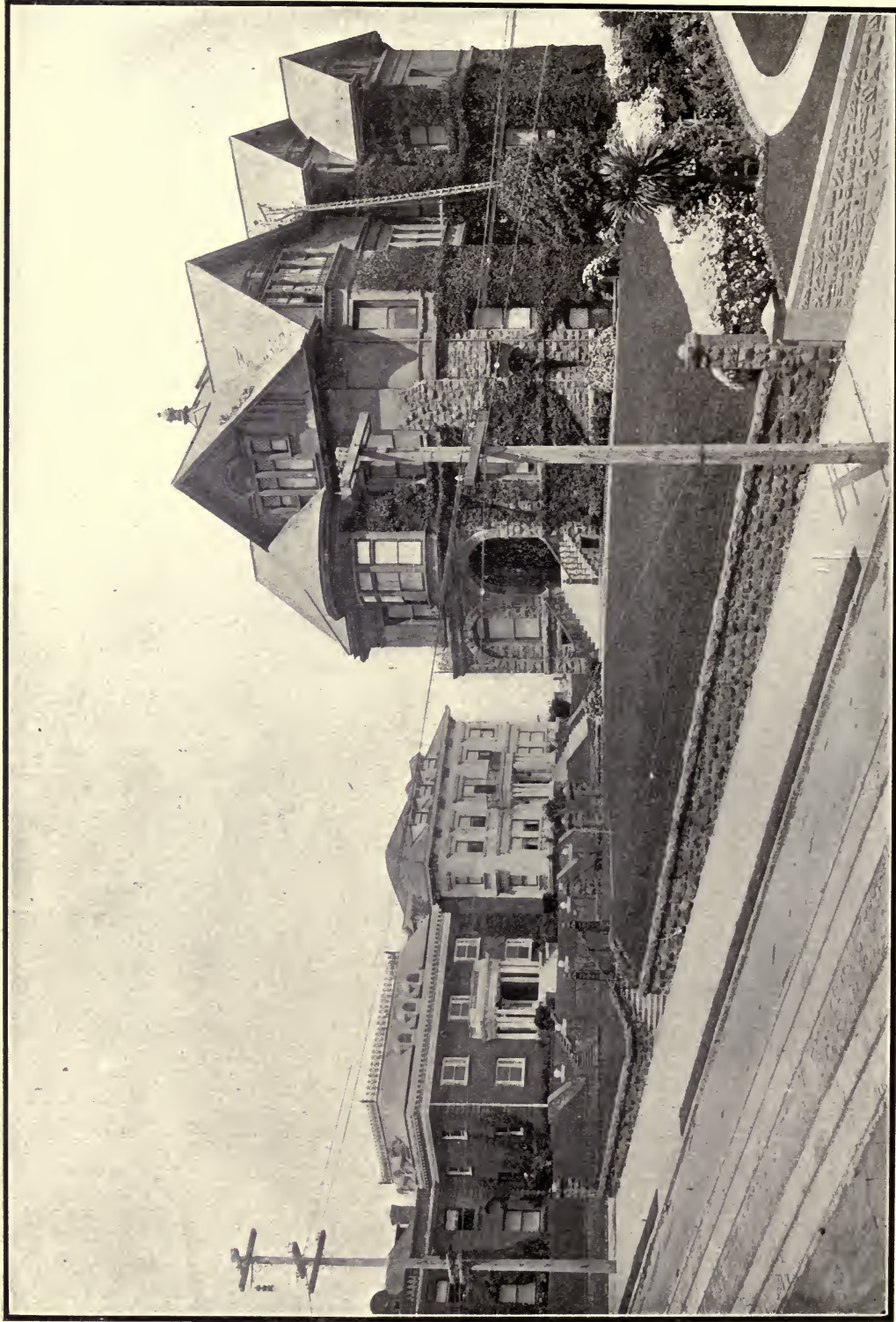
What San Francisco has to Start With. Jackson street near Devisadero.



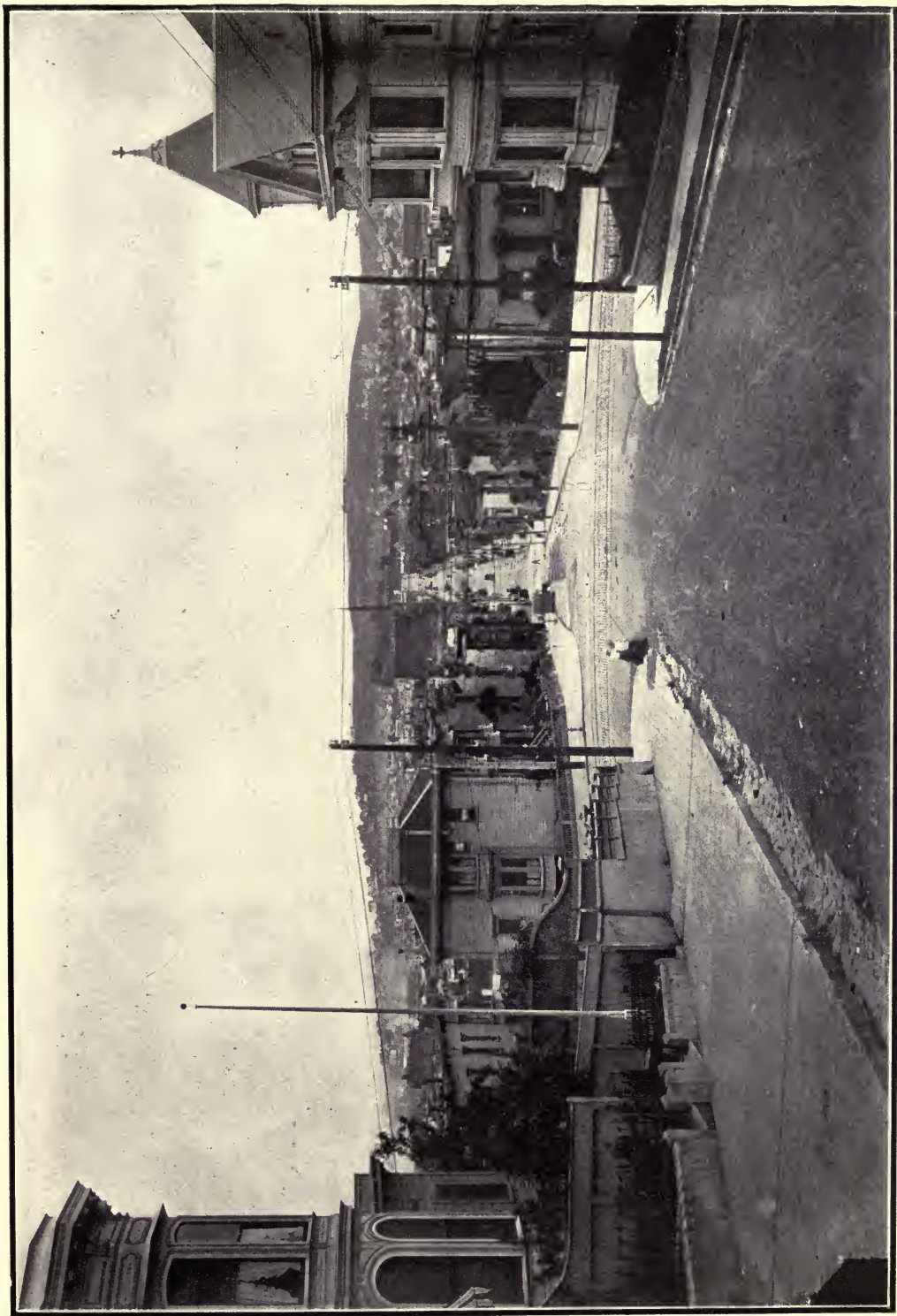
What San Francisco has to Start With. Pacific avenue, looking east from Devisadero street.



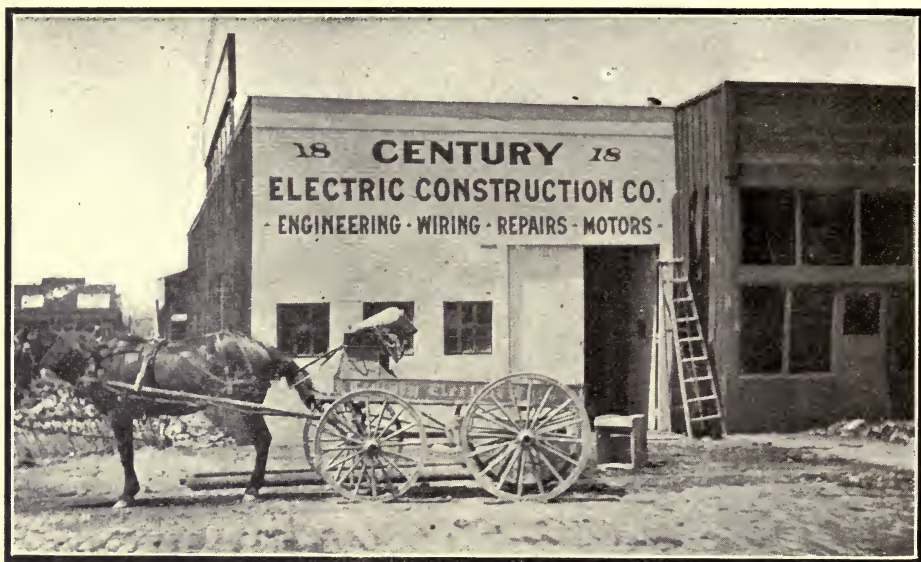
What San Francisco has to Start With. Scene looking over west end of Market street.



What San Francisco has to Start With. Pacific avenue, near Devilsadero street.



What San Francisco has to Start With. View of Mission District, looking down Twenty-first street.



On Fell street near Market.

Pioneer Firms of the "New San Francisco."—When some of the inevitable and ever present pessimists reiterate the overwhelming (?) information that "300,000 people have left San Francisco," (in their opinion never to return) "that twenty years will elapse before San Francisco can be indicated on the map as a city; that if" (an emphatic IF) "it in time again becomes the metropolis of the West, it will have to go through the toughness, the viciousness, the criminality of a mining town's stages of growth, and that, in the

evolution of these phases, it will be no place for 'a lady' to live in";—we can point with convincing and pardonable pride to the Pioneer Firms of the "New San Francisco," the back-bone of a once great city, the crew who have faithfully "stuck to the ship," and who will help, in the years to come, to build up a greater city than that which existed before the fire.

Like the proverbial mushroom, the temporary buildings of these firms have sprung up in a day. Dotted over the piles



Polk street near McAllister.



The Phoenix Desk and Furniture Company, (Ed. M. Moore, proprietor) was the first exclusive office furniture house in Greater San Francisco, No. 20 Van Ness avenue, near Market. Office furniture and fittings a specialty.

of twisted iron girdings and crumbled brick walls in the burned section; lined along Fillmore street, Van Ness avenue, and other residential streets; jutting out from the basements of numerous homes; they prove the fact that palatial office erections do not make a city; that

commercial transactions to be carried on successfully do not necessitate the occupancy of twenty-story sky-scrappers; and that the spirit of a city depends mostly upon the spirit of its people rather than upon the existence of more substantial and tangible creations.



Fell street, near Market.



Second street, near South Park. Wholesale Druggists.



Tenth street, between Market and Mission.



Van Ness avenue near Sutter street.



Ninth street, between Folsom and Howard.

As to the predicted mining town characteristics of San Francisco, the statistics show a record-breaking deficiency of crime

since the calamity—and the opening of the saloons (although deplorable and unnecessary as looked upon by some) will



This is one of the pioneer restaurants of the "New San Francisco," Van Ness avenue and Eddy street.



Office in their own cottage, 416 Market street, between Battery and Sansome—Dealers in cottages, stores, campers' cottages, automobile houses, bunk houses, churches, school houses, etc. Best portable house in the market. Ready for immediate delivery.

make little or no difference in regard to this prophesy. Liquor, all through the weeks following the fire, could be obtained in Oakland and other tributary cities by

the initiated, and still San Francisco was never in a more law-abiding and decorous condition than it is now. Humans are not brutes; the ordinary person in the face



No. 1937 to 1939 Market street. This was the first firm to re-establish its sheet metal works in San Francisco. Mr. W. F. Aldrich, formerly with the Park & Lacy Machinery Manufacturers, is the manager.



The Baldwin Piano Company, of which William E. Brown is manager, is the largest piano manufacturing company in the world. They were formerly on the twelfth floor of the James Flood Building, and are now re-established in their new headquarters on Sacramento street, near Fillmore.



Corner Howard and Second streets.



Spear street, between Mission and Market.

of great trouble experiences unconscious soul-restrictions without the lash of the law; and the generosity, nobility, and dauntlessness of San Franciscans has been the talk of the world.

In regard to the statement that "300,000 people" have evaporated, we can refer to the police census of May 15th and to the good round figures of 310,000 residing

citizens which that force roughly estimated. Since then many firms and families have re-established themselves in their home city, and so, to sum it all up, we go back again to our "Pioneer Firms of the New San Francisco" whose re-engagement in their former pursuits is the existing evidence of the re-building of our city.

ELEANORE F. LEWYS.



First street, between Mission and Howard.



Adolph Hromada Co., largest wholesale candy manufacturers, and dealers in nuts and confectioners' supplies in the West. Folsom street, between Ninth and Tenth.



No. 938 Howard street, between Fifth and Sixth streets.



Roderick Dhu

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

You are just a poor dumb brute, my Roderick Dhu,
And our scientific brethren scoff at you.

They "reason" and they "think,"

Then they set it down in ink,
And clinch it with their learned "point of view."

Even God's divines deny you have a soul,
And reject you from Man's final heav'nly goal;

Your presence isn't wanted,

You're not of the anointed,

You're not upon the Mighty Judgment Roll.

Yet the truth shines from your eyes, my faithful friend,

And your faithfulness doth that of men transcend;

You would lie right down and die,

Without even wond'ring why,

To save the *man* you love—and meet your end.

When my heart was almost breaking, Roderick Dhu,

Who was it gave me sympathy, but you!

You crept so close to me,

And you licked me tenderly,

And not a human friend was half so true.

And would I, reasoning wisely, pronounce you just a beast?

Your actions "automatic," not "conscious" in the least?

Set myself so high above you,

As not to know and love you,

And toss you but a bone while I shall feast?

My bonnie Collie, such wrong there shall not be,

Not for me to grasp at Heav'n and leave the Dark for thee,

You're nothing but a dog,

Not in Heaven's Catalogue—

But whatso'er thy fate, the same's for me.



CLARK LINT

Monterey. Where the ever recurrent surf thunders its protest on the rocky shores.

Overland 'Cross the Alps

of Hungary To-Day

BY FELIX J. KOCH, A. B.

THE most primitive, and at the same time the most readily accessible out-door land of Central Europe to-day is to be found in the Alps of Hungary—the Carpathians—made famous the world over by the novels of Jokai for their wildly gorgeous scenes, their kindly peasant folk, and the unspoiled delights they offer every lover of nature. Almost unknown to the tourist, outside of Hungary, are these mountains, picturesque as any of the Swiss Alps or the Tyrol, more primitive than either of these summer-lands, and, above all, not yet come to that stage where all that is picturesque in village life is but a hollow sham, devised to fleece the tourist of his gold.

The Central Carpathians, or, as they are known locally, the Hone Tatra, are the heart of this region. The Carpathians rise from between the plains of the Waag, the Arva, the Dunajec and the Popper, in ranges running for seventy miles or more, and of width ranging from seven to twenty-two miles. The mountains—monsters of limestone, granite, sandstone and gneiss—resolve themselves into four principal groups: the Arva Liptau, extending west as far as the Lilijove Pass, and rising to a height of 7,300 feet; the Hohe Tatra, or central chain, going eastwardly in peaks as high as 8,375 feet; the Limestone Alps, running off at an angle some seventeen hundred feet lower than the Tatra, and finally the Zipser Magura, whose heights are scarcely over forty-one hundred feet. Of these chains, the Tatra are the true Alps of the Magyars, and they rise on the borders of Zips, Liptau and Galicia, sheer of the valleys, like some gigantic wall of barren, fissured peaks—precipitous and inaccessible, with a wilderness upon their slopes that needs only the glaciers to make it the acme of mountain scenic perfection. In these chains lie narrow rock valleys, with little lonesome lakes, frozen over the greater part of the year,

and gradually closing with the debris shifting down the mountains at each break-up of the spring-time.

The road to the Carpathians lies out from Buda Pest, 17½ miles by express to Kassa—spent by the tourist reading newspapers, all alike save in the editorial—as one bowls through undulating seas of plain, and then, by slower train, through little, thatch-roofed villages, their white-walled homes set amid the great truck farms of Hungary. Curious is this out-of-doors of Hungary, with fields flat as the proverbial pan-cake, yet sloping perceptibly in distance to mountainous knobs, peeping over the horizon.

At Margislalu one enters the Carpathians themselves, which seem to be planted among the willows along the creeks, as do our Alleghanies; dense forests of maple, birch and beech, with dandelion, flea-bane, chicory, wild carrot and thistle fringing their edges, and an occasional red-roofed hamlet or open arable valley visible. Ever steeper and denser grow mountains and forests as the mining districts are entered. At Stefan-shutte lodes of silver, copper and mercury are being exploited, and at Krounpalt there are iron mines. One misses the signs that would indicate such operations at home, however, as he rides among the turning forests that cover, in patches of brown and green, these richly-bosomed slopes. Now and then cultivated valleys are seen, and their meadows and pastures, too, present an aspect unlike that one may see anywhere else in Europe—taking on an exquisite yellow, brown and green, of the softness of velvet, as they slope up to the forests and resemble series of artificial terraces, while, as a matter of fact, there is but one unbroken incline. The beauty of the play of colors in these terraces really baffles description. Long stretches of dense pine and cedar wildwood, with quarries at open palisades, or fertile oases in the woods, with red chateaux beside,



Lumbering in the Hungarian Alps.

come with the higher altitudes of the mountains, where queer-named villages, Krounpach, Wallendorf, Markusfalvu and the like, nestle in mountain arcades.

Immediately on entering the Carpathians, their peasantry attract the eye, for here, as elsewhere on the Continent, there is observed one great color scheme. In Roumania, every one is dressed in blue and variations thereof—men, women and children dress in violet and purple and lavender; in Croatia, white prevails, and one sees the gorgeously costumed peasantry, men and women both, plowing in spotless robes. What a pity, it seems, that our own farmer cannot part himself from the soil, as well! In Servia, brown is the one great color of costume, and the effect is less beautiful. In Moslem lands, red and blue go hand in hand; but here in the Carpathians, pink has been selected, and the women, especially, are symphonies in rose that would give our pink tea brides a fit of jealousy to behold.

Especially picturesque are the dames of one village—in short checkered skirts

of pink and white, and light pink waists; hair down the back in two neat braids, terminating in ribbons of the same rosebud color; a neat lace scarf over the head, and a rolled comforter on the back. All wear a dark blue apron, and both sexes don tall boots. The peasant men have long brown hair, falling out from under a round black hat of felt, and down upon a clean white shirt that matches well the snowy trousers. The pride of these men is the vest front, of yellow and cream, edged in red, and embroidered in blue and white. Hunters, in the typical costume of their art, and accompanied by their dogs, are also in the village groups, usually with the farmer boys—they of the round little caps, of the green feathers. Even the lads' costumes are curious, the trousers of white, topped in a blue flower design, a belt of red and vest of black, the latter adorned with great silver buttons, set upon bands of green on a red lapel, with flowing white shirt sleeves. In other villages, blue replaces white, as second favorite in color, and there, with the ex-

ception of the white shirt sleeves, the peasant is clad throughout in blue. The gypsies, who are passed in these rambles out-doors, wear the duller-hued costumes of their race.

The ride on to the kernel of the Carpathians becomes more and more delightful to the nature lover, especially in early September, when the slopes color beneath the turning leaves and the heather reddens and purples in the distance. At Iglou, the largest of the sixteen Zips cities of the Carpathians, the Zipser Erzgebirg begin, with an elevation of fifteen hundred feet at the outset, climbing to an altitude of 2250 beyond, as the ascent of the valley of Hermad to Kapsdori is made, where the watershed between the Danube and Vistula is crossed. Then on, through the valley of the Popper, with more of the oddly-rolling meadows, like stripes on the mountains, and forests, intensely dark in their greens, lies the way to Poprad, the heart of the Tatra, just 2218 feet above the sea.

Poprad is one of those quaint little Zips cities that make one want to linger

out of doors and ramble 'round. Sixteen settlements there are in all, of which Loche is to-day the most powerful, preserving the German language and customs, in the very heart of the great Magyar Kingdom.

Their story, as told by Mayor Kovach, of Poprad, is much as follows: About the year 1250 the King of Hungary called in the Saxons to assist in re-building his empire, after the fearful decimation made by Turk and Tartar wars. The flaxen haired Teutons came, founding the sixteen little Zips communities, and these were given an autonomy that persisted almost unchanged down to thirty years ago. Even to-day they have their own "magistriat" to deal with certain civic affairs. The "communitatis," or province, too, which early acquired the name of Zipsen, has certain prerogatives granted its thirty thousand Saxons that differentiate it from the rest of the governing schemes of Hungary. "Stuhl richters," elected for six years over Hungary as heads of the districts into which the "communitatis" is divided—for exam-



Peasant lads from the Zips cities.



In the Alps of Hungary.

ple, are here replaced by burgomeisters, with an assisting "stall hauptan;" while sextennial Senates, like those of the old German cities, and elected by the people, largely replace the "magistriat."

Shauvenism has grown apace in the Zips cities, however, and though the people are Teuton at heart, they are staunchly Liberal in Hungarian politics, neither Pan-Germanism or Pan-Slavism finding any favor with them. The German language is employed in the schools for children from the ages of six to nine, but after that the official tongue, the Magyar, is taught throughout. In contrast to the Slovaks on the north, with whom the tourist occasionally has to do, the Saxons here are a quiet, peaceful lot, not easily influenced from their decisions, and once they have given their oral vote to a question, beyond the power of demagogue to move.

In fact, when not occupied with the grandly-wild mountain scenery of the Tatra, one enjoys himself watching these folk, simple livers of the outdoor life, and probably the closest to nature of any of Europe's people to-day. Summer lands the world over are much the same,

but it is this pristine form of life that gives unique charm to the Tatra. Though there are cloth and weaving industries in the town, leather manufactories, tailors and miners, every one, no matter what else he may do, is a farmer beside, living on the produce of his fields and deriving from these the sixty-odd dollars required to keep his family through the year, putting away the net revenue of any other industrial ventures for the proverbial rainy day.

The lives of these farmers are interesting to the traveler, if uneventful to the farmers themselves. The peasant of the Tatra rises at three, and repairs at once to his stable, for these folk are unique in their excessive love for their stock, and especially of their horned cattle. Day laborers, such as the most of these peasants are, earn forty-eight cents a day, and as cows cost in the neighborhood of thirty-two dollars, the value of an animal to its owner may be appreciated. Unlike the rest of Hungary, the horse very largely replaces the water-buffalo as draught-animal here, and these steeds, which are always sold in pairs, bring about twenty-four dollars apiece.

Breakfast, consisting of bacon or bread and coffee among the richer, is served at four—summer boarders included when the little pocket flask is filled for the day in the fields—brandy, from the Government monopoly, now replacing the former home-brewn liquor. The father and the usual three children of the family then repair to the meadows, the house-wife remaining at home until noon-time, when, with gaudy scarf from the capital about her head, she carries the dinner of potato soup, with mutton, some brandy, and possibly pickled lamb, left over from the winter, to the fields, where she joins the others at the luncheon.

Land in this region is sold by the old German measure of jochs (1.43 acres) and the average farm consists of one hundred of these sections of arable land, worth twenty thousand dollars to-day, owing to the scarcity of other than woodlands in the mountains; and fifty odd jochs of meadow. Ground taxes are very low; there is no cattle-tax at all, and the house-tax varies between communities, so that a large per cent of the yield of these farms is pure profit. Save for one man servant, families—and this includes all of direct descent—till the land themselves, and share the profits in common. Farm work continues from noon until dusk, when all go home for supper—the menu much the same as that of the earlier meal, but possibly including a bit of “branse” or sheep-cheese, made in the towns. This cheese is made for export very largely, and sold, locally, at six cents a portion. Geese, ducks and chickens are raised by every family, but are eaten on great occasions alone.

Such is the summer life of the peasant of the Tatra. In the long, cold winter, when the mercury descends far below zero, the men pass the time in threshing, and the women spin the flax and embroider the gorgeous costumes, sitting before the great wood fires on the open hearth.

These log-fires recall one of the many interesting customs which still obtain in the Alps of Hungary. Wood being the only available fuel in this region, every Zips city owns a forest in proportion to size—the largest covering about ten thousand joch. Poprad, for example, having

a population of fifteen hundred, maintains a forest of seven hundred joch. From these preserves each house-holder receives his fuel absolutely free, save for the bare price of hewing and hauling. The amount to be given each house is regulated by its size, varying from about three-fourths of a ton down.

Water-works are, of course, unknown in these villages, and so the family's supply of drinking water is drawn from a well, or the children are sent to the town pump, in the winter, to draw the day's supply.

Wedding customs among these peasants are interesting to the infrequent traveler who is lucky enough to chance upon a ceremony, for with both the Protestant Saxons and the Roman Catholic Slavs, the aborigines of the Tatra, the usual civic and then church marriage is followed by a banquet on the green, ending in a reception and dance to the music of the gipsy bands, in which all the town participates. In Buda Pest the Gipsies are playing American “rag-time,” but in the heart of the Tatra, the old plaintive melodies of Romany alone may be heard.

Unique among the mountain customs out of doors is that of the communal herds. High up in the mountains are scattered meadows to which the young oxen and cows are driven early in June, to remain until the last of September. As in Iceland, village herders care for the flocks driven there, receiving from the municipality from sixteen to twenty dollars per season. The cities are reimbursed by the several cattle owners, who pay their per centage in *produce*—butter and cheese, very largely—and this is sold on a great Jahr market in the fall, and the herders paid from the fund. The cow-herders live the greater part of the summer within a day's journey of town, and may take their turn at coming down for a day if they choose; but for the most part, these men prefer to remain at their lone little huts, watching that the herd does not scatter too far, and guarding it against the ferocious bears of the mountains. At their work they play the mountain horn—not, as in Switzerland, on the tourists' approach alone—and carve staunch alpen stocks for the possible summer visitor.

Village gooseherds, too, are features of these towns, usually the widow or orphan of some herder acting this role.

Still another interesting phase of outdoor life in the Tatra concerns itself with the children. All the little folk are great gatherers of berries, especially in September, and the American is surprised at the number of specialties devised from the woodland that we have apparently overlooked. Basketsful of forest products are taken to the village apothecary to be distilled into delicious specialties. Raspberry, strawberry, blackberry and wild currant syrups, as well as marmalades and preserves, produced in this region, are famous over the south of Europe—but not more so than are its honey, sherry and gin.

Mushrooms, too, are gathered by the little ones. Especial attention is paid to the red and blue variety, of the fungi, which is eaten with meat, or pickled and served as a salad during the winter. Another variety, resembling a small black hat, but deep yellow when opened, is dried on a special device, and is exported in large quantities. Willow bark is also gathered, and the collecting of herbs for various liquors sold in Germany and Austria, forms a most lucrative employment. In fact, until about five years ago, four of the Zips villages actually lived off such gatherings, but the estates on which the plants were found have become the property of one Herzog Hohenlohe, who, despite the appeals of the people, carried even as far as the Ministry, has closed them to all trespassers, save the berriers, and with the result that the herbs are now allowed to go to waste.

Iceland moss is another native product gathered in the Tatra, and sent to Leipzig to be made into a "tea," while from the sour clover and other leaves of the forests, various extracts and salts are manufactured.

Especially remarkable, however, are the peasant products of the evergreens themselves. A cedar perfume, used as a spray in crowded rooms for clearing the air, is exceptionally popular. A transparent green soap, scented with cedar, and a cedar oil for the lungs, as well as a delicious drink that has both

the taste and color of the pine, are sold in quantities.

It is the production of such things that form the great avocation of the people. For recreation, shooting, target and singing clubs, meeting out in the open, are organized, and here, out-doors, wherever possible, the happy peasants hold their sports.

To-day, however, Europe is just beginning to invade and effect a change, for Europe loves this simple life at holiday time, and already some thirty thousand visitors are coming to Poprad each year, between the first of July and September, to scatter over the Tatra. For their accommodation the three towns of Schmecks, famous for a century for their baths, have already erected modern hotels, with hydropathic establishments, and an attempt is being made at fashionable summer life.

While these hotels are not empty, by any manner of means, there is a large percentage of tourists, notably the mountain climbers, coming to spend their holidays in scaling peaks from 2460 to 4430 feet in height, who insist on patronizing the country taverns, with the cozy guest chambers opening on halls that invariably encircle the dining room. Gipsy bands, of the real Hungarian sort, dispense music in the upland dining rooms, while the city man revels in mountain fare—venison, omelette with freshly-picked mushrooms; sweet, dark beer, and the rich Tokaj wines; or, sharing his cigarette with his bride, writes a souvenir postal of his proposed climb on the morrow up the peaks just outside—which drifting clouds hide, or reveal, alternately, as they play their pantomime, giving to the scene an appearance much like that of the famed Jungfrau at Interlaken.

Government supervision of hotels robs the hostelry system of the nefarious customs tolerated elsewhere in Hungary, and one obtains rooms here for from forty cents to \$3.60 a day that make the mountain lover long to remain forever.

The first evening in a Tatra town the visitor is expected to "do" the place, and give due praise to its beauties. A clean little hamlet it is, made up of one-story, plaster homes, nestling close to the pavement, and with roofs slanting streetward



An Alpine pass in the Tatra.

and enwalled courtyards leading off from one side, to the barns. Good German folk sit in the narrow doorways as we pass, the men smoking their old Saxon bowls, and the good-natured women knitting by touch, and not sight, in the twilight. If it be cold, they sit indoors at the windows, and from behind fuschias that bloom between the two sets of panes, one sees them chatting in the lamplight. Homes and shops are much alike in this land—though many of the signs of the latter are in Hebrew (for the Jews are the shop-keepers here), and where German wording is employed, it is usually in Latin letters.

Under the lindens beyond the baths and the Protestant and Catholic schools, is the civic museum, which no visitor would think of missing; if he goes but to chat with the garrulous care-taker, who lives on the lower floor. Rustic frames shelter most of the exhibits; topographical charts and maps and local records; coins, seals and weapons, and, perchance, some gaudily-flowered white pottery—but the lover of the out-doors takes interest most in the natural history collections. Samples of curious woods and nuts, gigantic pine cones and tiny

toadstools, as well as other fungi, on little stairs of moss; and stuffed animals, of the locality, make up the greater part of the exhibit. Squirrels, hedge-hogs and foxes; wild cats, white deer, bats and even grizzlies, mingle with gulls and eagles; hawks, owls, fishes and snakes in a picturesque "happy family," grouping that is refreshing after the great museums of Europe. Especially noteworthy is a little bird, sky-blue save the tops of the wings, which are of purple, iridescent to red—seen in the Poprad Museum. Over its nest another bird, of pale yellow body and wings of black, much like our wild canary, attracts the eye. The Alpine butterflies, too, are beautiful—blue or chocolate-hued specimens, unknown to this country; familiar white and yellow varieties, and moths in profusion. At Poprad, too, there are gathered relics of the iron and stone ages.

It is to this region that the Zipsters hope to bring the mountain lover of Europe. The soul of the movement is embodied to-day in two Tatra associations—the one known as the Carpathian Club, with headquarters at Iglou, and



Saxon peasants in Magyar land.

of which practically every one in that land is a member, and the other, the so-called Polish Carpathian Club, considerably smaller in size. These clubs exist to attract folk to the mountains of Tatra between June and September 15th; for, while the snow falls as early as September 8th, winter does not actually set in until about November, when the ice remains until June.

On the upper slopes of the mountains, at an elevation of, say, seven thousand feet, there is eternal snow in the Tatra, and two seas on the Hungarian side of this range melt but irregularly through

haps are not at all infrequent, as a result. In fact, no one is required by law to take a guide in making ascents, and foolhardy tourists will, time and again attempt such monsters as the Frans-Josef Spitze—the highest peak in Tatra, approximately 8,880 feet in height—when at the cost of but \$2.40 for the trip a guide might be had, and porters, receiving forty to sixty cents a day, would have proven invaluable. Annually, in consequence, one or two parties lose their lives on this peak alone. Some idea of the mountain climbing in the Tatra may be gained by the statement



Met on a ramble.

the ages. Even at the elevation of six thousand feet, on the ascents, temperatures at night will go down to 32 deg. Fahrenheit, and the blanket comes in very handy.

By means of a tax on its members of eighty cents a year, the Carpathian Club is organizing advertising bureaus, building roads, and opening free shelter huts, as well as taking over the superintendence of guides. As yet the laws anent cicerones are insufficient, and mis-

that for scaling this giant, one leaves the base about 4:00 a. m., reaches the top between nine and ten, and returns in season for sundown.

Most of the guides of this region are, of course, Saxons, and thoroughly honest in their dealings with the stranger—carrying as much as thirty-two pounds of baggage free of all charges. The latest programme of the Carpathian Club is to school these guides—teaching them the theory of mountain climbing in the win-

ter, and giving them practical lessons in the spring-time, in season for summer touristy.

From the first of August to the first of December there is splendid hunting in the Tatra, especially of chamois and deer, bear and wild boar, and as the chase is free, the clubs are engaged in booming this phase of the mountain attractions.

As a result of their agitation, the tourist invasion has begun, and it must mean, in a measure, the passing of the

primitive delightful simplicity that an outing there now assumes. When the Magyar mountain hotel is a replica of the Tyrolean resorts; when the shepherd blows his Alpine horn only if the tourist's purse is at hand; when the alpenstock is "whittled" in "establishments" turning out so many thousand a year, and when the dancers at the hotel alone will be seen in national costume, the Alps of Hungary will not be the charming spots to the lover of out-of-doors that we find them to-day.

Largesse

BY CHARLES L. STORY

God must have smiled when He made it so,
 Our glorious home in the Golden State;
 Some angel-jest having quickened a glow
 Even beyond that love so great
 Which ever broods o'er the sons of men;
 For why may not God sometime, elate,
 More than bountiful, prodigal then,
 Leaning forth from the crystal gate,
 Have lavished His largesse without alloy
 Of the grief and want and storm and woe
 Wherewith elsewhere He tempers the joy
 Of His gifts to men? Ah, surely so
 To CALIFORNIA He gave her dower
 Of fertile valleys and far-lifted hills,
 Of tilth and vineyard, of fruit and flower,
 Of boisterous surges and light-rippled rills.
 God must have smiled when He leaned Him o'er
 And lavished the best of His Heaven—and more!

And now that lie shattered the fabrics of men,
 The good God hath lavished His largesse again:
 Supplanting our idols of pride and of pelf,
 Whereto each one clung to the loss of Himself,
 With Brotherhood, Sympathy, Mercy and Love.
 Aye, surely God smiles as He leans from above!

John Muir

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

It was a famous walk that John Muir took when he first landed in California. It was spring-time, April 1863. Strolling out among the immemorial live-oaks of Oakland he slowly, dreamily ranged south along the foot of the Diablo hills till he found himself in the valley of Santa Clara. On his right was the variant mani-colored Saint Francis marsh sloping off in a deep green towards the bay line. Near by were plashy channels and still nearer the broad robes of yellow wild marguerites and their sister, golden compositae. Along the reedy mud-banks mallard, rail and plover were screaming to their mates while the majestic heron sailed in lazy fearlessness over his head.

Speaking of his trip afoot, "The goodness of the weather," he says, "as I journeyed toward Pacheco (Pass) was beyond all praise and description: fragrant, mellow, and bright, the sky was delicious—sweet enough for the breath of angels. Every draught of it gave a separate and distinct piece of pleasure. I do not believe that Adam and Eve ever tasted better in their balmiest nook. The last of the coast range foothills was in near view all the way to Gilroy. Their union with the valley is by curves and slopes of inimitable beauty, and they were robed with the greenest grass and richest light I ever beheld, and colored and shaded with myriads of flowers of every hue—chiefly purple and golden yellow—and hundreds of crystal rills joined song with the larks; filling all the valley with music like a sea, making it Eden from beginning to end." And this is as John Muir first saw California.

This pilgrimage carried him on through Pacheco Pass into the San Joaquin; "The floweriest piece of the world I ever walked; one vast, level, even, flower bed, a sheet of flowers, a smooth sea, ruffled a little in the

middle by the fringing of the river, and here and there by cross streams from the mountains. Florida is a land of flowers, but for every flower-creature that dwells in its most delightsome places, more than a hundred are living here. Here, here is Florida. Here they are not sprinkled apart with grass between them as in our prairies, but grasses are sprinkled in the flowers: not as in Cuba, flowers piled upon flowers, heaped and gathered in deep glowing masses; but side by side, flower to flower, petal to petal, touching but not entwined branches pass and pass each other, but free and separate: one smooth garment, mosses next to the ground, grasses above, petaled flowers between."

This was the Poet-Scientist's introduction to the Golden West.

He had been trained, as it were, specially for the appreciation and interpretation of what he saw on the wonderful walk. The first eleven years of his life he had been nurtured by the "dingles and dells of Scotland." Here his father, Daniel Muir, a grain merchant of Dunbar, had, with strenuous Scotch rigidity, held his boy close to the study of the bible and the classics; and mountain and sea (the Muirs lived on the Frith of Forth) struggled for the strongest hold of the boy's instincts.

1849 found John with the family in the New World near Fox River, Wisconsin, a half-score of miles from Fort Winnebago. And it was here, a boy-pioneer in a primal forest, that he began in earnest to carve his career. This was a time and place of primitive civilization. There were no machinery, few tools, no watches or clocks—nothing but vast opportunities for felling timber, clearing land, and building fences; and at these opportunities John Muir had plenty of chance to grasp.

The elder Muir insisted on full time

in the fields. Consequently he deemed it wise that John should retire early so as to be fresh for the morning's work. The hours therefore which John had for study, were scarce—what time he could casually pilfer in the fields where, on a chip he sometimes worked out a mathematical problem. But the father was inexorable, declared that time not spent in work or in bible-study is spent unprofitably, looked askance on what he called "folderols;" but finally compromised by allowing John to get up in the morning as early as he pleased.

There were immediate plans to take advantage of this wonderful early-rising privilege. Yet it was no easy task for a hard-worked boy who was ready for rosy dreams in a warm bed to rouse himself early enough for even an hour's extra time. However, John went to sleep that night resolving to test the power of mind over body; to depend upon his will-power to call him to treasured books and loved inventions. Sure enough! While it was yet dark he found himself wide awake. It was just an hour after midnight. He was delighted; and dived into his work. The next night will power triumphed again, and thus he found himself flushed with time; and he found, too, that he really, did not need the long time for sleep. Six hours of deep rest undisturbed by dreams was enough.

When winter opened it became too cold for early morning work, and his father would allow him no fire. But the cellar! He knew that was warm. Accordingly books and whittled machines were moved to the even-temperated dug-out under the house; and there John's whittling and self-education went on.

Here in the silent hours, before summer dawns or cold misty Wisconsin winter mornings, he read and reread the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Shakespeare, Scott, Plutarch, Milton, Burns, Josephus, Hugh Miller. He memorized the whole of the New Testament and much of the Old. "Fayther" drew the line at novel-reading, as he did not

believe in stories. When a boy in Scotland he had already studied Latin and French and practically knew the grammars by heart.

So he worked in solitude—a love of which lasted him through life.

Daniel Muir regretted that he had licensed his son to use these precious morning hours, fearing that some of these books, delicious to the boy, might lead him "away from the Bible." But Daniel Muir's word was out and while he frowned upon John's questionable industry, he would not withdraw his permission.

When not reading John was using his most useful and perhaps only tool, a knife, in making clocks. The time-pieces he made were original affairs; as the young artisan had not yet seen a manufactured clock. He however knew the principle of the pendulum. For more than a year he worked secretly on a time-piece for the parlor. John's sister found that her father had been watching John's work and told her brother; but the rigid old Daniel could not bring himself to destroy it; and John's fear that his precious mechanism might be committed to the fire-place was safely passed. To the intense satisfaction of the young inventor he caught "fayther," watch in hand, testing the clock after it had been finally placed in the parlor, to see if it beat seconds correctly.

The neighbors knew that John was a genius; and, by the advice of some of the interested, the most striking of the machines were taken to the Madison State Fair. With but six dollars to his name he trudged away with the mechanical wonders. Arriving at the fair his breath was almost jostled out of him for he found everybody had an open-eyed interest in what he was doing. Even the conductor on the train on which he rode to the city good-naturedly gave him the coveted permission to ride on the engine—a privilege usually forbidden. John's bundle of whittled machinery seemed to be the magic key to all doors.

His exhibit not only had a prominent place at the fair, but received

great attention from the curious crowds. He, however, stood quietly and unostentatiously behind the on-lookers, enjoying their remarks, but characteristically keeping his identity unrevealed. No, John Muir has never posed. Nor could he be brought to read the glowing newspaper reports of his wonderful inventions "because 'fayther' had always warned him against the deadly poison of praise."

Remaining at Madison for some time feeding his appetite for books, drawing, and mechanical construction, way was opened for him to enter the State University.

"You can attend at an expense of a dollar a week or even less," he was told by one who "knew the ropes."

Thus he plunged at the age of twenty-two into college study, earning his own way by working at anything that turned up; and by teaching school or labor in the harvest-field in vacations. Mathematics and science claimed his definite attention. The course in Chemistry he took repeatedly for the sake of absolute thoroughness.

He paid little attention to languages; and it was perhaps well for the student that his father held him to the study of the Bible till its wonderful literary style was a part of him; for John Muir probably owes much of the fire and transparency to the King James version of the scriptures. His course at college was irregular and he received no diploma at the end of the four year's course. This was because he dodged the regular course and chose studies to his own liking. He afterward was honored by Harvard with the degree of Doctor of Laws and by the Wisconsin University with that of Master of Arts. His honored positions in the scientific world also attest further recognition. He is President of the Sierra Club, is Editor of "Picturesque California," and a fellow of the American Association for Advancement of Science.

His botanical work at college brought out an instinctive love for the life of the open air. After graduation

he explored the woods around Madison studying the flora; and then, as a phantom, disappeared in the forests north of the great lakes returning only when his rations and coin were exhausted. While earning the cash to proceed an accident happened to him which changed the tenor of his whole life. His right eye was so badly injured in a carriage factory that entire loss of sight was threatened. It was then he definitely chose a life out of doors; for that alone promised recovery.

It was at the University of Wisconsin that John Muir had been greatly influenced by Mrs. Carr, wife of one of the professors, a woman who proved a "guiding force, gentle, judicious and strong," says Gustav Stickley. This growth in character of young John Muir, under the influence of a high-minded woman much older than himself, is an illustration of the action of an instinct which draws the younger adolescent toward the older woman—an instinct which is born of many generations in which the succeeding families have been nurtured by noble mothers. It is natural for the boy to look up to the woman older than himself, because, for countless ages, it is the mother who is the ideal to the boy of all that is good and pure and noble in womanhood.

In his friendship with Mrs. Carr, John Muir was living the phase of his life which comes to every boy. It was lucky for John that this ideal friend understood him and his aspirations. She became his adviser and confidant, the one to whom he trusted his secrets, to whom he told his theories: and it was a sympathetic and willing ear she lent him; for she recognized his genius and knew what rational appreciation meant to him. She encouraged him and lead him into the field of experiment and exploration. It was to her he went in all his troubles; and it was to her he wrote after the accident in the carriage factory in which he nearly lost his eye-sight: "I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone."

This accident turned him firmly into his chosen field—out-door science; for believing he should without doubt lose his eyesight entirely, he determined to see all of nature he could with the light he thought would be spared to him but for a short time.

The problems of life bore heavily on Muir at this age. There was so much to be accomplished and so little energy and such a small span of life to do it in. He couldn't see through the maze. The outlook was dark. How he wrestled, as Jacob with the angel, with the problem of a life-occupation becomes evident in one of his letters:

"A life-time is so little that we die before we get ready to live. I should like to study at a college, but then I have to say to myself: 'You will die before you can do anything else.' I should like to study medicine that I might do my part in lessening human misery; but again it comes: 'You will die before you are ready or able to do so.' How intensely I desire to be a Humboldt. But again the chilling answer is reiterated: 'Could we live a million years, then how delightful to spend in perfect contentment so many thousand years in quiet study in college, so many amid the grateful din of machines, so many amid human pain, so many thousands in the sweet study of nature, among the dingles and dells of Scotland, and all the other less important part of our world. Then perhaps we might with a show of reason 'shuffle off this mortal coil' and look back on our star with some satisfaction."

I wonder if Yosemite is now when compared with the "dingles and dells of Scotland" to be thought of by Muir as "one of the other less important parts of our world."

The accident to his eye opened a way to the solution of what to do. For he then and there resolved "to do with his might what his hand found to do."

He planned a thousand-mile ramble in the forests of America. "Going to the woods is going home," he afterwards wrote. His itinerary, putting it broadly, was south through Kentucky,

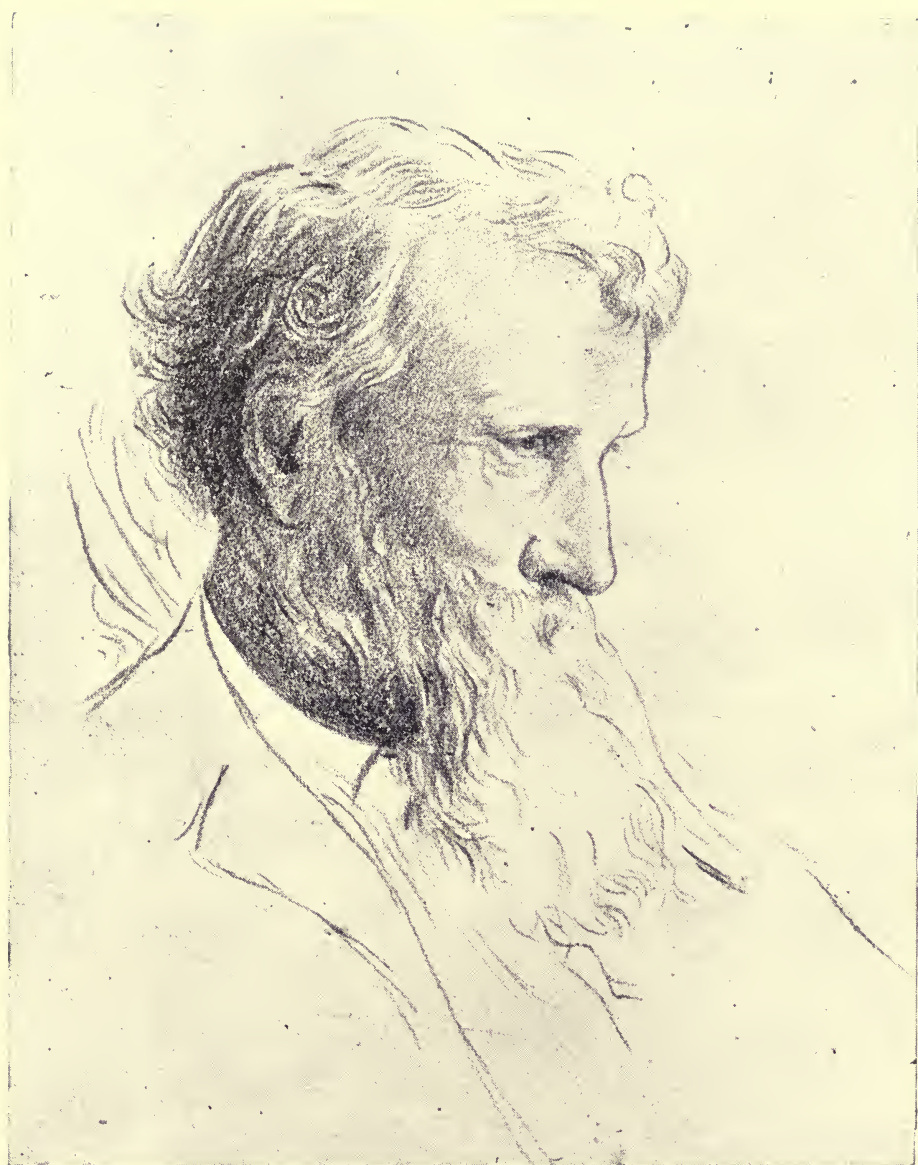
Tennessee, Florida, Cuba, and to South America. He originally intended to explore the Amazon to its source. He would be a Humboldt. In the pack he carried were the sources of his literary inspiration: the Bible, Burns, and Milton. Later on when he got into geological problems he also carried a barometer, a thermometer and a clinometer. This with his watch and knife made his simple outfit.

Thus the vague dream began its fulfillment. South and further south he went till in Florida, seized with a malarial fever, he was obliged to modify South American plans and to drift west to a kindlier air and sun. It was then he came to California; and we find him in roseate Santa Clara and daintily flowered San Joaquin on his way to the heart of the Sierras—Yosemite, his home. Strolling across the flower-fields through the foothills the white eternal snowiness lured him on till he was between the tremendous walls of the glacier-cut canyon, and at once sacredly devoted himself to the service of the "God of the open air."

Fifty cents per week was his allowance. This he earned in diverse ways—sheepherding, in sawmills or in any forestry-work. His accurate observations and reports soon came to be valued by the United States Government and his service was recognized in many ways. While in Yosemite he constructed a sawmill much to the profit of a man who had been using most primitive ways in securing timber.

One is awed into absolute reverence at the wonders the Sierras yielded to John Muir. The work of the glacier he proved to be stupendous, showing that by the slow movement of the patient ice-rivers, grinding away throughout the ages, the ancient lofty Sierra was cut down until reduced in height by a full mile. When other scientists declared that no glaciers now existed in the Sierras he found residual glaciers by the score. There was no primeval forest dome; peak, chasm or cataract that did not yield its secrets.

The wild north-wind roared titanic music for him through pine and



John Muir.

Drawn by Alice M. Retor

sequoia, and strung the wild high cones and summit-craggs with wonderful cloud-forms and snow-banners.

Yet his theories were never hastily formed nor preconceived. They were distilled from fact—fact as genuine as patient, painstaking research could make it. He kept as near as possible to the reality, yet all of the time he heard God's music singing through the lightning-flash, the mountain tornado, or roar of the valley flood. Did he wish to be certain of a glacial fact he would go to Switzerland or Siberia to verify. A ride on an avalanche, or the rescue of a hurt and fallen companion from a precipice ledge without even a rope—a rescue in which the wounded is carried up the perpendicular cliff as a cat carries a kitten, holding the rescued by the neck of his clothes in his teeth—is dangerous business and demands nerve and muscle that a Titan would be proud of. Two days in a snowstorm, without food, on Mount Shasta, and still living, is a record of endurance; yet Muir passed through it all, not only because of sheer powers of endurance; but because he knew nature and her friendly ministrations; and the hot Shasta Sulphur Spring or nut-supply of some four-footed forest friend sometimes held the line of his life. In all of his long marches such was his instinct for place and direction that he never lost his way. Through all of his work the spirit of scientific research was his Guardian Angel; and all through his life he has called to her.

He saw nature working in a splendid unbroken rhythm. The great fall of Sierra winter-snow beginning in December he saw slowly melted by the earth, still warm from summer heat and absorbed into the porous lava through which it slowly percolated to issue as spring and brook: he saw the interminable forest woo and enfold the stream and river coaxing it to linger in the dark recesses and shady dells until at last when it broke from the forest's arms it was ready to murmur in late spring through the foothills down to cool and enrich the valleys

when without these tender ministrings of tree and fern the floods would become a wild monster, raging and destroying where they ought to lave and bless.

Thunder-storm and earthquake spoke to him and bleak mountain wall, ice-polished dome, and river-washed canyon had a smile for him; and through it all he felt the pulse of power infinite, and the smile he saw and the voice he heard was God's. Nor did he have less interest in animal life than in flower, forest or mountain. It was the water-ousel, or the Douglass squirrel, or Stikeen that drew forth keenest study. Those chapters which deal with his accounts of the bird or animal which got next to his heart can never fail to find readers and hold them with serenest, tenderest interest.

Nor had he the slightest fear of any wild animals of the Sierras. The wood-folk were his friends. "Poor creatures," he said of snakes, "loved only by their Maker." The bear was to him a great good-humored forest-clown whose worst crime was the killing of a sheep or a wounded deer.

It might seem that to lead the way to the heart of the Sierras is enough for the life of one man. But John Muir's hunger for nature was not appeased here. While his first home was the Sierran crag and while he returned again and again to the never-failing beauties of Yosemite, his instinct for rambling took him time after time to search for other natural glories of the world.

The whole chain of the Rockies from the glacier in Alaska which bears his name to Mexico ministered unto him. Leaving friends and society he strolled away into the depths of the primal mountains and forests to be lost sight of for years. On these journeys he traveled on foot unattended, sleeping at night by a great camp-fire or deeply housed from storm in the forest under-wood. His bed was of leaves or boughs and his fare the simplest—such as he got on the trail or brought from his bag of bread and tea. At one time he took with him a pack-mule; but in the

rugged paths and on the heights the animal was unable to follow the master, and more than once the mountain-climber wished the mule home again.

Physically, Muir was well fitted to storm the fastnesses of nature. Light in weight, wiry-built, possessed of illimitable endurance, with a steady head, a keen eye, knowing how to take advantage of every assistance to life nature afforded, able when necessity required to go for days without food he was at home climbing the branches of the Douglass spruce or on the bare wall of a precipice and a thousand miles were as a mile to him, when a mountain-peak or a water-fall beckoned to him.

This was the equipment of the nature-poet when he sallied from his home in the Sierras to search the mountains and forests of the world. One is overwhelmed at the list of his explorations,—Alaska—(where he had some of the most dangerous experiences and where he most successfully observed the glacier), Switzerland, Norway, Siberia, the Alleghanies, Yellowstone, the great deserts of the west all felt the tread of his tireless feet. In and out of the hills and dales among the avalanches and precipices of these countries he glided like the will-o-the-wisp until such was his reputation as a roamer, that when any mountain-scarred traveller was found by an explorer in the forest or along the trail he was sure to be accosted, "You must be John Muir."

As a scientist he became the great authority on glaciers and their action; yet there was no department of natural history that he did not sympathetically touch upon. He was intensely gentle, so that small animals and birds around his Yosemite home did not flee from his presence as they did from a crowd of chattering tourists. He was in the habit of personifying every tree, shrub and bird, and for this reason his conversation and writing have a constant tendency to effervesce into poetry. As a matter of fact he did write verse, as is indicated in the fol-

lowing, said of Vernal Falls, Yosemite:

"The falls respond gloriously to the ripe sunshine of these days. So do the flowers. I have written a song but dare not tell anyone as yet. I never can keep my pen perfectly sober when it gets into the bounce and hurrah of these falls, but it has never broken into rhyme before."

While he has been from first to last a wanderer and apparently a hermit, Muir is one of the most social of men, and makes the strongest of friends. Out of the fullness of his heart, his constant endeavor is to make others see the wonders of nature as he sees them. His disappointment that Ralph Waldo Emerson, on account of the philosopher's age, could not follow him to the sublime heights in Yosemite, could not sleep out of doors and see his stars shine through the redwood trees, could not roughly bump against the boulders and underbrush as he had done, was keen. Yet he was full of reverence for the sage. Of a few hours spent with Emerson at Clark's Station, near the big trees, he says: "He hardly spoke a word all the evening, yet it was a great pleasure simply to be near him, warming at the light of his face as at a fire."

Yet Muir recognized that Emerson was in declining years at this time and could not "mountaineer." And while he urged Emerson to stay longer, saying: "You are yourself a sequoia. Stop and get acquainted with your brethren," yet "It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of (Emerson's) life and his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset."

Muir was lonesome when Emerson rode away, the last one of the party over the ridge, and waved to the mountain-climber the last good-bye. Yet Muir was soon consoled. "The trees had not gone to Boston nor the birds and," he says, "as I sat by the fire Emerson was still with me in spirit."

"It was seventeen years after our parting," he goes on, "on Wawona ridge that I stood beside his grave un-

der a pine tree on the hill above Sleepy Hollow. He had gone to the higher Sierras, and, as I fancied, was again waving his hand in friendly recognition."

While making his observations on the Alaskan glaciers, Muir built with his own hands on the edge of Muir glacier, (named after him) a cabin in which he lived. It was a small wooden affair with a large chimney showing that next to the open fire of the woods Muir loved the open fire of the house. The cabin built on the glacier has moved on of course with the movement of the ice and is now known only to a few hardy adventurers who call it "The Lost Cabin." In Yosemite his cabin was a sort of "Fire Hung Bird's Nest" built in a pine over the water-wheel of the sawmill he himself planned there.

It was in this that the naturalist entertained Emerson when the sage of Concord sojourned in Yosemite. As to his home in Martinez where his California farm is located, and where he has raised a family, his wife having been the daughter of Dr. John Streutzel, the following letter from Mr. Harold J. White, artist and nature-lover, gives a realistic picture:

"Well, you want to know about John Muir. I couldn't make the right train connections with Martinez and did not get there until five p. m., but learning at the Postoffice that he was at the home alone, I concluded to go after all. I walked about three miles up into the hills until I came to his place, a little ranch with a large brown house on a hill about sixty feet high. There was no lawn but the top and the slope of the hill was laid out with trees, many kinds of wonderful bushes and shrubs, and trails in which the natural grass and that sort of thing are not disturbed. It was all very beautiful and did not give that primped, worked-at appearance that such places usually have. When I came to go through it with him later, he told me about some of the trees and shrubs growing there, that some were from Africa, Australia, and other continents. Altogether, it

was a cosmopolitan, botanical garden, giving an effect neither tropical nor temperate and probably not to be seen elsewhere.

"However, its owner is not an especially peculiar person, that is in the sense of being in any way one-sided, as many great people are. He has everything that people commonly have—and a great deal more. His genius is mostly a matter of love—the one who "would love infinitely and be loved"—it seems to me. Because I am interested in the same things he is and know some of the people and places he does he seemed to take great pleasure in telling about them. He asked me to stay all night, and showed me pictures from Egypt, Australia, Asia, and such places until after eleven o'clock. He converses beautifully, constantly evolves new ideas and expressions, his style of speaking is always in perfect harmony with the subject; strikingly, so in one instance, when he said those ministers who preach about man being a little lower than the angels and then go out hunting and fishing are 'fools!' For a man so greatly religious as John Muir an expression like that means as much, I fancy, as the most polished and picturesque swearing combinations. It seemed to me to carry a good deal farther. I was not looking for it, and am glad that the expression does not include me. He has a fine sense of humor and told me some of the funniest things I ever heard of. Anything ridiculous appeals very strongly to him.

"He took me into his 'den' or "literary workshop," as he expressed it when I said it looked like a literary workshop,—a large room with a carpet on the floor, barely perceptible through the papers, magazines and botanical specimens, which lie in hopeless confusion (to anybody, but him) in places to a depth of some feet. On the walls are a number of Keith's best paintings of mountain scenes, a map of Muir Glacier, and a drawing of his desk he made at college—a clockwork combination that did everything but

learn his lessons for him. The main part of it was two big cog-wheels, one inside the other and a clock-work above. To the left he piled his books. One of the wheels would bring around the first book and open it, and after the indicated number of minutes would close it, drop it below and bring on the next book. If he wanted to study the first book longer it was only a half-second's work to put the clock back. He said he invented that and other clock arrangements when he was a boy, before he had ever seen a clock.

"He said he had a great deal of work on his hands but that it was hard for him to 'bone down' to any piece of writing. He has promised Houghton, Mifflin Co. a book on Alaska, and from the vast amount of material collected from this last trip he intends sometime to write others, but had much rather climb mountains.

"When I left he told me I knew the way there now and to come back and tell him what I had seen in the Humboldt redwoods. Well, that's an acquaintance and a friendship worth having, isn't it?"

John Muir has written voluminously for the magazines and papers, his work aggregating one hundred and fifty articles on all sorts of natural history topics. His two books, "The Mountains of California," and "Our National Parks" contain the spirit of his work. He has done more to preserve intact the great natural wonders

of the West than any other man, and his power has been in the sympathetic touch that he has put in to his great stories of the Western mountains. His dog story, "Stikeen," is one of the best of its kind, and will always find readers when it is lifted from the oblivion of the bound magazine volume in which it rests.

John Muir is deeply reverent and severe in his attitude to nature. He says of the man who seeks her: "He must be humble and patient, and give his life for light; he must not try to force Nature to reveal her secrets."

Muir is willing to pay the price of hard patient toil, after the manner of one of his glaciers, to gain his inspiration and feel the touch of truth. Should we put into words the spirit and faith in which he toiled through the years to unfold the beauty of the Sierras they should be these:

I only keep a-climbing.
I know the stars of God are overhead;
And, by that far-off streaming spirit-
 wand,
The meteor's gleam, I know that I am
 led,
And so I keep a-climbing.
I only keep a-climbing.
It may be yon blue range will be the
 last;
It may be many others loom beyond;
And yet I know the summit will be
 passed,
And so I keep a-climbing.

Fellows

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

I met a land wind in the town—
 It seemed my soul to smother.
I met a sea wind on the shore—
 The free one whispered "Brother."
I met a cynic as I sang—
 He sneered, "Wherein thy gain?"
I sought the wildwood solitudes—
 The thrushes harked my strain.

Running of the Gloria

BY ROY HARRISON DANFORTH

"They're off!"

Ten hundred throats caught the cry together as the starter's flag dropped at the five-furlong post on the other side of the track. The horses strung out along the track, first running in a long line and then with a quick shift in position that brought the little brown mare, Mural, to the front of the field. Jockey Tailor was on her back, and he beat and lashed her until she passed the judges' stand a winner by two lengths.

"There's another win for Tailor," growled a disgruntled bettor who had been unfortunate enough to have backed the wrong horse. He tore up the betting ticket he held in his hand and threw the useless bits on the ground.

"Nobody ever saw such riding before. Thirty races the boy has ridden this season and here this is his fourteenth win. I'll know where to put my money after this."

The jockey himself brought his horse back to the judge's stand and weighed in, all the time watching the cheering crowds in the grandstand as nonchalantly as if their plaudits had been for anyone in the world except for himself. He smiled at a pleased backer of the horse he had ridden, who rushed up to pat him on the back, and went on into his dressing-room.

Perhaps his indifference to the crowd's applause had been assumed and perhaps not. What was more likely, was that the rider's mind was so much taken up with plans and thoughts for the race of the season in which, the next day, he was to ride the favorite, that he could not think of anything else.

The Gloria Handicap, on this track by the western sea, was the big event of the racing season. Horsemen would have told you that it was a race for a mile with \$10,000 added. If you did not understand what that meant they

would tell you that any horse on the track could be entered in the race; that the distance over which it was to be run was one mile; that, in addition to the money which would come from the amounts charged the owners of the horses by the jockey club, the club itself would give \$10,000, and that the greater part of this whole amount would go to the owner of the horse that won the race. If your informant were particularly obliging he would go on to tell you that the jockey who rode the winning horse would be paid by the horse's owner as much as \$1000, that he would be cheered by the largest crowd that ever attended the race-track and that, for months after, he would be the pride of the track and the ideal of every stable boy there. Men would pat him on the back and tell him he was all right. People would point him out on the street and say to each other:

"That is the jockey who rode So-and-So in the Gloria Handicap."

Then you would begin to understand some part of the reason that made Jockey Tailor forget the applause of the crowd that cheered him for winning on Mural, since his mind only contained a confused whirl of sounds that, at times, settled down into one word and that word was "Gloria."

The boy, left the dressing-room in his street clothes and strolled over to his restaurant. He had sat down and given his order before he noticed that Harry Lines, one of the bookmakers at the track, was seated across the table from him. For some reason or other he had never liked the fellow; though, if anyone had asked him why, it was altogether unlikely that he could have told. It was, therefore, in any but a gracious tone of voice that he grunted a reply to the bookmaker's "How are you?"

"I suppose you are praying for a

good track and fine weather tomorrow, aren't you?" Lines continued, unmindful of the jockey's surliness.

"Well, it doesn't make much difference to me," the jockey, replied, softened somewhat, perhaps, by the evident interest that the bookmaker displayed in the very thing that was uppermost in his own mind. "I've got an idea that Aethon can win on most any old kind of a track. She's only got Stanford against her and I ain't much afraid of him."

"No, I don't suppose you need to be, either. But it is going to raise hobbs with us if you win. Two-thirds of the people at the track will back Aethon with you on her back. I don't see where we come out if we have to pay them all after she has won. We'll be up against it, that's all."

"I'm sorry," Tailor returned, grinning heartlessly. He was thoroughly enjoying himself now.

"I suppose it will mean a good deal in your own pocket if you win?"

"The old man has promised me a thousand."

"Say, Tailor; would three thousand suit you better?" the bookmaker asked suddenly.

The boy paused in the midst of a sip of coffee and set the cup back on the table. For a moment he looked at the bookmaker and the latter hung his eyes.

"What do you mean by that?" the jockey demanded.

"Just this," Lines answered and lowered his voice to a whisper. "If Aethon wins we will be thousands of dollars in the hole. You can see that as well as I can. You know too, better even than I do, that she can't help winning if she gets a decent ride. If she doesn't get a good ride she is sure to lose. If you will make her lose there's three thousand in it for you."

Tailor's eyes narrowed and his fists clenched as he watched the bookmaker. Three thousand dollars seemed to him almost a fortune. It meant a living for a year. It meant the accomplishment of many a fair dream. It meant almost more to him than, for

the minute, he could realize. His face a moment before had been rosy. It was pale as the cloth on the table before him now.

"Will you do it," he heard Lines say and the bookmaker's voice seemed miles and miles away. "It's easy. Nobody will ever find it out."

Then the jockey heard another voice and for a moment he did not appreciate that it was his own.

"Do you mean it?" he was saying. "Is this straight goods? Are you trying to fool me?"

"No, I mean every word of it. Good God, boy, it means I am broke if Aethon wins that race. I have been losing right along and what I haven't lost I have thrown away on booze. You know that. You have got to help me out of this. And if you do there's three thousand in it for you. What do you say?"

Tailor rose from his seat without a word. He flung a half dollar on the counter as he passed and waited for no change. The bookmaker was right behind him as he went out of the restaurant. The jockey went straight on with never a look behind. Lines kept up with him and they turned the corner together. Tailor stopped and turned upon the bookmaker with a look in his eyes that made the latter stop short, almost in fear.

"When do I get the money?" the jockey demanded.

"Right after the last race."

"Where?"

"Any place you think safe."

For a moment the two men looked into each others eyes and then Tailor said:

"If Aethon loses you meet me in the wash room after the crowd has left. Be careful how you get there, too. If anyone finds this out we're both gone."

He waited for no answer but strode away, from the bookmaker and took the beach road for his home. By the time he passed the last house and was out on the sand the moon had risen pale and cold, above the roofs. Somehow her coldness soothed him and gradually he slackened his pace. His

stumbling feet seemed holding him back and finally his shoe caught in a piece of wreckage that had been thrown up on the sands. He fell at full length and did not rise. For a while he buried his face in his arms.

He cursed the bookmaker and his offer and his own weakness in accepting it. He cursed the first day he had set foot on a track and shivered at the remembrance of the thrills that went through him the first time he won a race. All the glory seemed gone now and all the sweet was turned to bitter.

Across a little arm of the bay, distant perhaps a half mile from where he lay, was a line of dark shadows, their tops being the roofs of a row of low houses. One by one the lights in their windows glimmered for an instant and then shone brightly. A thought flashed across his mind and for an instant his face shone with a different resolve.

Over there, among those dark shadows, perhaps behind that very window in which the light had just shone, lived a girl who meant more to him than all the races he had ever won and all the cries of the crowds that had ever been given him. In his own uncultured yet whole-hearted way he had wooed her. Together they had planned their future when he should own his own horses and sit in the grandstand with her while the boys rode them to victory. Their youth, for he was only twenty and she hardly in her nineteenth year, had never bothered them. They would want to wait until he had made a success of himself in some measure and that, they had thought, would be at least two years yet. How many days, he thought, had they talked over the very race that he was to ride tomorrow! There came to him, too, the pleasant little conceit with which he had told that, if he lost his race, he would never see her again. And how she had replied, with a tender pat on his head, how she knew it was impossible for him to lose.

All the bitterness of it rushed upon him at once. The mockery of it all seemed to overwhelm. He rose to his

feet and threw out his arms towards the bay. The pale moon saw his face roughened with the pain at his heart and his clenched hands to press against the sides of his forehead.

* * * * *

To one who cares to study it the crowd who attends the big race at a metropolitan track is an odd mixture. All classes and all conditions of human life are to be found there. The old habitue, his clothes cut on next season's model and as brightly checked as the tailors can make it, is everywhere. He has a self-satisfied smile and is perfectly at home. Then there is the society man who spends the afternoon on the clubhouse porch and sends his bets to the ring by a uniformed messenger. Add to these the women, of whom, possibly, there are more kinds than of the men, and you have the greater part of the people at the track. Their motives, if one could find them out, would probably prove to be as diversified as themselves.

Such a crowd, 20,000 strong, swarmed the grandstand and the clubhouse and betting ring the day of the Gloria. A cloudless sky and a sun hot enough to drive every vestige of moisture from the track and leave it hard and springy were the justification that the people had for calling this an ideal day for the Gloria.

The race itself was the fourth of the afternoon, and when the horses started from the paddock everyone at the track was straining his neck to see them. There were six of the entries, sleek and shining and trained to the hour. For five minutes they kept the starter on his mettle and the crowd with its heart in its throat before they were straightened out and the starting gate could be released. Finally they were in order, and the old familiar "They're off," came from the crowd as the tape went up and the horses were off along the hot track.

There is only one part of a horse-race more exciting than the finish, and that is the start. This was no exception. Big, brown Stanford got away first and set the pace from the start.

Behind came the other five. Dauphin's nose was at his saddle; behind Dauphin, the black horse, Caesar; then the rest. Aethon was unaccountably slow in starting, and when the horses settled into their strides she was the fifth. It was a bad break for the favorite, and involuntarily the crowd groaned as the horses passed the grandstand.

"Good for Tailor, he knows what he's about," whispered Lines to his cashier. "Did you see where he started? Back in the ruck?"

"Did you fix him?" the cashier asked eagerly.

"Did I fix him? Did I? Well you can just bet your rocks I did. He jumped at the bait too easy. Three thousand bucks is more than a drop in the bucket to a boy like him."

Up in one corner of the stand was a girl almost crying. To her this race meant more than any of those about her dreamed.

As the horses thundered by there was someone saw her who understood. It was the boy on the fifth horse, and that boy was trying to choke down a lump that hurt his throat. He was lying low on his horse's neck, and he was only dimly conscious that he was riding the race of his life. What he thought more of was the girl in the grandstand and of how she would feel when he lost this race. Almost he was tempted now to go to the front and win it in spite of all. Then like a flash of lightning striking the tree the thought of the reward that he would gain struck him, and he cowered even lower under the blow.

Stanford had dropped back to but four lengths in front of him as they passed the quarter pole. Dauphin was leading and between him and that streak of yellow there were seven horse's lengths.

At the half the horse behind him was panting by his side, gaining on him slowly but surely. His eyes were half closed and his head almost touched his horse's mane. Stanford had gone to the front again and Dauphin was with him stride for stride.

Behind these two came Alcazar, and then Caesar, three lengths in front of Aethon.

Tailor half raised his eyes and looked toward the stand. At the far corner he imagined he could distinguish, even through the blur in his eyes, a figure in white, a figure he thought he knew. She was leaning far out over the railing and, at the sight of her, his heart stopped beating. There was a rumbling in his head and only by good fortune did he grasp his reins tightly enough to hold himself on his horse.

The lines tightened at the corners of his mouth and for the first time in the race his whip rose.

They reached the three-quarter post and Aethon was leading Caesar by a length and a half. Alcazar was two lengths in front of him and only three lengths behind Stanford, who was still in front.

"What the devil is he trying to do?" Lines whispered fiercely as he watched Aethon pass Caesar and slowly gain on the horses ahead of him. "He's getting too close to the front, the fool."

"Ten dollars says he has thrown you," answered the cashier.

"Say that again and I'll wring your neck, damn you," Lines cursed under his breath. "He knows better than to do that. Good God, man, don't you know what it means to us for Aethon to win that race?"

They swung into the stretch with Jockey Tailor's whip rising and falling. Alcazar had gone behind. A length and a half away was Stanford, and in front of Stanford, the hot, yellow, open stretch.

Tailor's breath came quick and fast. His mouth was parched, and it seemed to him as if his eyeballs stood out of his head with the strain. Alcazar's nose was still at his saddle-skirts but Aethon was gradually pulling away from him toward the big brown horse in front. Stanford showed signs of failing, but the finish was only a little over a furlong away.

Tailor leaned farther out of the saddle. His whip flew up and down; he

thought himself lifting his horse along by his own strength. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and his breath came as hot and quick as that of his horse. Beneath him Aethon plunged and quivered but gained, inch by inch, foot by foot. Now her head was at Stanford's rump, now at his saddle. Stanford's jockey could feel her hot breath on his cheek and beat and lashed his horse to the limit of his strength. But Aethon was at his side, now, neck for neck, nose for nose.

For a hundred yards they ran so neither jockey drawing a breath or winking an eye. Tailor nerved himself for the last effort, and coaxed and begged and swore at his horse. By his side Stanford tore along, and it seemed

as if every stride must drag the very heart out of him.

Tailor did not dare look around. His eyes were glued on the wire and, with a last convulsive effort, he tried to throw Aethon across the finish. But even as he did so, he saw Stanford slip away from him and saw that brown neck flash under the wire three inches in front of Aethon's.

He came back to the stand and weighed in. He seemed to be in a daze and the curses of his horse's owner struck upon deaf ears. If his glazed eyes saw the bookmaker's wink as he passed his stand they gave no sign. Blindly he stumbled on to the dressing room and threw himself upon his bunk.

The Gloria Handicap had been run and lost.

Bubbles

BY CHARLOTTE LAY DEWEY

A child sits blowing bubbles in the sun,

Above his head they float up high and higher,

Clear, opalescent, trembling with the fire

Imprisoned in the depths. The colors run

A scale of soundless music, then upon

The air—mist—nothing! Ah, me! We aspire

Like children, to create! We never tire,

Tho' scarce our day of life has yet begun,

Of putting to our eager lips the pipe

Of Pan, and with the breath of Hope, again

And yet again we see our bright dreams grow

Unto the perfect round, the prototype

Of Joy—then vanish. Was the vision vain?

Ask the ideal that made the bubble glow.

Marionettes

BY MAUDE HEATH

IN a large city, on the streets, at a play, or wherever a crowd gathers, one is constantly seeing incidents in other people's lives that furnish a most fascinating study. Tiny mosaics that, joined together, form a perfect pattern, but seen singly may be important or trivial—we do not know. The touching for an instant of two person's lives, the little exchanges of courtesies or assistance, and then the drifting apart, probably never to meet again, as two ships that speak each other in a heavy fog and go on their separate ways without having seen the captains or the crews, only a vague shape in the gloom.

Each person is to himself the center of the universe, from whence all points of the compass radiate. To him the fleeting glimpses others get is an experience of prime importance; a comedy or a tragedy, to be related a thousand times and remembered through life.

Going up Market street in San Francisco about a week before the earthquake I met an old man carrying a gaudy umbrella, which advertised a shop where umbrellas were made and repaired. The man was shabbily dressed, evidently feeble with age, and with snow-white hair beneath a broken and rusty hat. He had a strong, well-balanced face, and a broad, intellectual forehead. How came he in such a position? From what prosperous manhood had he fallen to this automaton march up and down a crowded thoroughfare? To what depths of poverty had he sunk that such employment was a boon? Perhaps no one but himself knows. To him it is the tragedy of adverse circumstances or self-made misfortune. To the crowds that pass him he is a feature of the street—an unimportant wave of the ebbing and flowing tide of humanity.

In the evening, after the play, while waiting for a car, I saw a young girl well-dressed, pretty and very refined-

looking, standing on the corner, evidently waiting for some one. Each car that came she scanned eagerly, and a shade of disappointment on her face deepened as it passed. At last a man fashionably dressed, but dissipated-looking, stepped from a down car, and with a slightly bored expression, stood waiting for the girl to come to the crossing, where he choose to remain. She was evidently very glad to see him, and began talking earnestly. As they passed me, he said: "That is all nonsense, you know. You expect altogether too much for—" the rest was lost. Who was she, and why was she waiting alone at nearly eleven o'clock for a man who did not treat her with ordinary politeness when he came? Possibly it was the beginning of a drama that will end satisfactorily; perhaps one of the countless tragedies that begin so happily and end in disgrace and death. To the girl the meeting was an event, to the man apparently an unpleasant incident, and to the few in the throng who noticed it at all it was but one of a hundred similar sights.

The city presents a constantly moving panorama, a shifting kaleidoscope of human experience—tragic, comic and melodramatic. At the theatre, a party of Japanese came—a young man and a girl, two boys and an old man, with scanty, flowing white hair and beard, the physiognomy of an ape and a bent and feeble body. With them was an American woman, middle-aged, thin and angular; the ideal missionary type. She sat between the boys and the old man, to whom she read the programme and seemed to be explaining the situations. In what capacity was she with those brown people? As a teacher or as the old man's wife? Appearances pointed to the latter solution, in which case one could easily fancy the disgust of her family and friends, and the streak of latent insan-

ity or unhealthy morbidness that prompted such a step.

In front of them sat a well-known newspaper man with a party of friends. One was a young woman in a decollete gown, who punctuated each of a volley of remarks with a portentous frown that would strike terror to the average man's soul. Quite likely she is a kind-hearted person, whose conversation is innocuous to a degree.

Going into a big department store at nine o'clock in the morning, before the rush had begun, we saw the clerks and heads of departments getting ready for the crowds that take violent possession a little later. At the entrance door were two men cleaning the brass fittings of the massive doors, and engaged in a stormy altercation as to whether one of them had or had not done his part of the work properly. The big Afro-American who stands guard to open and close the doors was calmly polishing his nails, oblivious to the heated vocabularies of the disputants. Inside, at the book department, several girls were arranging the stock, and one was sitting idly on a stool. She was proclaiming her ultimatum to the others. She was too tired to work; she did not feel well anyway; there was nothing in it—this idea of rushing around and getting all worn out doing the same thing over and over again; if she fixed her stock, a lot of customers would pull them all to pieces again; the other girls could do as they liked, but for her part she was taking a little rest—goodness knew she needed it bad enough—and she didn't propose to move for anybody, so there. Presently a floor walker appeared, and before he was fairly in sight my lady of independence was so deeply engrossed in arranging the books in her immediate neighborhood that she did not apparently see him at all. He passed with the grandiloquent strut of a turkey gobbler in a barnyard, looking from side to side among the pompadoured assistants in his industrial harem, none of whom speak when the monarch is near, however much they may "sass" his shadow.

On the way down Sutter street in

a car a little later, we met a woman in a perfectly appointed brougham. She was an old woman, wrinkled and gray, but dressed in the height of fashion. She was asleep, her poor old head nodding beneath its array of plumes, and her tired eyes encircled with dark lines, closed behind the jeweled lorgnette she held in her white gloved hand. Probably a martyr on the social gridiron, from which only death can rescue her and give to her the long rest she yearns for.

Walking up Kearny street was a woman, richly dressed and wearing furs. She was leading a baby of about two years, dressed in white. His tiny fat legs were bare above his little shoes and blue with cold in the piercing wind that has all seasons for its own in our metropolis. Very likely his mother loves the baby. Doubtless she would do anything in her power to make him happy and comfortable—anything except to ignore an idiotic fashion that masquerades as a mysterious providence when the victim dies. If it had been a poor child, probably some charitable person would have provided warm stockings for the shivering mite.

In a restaurant were two women. One thin and sallow with tightly closed, straight lips. The other was fat and round, with the wrinkles that laughing had made in her good-natured face. The thin one was arguing with the waiter about her check, insisting that he should not charge five cents extra for a cup of coffee, when they had eaten and were to pay for a twenty-five cent dinner each. All the efforts of the happy-looking friend to reconcile her to the outlay were unavailing and the monologue continued until the sorely badgered man turned and fled, saying from a safe distance, "I ain't to blame for the prices. It's as much as I can do to attend to my own business. You go kick to the cashier."

In an oculist's rooms, where a dozen persons were waiting were a young man and his wife and baby. She was a girlish looking young woman, and they were both dressed neatly, but plainly—rather shabbily. The man, a

mere boy in appearance, held the baby, who fussed and squirmed in a vain attempt to go to his mother, who was being fitted with glasses. When they were adjusted he asked the price. Seven and a half to ten dollars, according to the quality, the oculist said, with an air of having said it hundreds of times before. The young wife and the husband consulted a moment, while the baby reached its hands futilely to her and the doctor turned his chair impatiently. "We might pay a little each week," she said, finally, and the man's face brightened a shade. A few words to the oculist, and they went out with another burden added to the rest; one more division to make of an already strained income. The glasses may have cost the doctor one dollar, more likely fifty cents would cover the expense to him. But the woman's eyes must not be neglected, and they must pay the price he asked; besides, a little added weight would soon adjust itself.

Late at night we visited the composing-rooms of one of the great dailies. The room was hot, the atmosphere close and oppressive. Mingled with the throb of the heavy machinery was the click of the type-setting machines that have taken the places of hundreds of human "comps." who have joined the army of tramps. Up there, far above the city, men and women worked night after night, glad of the "job" that they counted themselves fortunate to win. Beneath us the crowds surged ceaselessly, tirelessly, back and forth, to the play, to work, actual or hoped for; some to success, wealth and happiness, others to shame and disgrace: all struggling for the unattainable

bored with too much or starving with too little; each one a unit of a countless number, and at the same time the center of creation, for whom the stars shine and the sun gives light; to whom hope beckons with alluring promises for next year, and near whom death lurks at every corner. One city of hundreds, one world of multitudes—each individual living, loving, suffering and dying alone, and with his death comes to each the end of the world.

A few days later came the sudden violent turn of the kaleidoscope—the blotting out of life for some, the unheralded drop from wealth to penury for others. A general readjustment of the colors in the show—the substitution of smoking, blackened ruins for gilded palaces, of huddled, frightened crowds for the brilliant, laughing throngs. In the general transformation each particle preserves its own identity—its own supreme self-importance. From the personal experience of each the great catastrophe takes its coloring and shades, from the blackness of death and utter despair to the green of hope and the rose-hue of love and romance. A brief commingling of all the atoms in one prismatic mass, as the master turns the frame, then the gradual reorganization of each color to itself, divided by lines and bars of black that did not show before.

And each tiny atom believes the pageant is meant for him, that the color he sees—blue, grey, brown or red—is the color scheme of the universe, and that he is the central figure of the great pattern, woven by he knows not whom, and for a purpose that he cannot guess.



"Perhaps the meadow-lark is that skilled leader, for he is always calling, calling.

Field flowers.

by
ELOISE J. ROORBACH.

THE warm spring rain began it. It tapped at the door of all the wild flowers in California, bidding them waken, attire themselves in holiday garb and attend the grand carnival to be given in April's honor. The invitation was a compelling as well as a most alluring one, so even the drowsiest flower obeyed the summons, and began to prepare gorgeous costumes for the festival.

By the latter part of March, vast crowds of blossoms in their finest garments awaited April's coming.

The first day of April I also went out to a field less than an hour's journey from San Francisco and took a place there as a "wall flower."

Now, "wall flowers" do not add much to the beauty of a ball room, nor do they enter into its gayety, but they have the great privilege of being a witness of the pretty scene. It seemed almost as if the festival of flowers before me welcomed the sombre wall flower. However, twinges of envy entered my heart at sight of the gay revelers all around, and I could not help but wish that I could be like some of them.

Such sweet modesty! Such dainty grace! Such lavish generosity! Who could help but wish for such qualities! As I sat watching the fair scene, the field reminded me of a gorgeous rug, warf of green and woof of colors. I re-





and so on, until the flower rug is finished. The field also reminds me of a beautiful page of illuminated texts. But as in the case of the writing on the walls of Belshazzar's palace, wise astrologers and sooth-sayers cannot interpret the scroll of the field. They who worship the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone," cannot read the writing of nature. I wish that some one filled with "that excellent wisdom" of the "true God," would translate that writing, for I am sure it would be a mar-



membered how some of the East India rugs are woven. A leader reads from a score that looks like an amateur stenographer's report. Many men sit in a semi-circle around him, much after the fashion of our orchestras. Each man has charge of a single color, and as the leader calls out the tint needed, the man in charge of that color responds with his thread, and so the intricate pattern is woven. Perhaps the meadow-lark is that skilled leader, for he is always calling, calling. Perhaps he is saying: "Now blue, next red, come white, then yellow,"

velously beautiful song of praise and joy.

Among the throngs of merry-makers all around, I see many familiar faces and also some I much desire to know. I consult my Blue Book of flowers, and find that many of them belong to the "best families," and all have imposing-looking, high-sounding Latin names. I am so glad that the Blue Book gives their pet names also.

The most charming flowers in the field are the Baby Blue Eyes (*Nemophila*). They are pure azure blue, and open their eyes wide to the sun in a most winsome, innocent manner. The dark



stamens and antlers look like the long lashes of the baby eyes. And like a sleepy baby, the eyes close at eventide for a long night's sleep. They are most dainty children of the sun, and if I were to ask them: "Where did you get those eyes of blue?" I am sure they would answer: "Out of the sky as I came through."

The sweetest flowers in the field are the White Owl's Clover (*Orthocarpus*.)

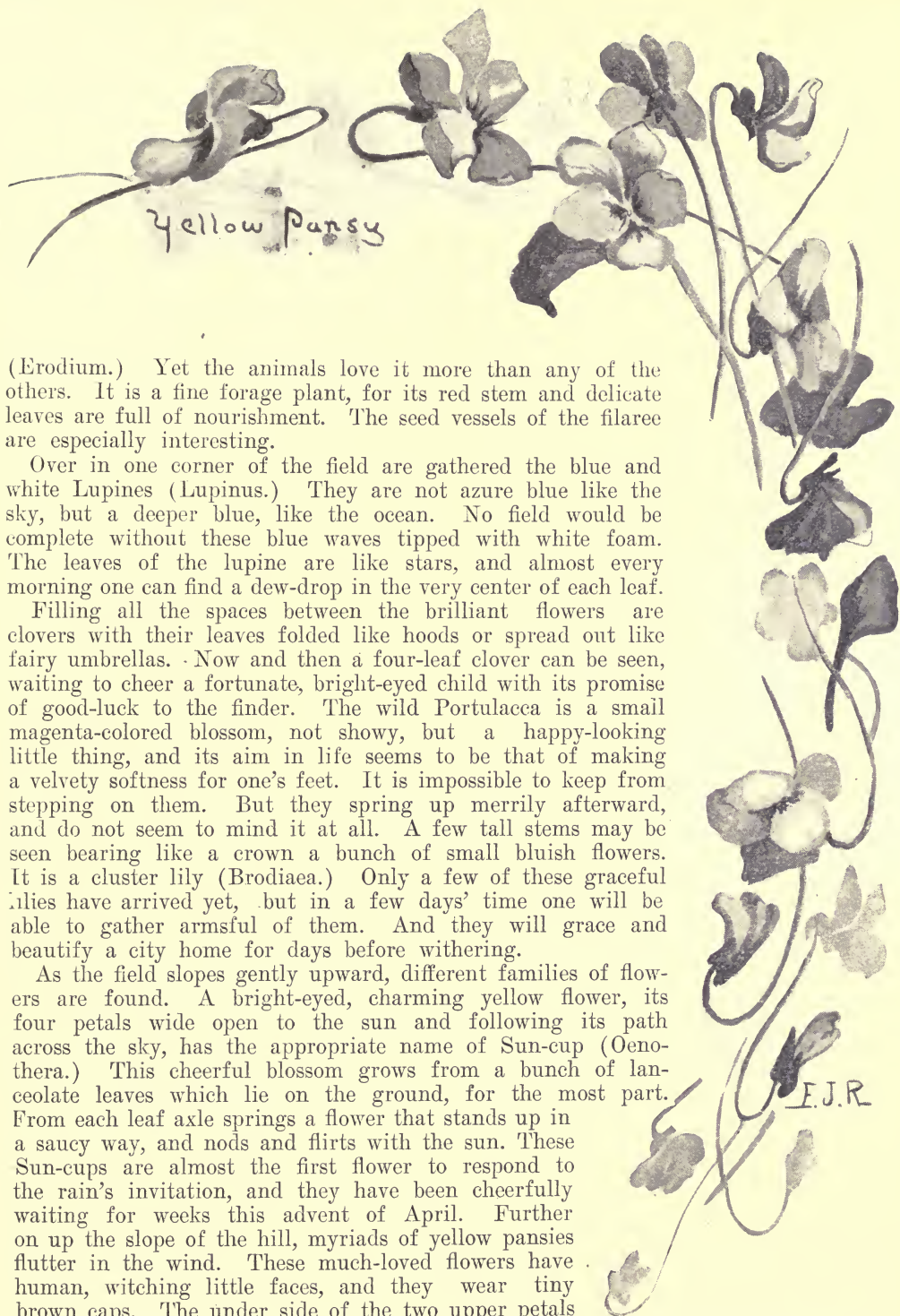
They are in such crowds that they look like drifts of snow. Only these blossom snow drifts are full of fragrance, and are warm and inviting. The air is full of the perfume from these flowers. Humming birds, bees and children revel in their sweetness. They have three



white sac-like lips that seem made on purpose to hold sweetness.

The most gorgeous flowers of all the gay throng are the poppies (*Eschscholtzia Californica*.) They are dressed in cloth of gold, and nod and frolic together all through the field. They are the gayest of the gay, flaunting about in a saucy way. They are universal favorites, and their brilliant beauty is world-famous.

Very different is the inconspicuous five-petaled pink blossom of the *Filaree*



(Erodium.) Yet the animals love it more than any of the others. It is a fine forage plant, for its red stem and delicate leaves are full of nourishment. The seed vessels of the filaree are especially interesting.

Over in one corner of the field are gathered the blue and white Lupines (*Lupinus*.) They are not azure blue like the sky, but a deeper blue, like the ocean. No field would be complete without these blue waves tipped with white foam. The leaves of the lupine are like stars, and almost every morning one can find a dew-drop in the very center of each leaf.

Filling all the spaces between the brilliant flowers are clovers with their leaves folded like hoods or spread out like fairy umbrellas. Now and then a four-leaf clover can be seen, waiting to cheer a fortunate, bright-eyed child with its promise of good-luck to the finder. The wild *Portulacca* is a small magenta-colored blossom, not showy, but a happy-looking little thing, and its aim in life seems to be that of making a velvety softness for one's feet. It is impossible to keep from stepping on them. But they spring up merrily afterward, and do not seem to mind it at all. A few tall stems may be seen bearing like a crown a bunch of small bluish flowers. It is a cluster lily (*Brodiaea*.) Only a few of these graceful lilies have arrived yet, but in a few days' time one will be able to gather armfuls of them. And they will grace and beautify a city home for days before withering.

As the field slopes gently upward, different families of flowers are found. A bright-eyed, charming yellow flower, its four petals wide open to the sun and following its path across the sky, has the appropriate name of Sun-cup (*Oenothera*.) This cheerful blossom grows from a bunch of lanceolate leaves which lie on the ground, for the most part. From each leaf axile springs a flower that stands up in a saucy way, and nods and flirts with the sun. These Sun-cups are almost the first flower to respond to the rain's invitation, and they have been cheerfully waiting for weeks this advent of April. Further on up the slope of the hill, myriads of yellow pansies flutter in the wind. These much-loved flowers have human, witching little faces, and they wear tiny brown caps. The under side of the two upper petals is a soft, warm, reddish brown, and as the wind sways them, they appear and disappear in a most fascinating way. These sweet blossoms jump merrily out of bed the minute the sun calls, and one marvels how they got into their brown caps so quickly. Here is a graceful spray of pink wild hollyhock, standing a little higher than most of the field flowers. They remind me of school girls with

their pink ribbands showing the baby flowers all around how to dance.

All the field flowers have childish, frolicsome ways—not much dignity but full of winsome charm.

But here is a queenly flower with regal gown of purple and gold. She is stately and dignified, every inch a queen. Her every motion is full of grace. The nod of her head confers a favor. She stands upon the crest of the hills overlooking all and her name is Iris. She has a humble cousin down among the merry-makers below, who is called Blue-Eyed Grass, and has a family resemblance to the Iris, but her mild, dark blue gown and small stature is not to be compared with her beautiful cousin's rich color and grace.

From the crest of the hill I rest and look back, where I see the flowers in masses rather than as individuals. The field of green is emblazoned with gold of

poppies, ribbands of blue lupines, drifts of owls' clover snow, pink and red touches of hollyhock. These flowers seem meant only for beauty, but they furnish honey to bees, food to birds, healing to the sick, knowledge to the scientist, inspiration to the poet, joy to the children.

A brush of butterfly wings, a roaming bee, a hungry bird, a frolicsome breeze, are all means of transplanting the seeds to new fields where nature gives sleep and forgetfulness until the next spring.

There, as so often before, the rain patters at the door of the flowers' snug houses and leaves the commanding invitation: "Awake, dear children of earth! Put on your fine garments and worship the sun. Dance in the breeze and make friends with the bees. Unveil your faces, give of your sweetness, make barren spots lovely and give forth your message of joy—joy and more joy!"



Baby-Blue-Eyes

Government Regulation of Railroad Rates

And the Question of Private Car Lines

BY EDWARD P. IRWIN

The Senate of the United States has just emerged from the throes of discussion over a bill providing for the enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, giving that body the authority to fix and regulate railroad freight rates. For weeks the bill has been the principal one of interest before the chief legislative body of the country, and volume after volume of that always-to-be-continued story known as the Congressional Record has been largely filled with the oratorical efforts of those who occupy the Senatorial seats. Day after day, the columns of the newspapers throughout the country have been taken up with the reports of these speeches and with editorial opinion pro and con. "Rate Controversy Continues Unsettled;" "Hepburn Bill Is Attacked;" "Foraker Condemns the Rate Bill;" "Validity of Hepburn Bill Questioned;"—so run the headlines. One might easily think that the whole country had stopped breathing, that business had been suspended and that the nation were awaiting in anxious suspense the final action of Congress in this all-absorbing matter.

The Hepburn Bill, as it is commonly known, is generally supposed to be a popular measure, one favorable action on which was urgently demanded by the people of the United States. Every intelligent being is commonly supposed to want Government regulation of railroad freight rates. Men yearn for it; women long for it; babies cry for it.

The decisive majority by which the Hepburn Bill passed the House of Representatives some time ago would seem to indicate that the measure is in reality a popular one, for the House is supposed to stand closer to the people

than the more dignified Senate, and its action is more commonly a reflex of the wishes of the people. But the truth of the matter is that in passing the Hepburn Bill the House was merely "passing the buck." It had a vexatious question to deal with, one that presented many and serious difficulties in its solution, and the easiest way for the House to dispose of the whole matter was to pass the bill and send it on to the Senate, thus throwing the responsibility upon that body. The House of Representatives, therefore, did pass the bill by a large majority, but the members of the lower body knew very well that the measure would never go through the Senate in the form in which it was received by the latter body. And it did not. The bill as recently passed by the Senate carries with it many amendments, and while these do not greatly change the general character of the measure, or the general principle involved, that as to the right of the Federal Government to exercise supervision over the operations of the transportation companies, they nevertheless make the bill a far different one from that originally passed by the House.

It appears, then, that the large majority by which the measure carried in the House does not—or, at least, did not at that time—necessarily reflect the general public attitude in the matter. There might have been a general opinion among the people in regard to Government regulation of railroad rates. There probably was, but it was largely formed and fostered by newspaper discussion. The reading public had seen so much in the press concerning this question that it came to the conclusion that it was itself speaking and that it demanded the passage of an act giving the Interstate Commerce Commission

the power to fix freight rates.

The truth of the matter is, that probably not one person in a thousand, even now that the bill has passed the Senate, has the slightest idea as to what the whole discussion is about. If the average intelligent citizen were asked as to whether he believed the Government should fix freight rates, he would probably answer in the affirmative. If he were asked to give his reasons he would probably scratch his head—and give it up.

That there is so little real knowledge of the subject is not to be wondered at, for while the matter is one which does affect the consuming public indirectly, it does not affect it directly. The ones who are directly affected are the producers and shippers on the one hand and the transportation companies on the other. And people are not liable to know a great deal about matters which do not affect them directly and visibly.

Nor are the general public the only ones who do not understand the matter thoroughly. Those who have followed the discussions in the United States Senate must have been forced to the conclusion that there are a good many members of that august body who are possessed of a large ignorance on the subject. Certainly there has been enough difference of opinion among those who wear the toga. Before the upper body finally passed the bill, it analyzed and discussed it, took it to pieces and patched it together again; amendments were offered by wholesale and the atmosphere of the Capitol was rendered foggy with words. Finally the much-amended bill was passed, but how it will work out is still a matter for conjecture. As this is being written, the amended bill is on the point of being sent to conference, but it seems likely that the House will agree to most of the Senate amendments, and that the President will make it a law by signing it.

It is not the purpose of this article to offer arguments for or against Government regulation of railroad freight rates. There are many good arguments which might be offered on each

side of the question. However, it appears probable from past experience that the Government should exercise some sort of supervision over the railroads, and it is certain that there have been in the past abuses which should be, and must be, corrected. Otherwise there will be a tendency toward that infinitely greater socialistic evil, Government ownership.

The intention of this article is merely to endeavor to tell what the whole thing is about—why Government regulation is demanded by some and opposed by others, and to give a few of the arguments that have been advanced on both sides.

Inextricably mixed up with the broader question of Government regulation and fixing of freight rates is that of private car lines. Indeed, both questions are closely connected, and their issues are bound together in the same bill, which, if it becomes a law, will give the Interstate Commerce Commission large powers over both railroads and private car lines. The latter subject is probably better understood by most people than the former, since it has been the subject of discussion by prominent men in some of the popular magazines. J. Ogden Armour has given the car lines' side of the matter in detail, and his articles have been answered by a number of men connected with the shipping or selling end of the fruit and produce business.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, the powers of which it is proposed to extend, was created by the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887. This act laid down the common law rule that carriers' charges must be reasonable and impartial. According to its terms, carriers are forbidden to give "any undue or unreasonable preference to any person, locality or description of traffic in any respect whatever, or to subject any person, locality or description of traffic to any undue or unreasonable disadvantage in any respect whatsoever." Common carriers are forbidden, either directly or indirectly, to charge any person more or less for transportation than it charges others for the same ser-

vice. Rates are required to be published and filed with the commission, and ten days' notice must be given of advances. Any deviation from the published tariff is made unlawful. The act imposed a penalty for violation of the law of \$5,000 for each offense, and gave to those injured by discrimination the right to collect damages. In 1889 Congress amended the act by adding to the fine a penalty of two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary in case of unlawful discrimination, and made shippers and their agents subject to the same penalties where it was proved that they had secured undue advantage by false billing, false classification, etc., or by soliciting a railroad to discriminate in their favor. It was also provided that three days' notice must be given in case of any reduction in rates.

The purpose of this law, of course, was to prevent the giving of rebates and other devices by which large shippers secured advantages over those whose volume of business was not so large. However, in this respect the Interstate Commerce Commission has actually had little power, and if rebates and other forms of discrimination are less common now than formerly—and they are just at present—it is because the railroads have themselves voluntarily agreed to stop the practice for their own good, and not because they have been forced to do so by the Commission. For the Interstate Commerce Commission has in reality little actual power. It can declare a rate unjust and unreasonable. It can, if it pleases, declare what rate is just and reasonable and should be charged, but it has not any way of enforcing its decisions. For some time it was thought that the Commission had this authority, and in some cases it was actually used and the railroads obeyed the mandates of the Commission. But later a decision of the United States Supreme Court put an end to this by declaring that the Commission had no power to enforce its decisions. Consequently in this respect, at least, the Interstate Commerce Commission is practically a useless ap-

pendage of the Government. It is not to be wondered at that the great corporations which it attempts to control have little respect for it. No man is more an object of pity than he who gives orders which he cannot enforce.

As a consequence of this unsatisfactory state of affairs, there has arisen a demand, more or less popular, that some remedy be found for the evils which the Commission is unable to correct. That these evils exist it is impossible to deny. The most ardent friend of the railroads could not but admit that in the past, at least, the giving of rebates and special favors has been very prevalent. The origin of the practice is easy to see. What more natural than for the man who ships one hundred cars of freight a week to think that he ought to be specially favored by the railroad transporting his goods over the small shipper in the same line of business who shipped only ten cars? And the railroad, anxious to retain the business of the big shipper, would be very liable to look at the matter as he did, and to grant him a special rate. But the granting of special rates was forbidden by law. Therefore, the big shipper would pay the full tariff, and at the end of a certain period the railroad would rebate to him a certain amount.

This practice, although against the law, has been in effect many years, and from small beginnings grew to enormous proportions, so that it was the rule rather than the exception with most all transportation companies to give rebates. Congress legislated against it, as did the legislatures of nearly all the States; the Interstate Commerce Commission did everything in its power to abate the evil, but still it grew.

But its very prevalence was in the end the cause of the abatement, to a large extent, of the practice. The idea of rebates was, of course, the taking of business from competitors and the retaining of that which the road already had. But when all the railroads indulged in the practice, it is difficult to see where one had any advantage

over the other. The only persons who profited by the arrangement were the big shippers who were able to ship their goods at a less cost than their smaller competitors. The latter, of course, were the greatest sufferers, and in many instances they found themselves utterly unable to pay the full tariff and compete successfully with their more favored rivals who had the benefit of special freight rates.

Recently, however, the railroads have denied strongly that there is any giving of rebates. They say that they have gotten together and agreed, voluntarily, to comply with the law, and that they have abandoned the practice. It is certain that this is to a large extent true, and it is probable that there is less giving of rebates at the present time than has been the case for many years. The same is true, possibly, of the pass evil.

But the fact remains that so long as there is nothing to prevent, conditions may again become at any time as bad as they have been in the past. And that discrimination in other ways still exists, and in a very bad form, is evidenced by the state of affairs existing in the oil industry. The extent of the influence which large shippers may have over the transportation companies has been abundantly shown up by the many articles which have appeared in the magazines throughout the country. In fact, the last year has been one of "exposures." Indeed, the matter has been greatly overdone. The railroads have been accused of all sorts of crimes against the people, for many of which accusations there has been no other foundation than the very fertile imagination of the new crop of writers which has sprung up.

These "exposures," however, have had the effect of creating a sentiment among many people that something must be done. And the general idea is that the only way the evils can be corrected is by enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, giving it the right to fix freight rates, and putting under its control private car lines, express companies, telegraph

companies, etc. That there may be two sides to this question does not appear to have entered the heads of most people. They do not stop to consider that it is at best but a choice of two evils—leaving things as they are now, with the undeniable abuses which exist, or taking the long step of Government control toward government ownership by placing immense power over private property in the hands of a few men.

There are comparatively few people who give any thought at all to the matter, but of those who do, the sentiments of the greater part were probably well expressed by W. R. Wheeler, chairman of the traffic committee of the Pacific Coast Jobbers' and Manufacturers' Association in an address before the Commonwealth Club of California last fall. In the course of his speech, Mr. Wheeler said:

"The great issue now raised by the people against the railroads is that interstate railroad rates shall be not only reasonable in themselves, but relatively reasonable and just as compared with rates allowed to other persons and other places, and that all unreasonable and unjust charges shall be subject, upon complaint, to summary regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It ought to be sufficient to say that the Commission cannot now correct a rate for the future, and if it could, the rate so corrected cannot be enforced in time to serve any useful purpose. The result is, that the people are without any adequate or available remedies, and the railroads are practically free to charge their patrons what they please and as much as they please for the services they render."

It is the common practice to heap blame upon the railroads for the conferring of special favors, giving of rebates, etc. That the practice is sufficiently blameworthy and vicious, tending, as it does, toward the destruction of competition and the elimination of the small dealer and shipper, is evident. But the railroads should not be made to shoulder all the responsibility. The bribe giver is as guilty as the bribe taker, but not more so. The man who

accepts a rebate accepts a bribe, and it makes no difference in the degree of his crime whether he is a small shipper of fruits in some interior California town or the head of the Standard Oil Trust.

Among those who declaim loudest against trusts and railroads and rebates and private car lines are the farmers—so long as they are on the outside. But it makes all the difference in the world on which side of the fence one is.

Some time ago, the United States Supreme Court reversed the decision of a lower court which gave to the orange growers of California the right to route their own shipments. As to the justice of the decision it is useless to comment. There is no going behind the United States Supreme Court. But the reversal caused a storm of indignation among the growers—probably largely fomented, however, by the big shipping associations. This gave rise to the charge, emanating from Chicago—and presumably from the railroads—that the reason the shippers objected so strongly to the decision which took away from them the right to route their own shipments was that it deprived them of the opportunity to demand and receive rebates. No proof of the justice of the charge was adduced, but there is little doubt but that in many cases, at least, it was justified by the facts. It has long been an open secret that the fruit shippers of this State have been receiving rebates from the railroads, and it is to be expected that they should object strenuously to losing them.

The attitude of many of those who inveigh most strongly against the railroads, private car lines, etc., is well illustrated by the case of a large fruit grower and shipper of Placer County, California. This man—who, by the way, was among those who appeared before the Congressional committee engaged last year in investigating private car lines and testified ardently against them—has for many years been raising fruit in California. That he has

found the business profitable is evidenced by the fact that he has grown at least moderately rich at it. But he is a born calamity-howler. He never loses an opportunity to state that the fruit business of California is going to the demnition bow-wows—and all on account of the grasping policy of the railroads.

Once a year there is held in California a State Fruit Growers' convention. The man in question never fails to appear at these meetings and attack the railroads bitterly, charging them with extortion, poor service, favoritism, the giving of rebates, and many other evils. Having a certain amount of personal magnetism, much energy and a vigorous vocabulary, he has on several occasions succeeded in inducing his fellow growers to pass resolutions severely condemning the railroads and their attitude toward the fruit growers and shippers of the State. (Latterly, however, they had refused to follow his lead in this respect.)

The author of this article can state positively that this man was for a long time the recipient of large rebates from the railroads at the time when rebates were most common. Later on his rebate percentage was reduced—and about the same time he became the bitter opponent of the transportation companies.

To say that all, or even most, of those who think themselves unfairly treated by the railroads are actuated by similar motives would be untrue. But it is evident from the foregoing that there are two sides to the question, and that large corporations are not the only law-breakers.

In regard to private car lines, it has been very generally assumed that they are an unmitigated evil which ought to be abolished. The statement may be made without qualification that the abolition of the private car lines would mean the ruin of thousands of fruit and produce growers and shippers throughout the United States. That there are many evils connected with the conduct of these private car lines is undeniable. But it is equally unde-

niable that the existence of the lines is all that makes possible the existence of the fruit industry in several sections of the United States. In California, for instance, the fruit industry yields a revenue of somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty million dollars a year. Were private car lines to be wiped out, without the substitution of something else to take their place, the California fruit industry would almost immediately be ruined. There are many, even among the fruit growers, who believe that private car lines should be abolished, but so far nobody has suggested anything to take their place.

The private car lines are a natural outgrowth of the spread of population throughout the country. So long as the population was small, its wants could be supplied by near-by producing areas. But with the increase in the number of inhabitants of the different commonwealths, their concentration to a large extent in cities, the increase in wealth, and consequently in the wants of the consuming public, there arose the necessity for transporting perishable products over greater distances. Under the old system of shipping in ordinary cars it was impossible to carry perishable products, such as fresh fruits, meats, etc., great distances without much loss from decay. Many things could not be transported at all.

But with the invention of the modern refrigerator car all this was changed, and it became possible to transport fresh fruits, etc., from one coast to the other. Here, then, was the origin of California's great fruit industry, the greatest industry of the State. The refrigerator car has made it possible to deposit the California peach, orange or apricot in New York in as good condition as it is eaten on the farm where it grew.

What is true as regards California may be said of many other sections of the United States—Florida, Oregon, Michigan, Georgia.

But the fruit season of all these various sections is comparatively short—not more than a few weeks at most.

Yet many thousand cars are required to carry the output from each of the different producing regions. California ships annually about 30,000 carloads of oranges, a large proportion of which have to travel under refrigeration. On account of the length of the haul, it is but rarely that a car can be used twice during one season for the transportation of oranges from California to New York or other Eastern cities. Georgia ships each year in the neighborhood of 5,000 carloads of peaches—and these peaches must all be moved in the space of a few weeks. The same is true of the peach crop of Michigan.

As a general thing, a railroad does not tap more than one great fruit-growing center. It is evident, therefore, that for a railroad to own refrigerator cars enough to handle the fruit crop of any one of these sections would mean that for the greater part of the year it must have several thousand cars on hand standing idle—for, generally speaking, the refrigerator car is of little or no value for ordinary purposes. But to keep such large sums invested where for most of the year they are earning nothing would mean that during the earning period of the refrigerator cars rates must be charged which would be practically prohibitive.

Here is where the private car line comes in. It is evident that if some corporation owning a great number of these cars can make arrangements with the various railroads tapping the different fruit growing sections of the country to haul its cars, they can be kept in use during a large part of the year, and the cost of refrigeration thereby much reduced. This is what has been done in the case of the Armour and other car lines. In some cases the cars have been rented to the railroads hauling them. In others the railroads and the private car lines work together, charges for refrigeration and haulage being divided between them. George M. Robbins, president of the Armour Car Lines, in his statement made before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, House of Representatives, and the Committee on In-

terstate Commerce, United States Senate, at the hearings held last year, thus outlined the workings of the private car lines:

"The private car companies, owners of special cars, furnish them to the railroads at a rental, generally of three-fourths of a cent per mile run for refrigerators, and no charge whatever is made against the shipper for their use, the railroads charging only their regular rates for transportation of the contents, the same as if the roads furnished their own cars. The rental, therefore, is a matter between the railroads and the car companies, and does not affect the shipper or the public.

"The great majority of shipments requiring refrigeration are ordered refrigerated by the shippers; the car companies supervise the loading and stripping and furnish the local initial icing, and re-ice the cars as required at established stations."

It is the custom of the private car companies whenever possible to make exclusive contracts with the shippers of the various districts to handle all their shipments. This has been the subject of much adverse criticism. This criticism is, of course, justified to a certain extent, as exclusive contracts mean the elimination of competition. But at the same time, it is evident that the shipper gets better service. When a car company knows that it has a certain number of cars of fruit or produce to handle within a given time, it will make a special effort to have on hand the equipment to handle them, and expensive and often disastrous delays are thereby avoided. If the shipper had to depend upon the service rendered by the railroad, with its poorer equipment of special cars, his fruit might not get to market in time to prevent much loss by decay. This fact is appreciated by most of the large shippers, as was evidenced by their testimony at the hearing before mentioned. Some of them were of the opinion that they had to pay too high a price for the service, but all were agreed that the service rendered by the car companies was excellent, and much better than could be expect-

ed if they had to depend upon the railroads.

It is not the purpose of this article to defend either the railroads or private car lines. There is no denying the fact that in many cases their actions are opposed to the general good. Rebates have undoubtedly been given, poor service rendered, favoritism shown, exorbitant charges made. But despite all this, railroads and private car lines are good things, and indispensable. Many of the attacks made upon them are malicious, prompted by the self-interest of those making the attacks, or based on insufficient grounds. There are abuses that must be remedied, but just how is still a disputed question. It is unquestionable that a rate bill of some kind will become a law, but just how that law will operate to remove the existing evils is a matter of grave doubt. About the only definite thing that can be said is that the passage of a rate bill of any kind establishes a precedent. The Government thereby assumes the right to exercise supervision over the railroads and private car lines, and it is improbable that the right thus assumed will ever be given up.

As stated before, at the time this is being written the exact nature of the rate bill which is to become a law is not determined. The bill as originally passed by the House of Representatives has been much amended by the Senate, and it is uncertain at this time how far the House will go in concurring in these amendments. It is probable that a compromise of some kind will be agreed upon. In general, however, the terms of the Bill as passed by the House and amended by the Senate are as follows:

The powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission are greatly enlarged. The chief power given it is that of fixing rates. Where complaint is made of unjust or unreasonable charges on the part of common carriers in the transportation of persons or property or of practices affecting such charges, the Commission is directed to investigate such charges. It is also to investigate as to whether

or not the rates or practices are unjustly discriminatory or prejudicial or otherwise in violation of the act—and where such is found to be the case, the Commission is authorized to determine and prescribe what shall be the just and reasonable maximum rate, and what regulation or practice is just, reasonable and fair. The Interstate Commerce Commission is given the authority, which hitherto it has not had, of enforcing its orders. According to the terms of the bill, they are to go into effect within thirty days and continue in force two years unless suspended, modified or set aside by a court of competent jurisdiction. The Commission is given the power to apportion joint fares, establish through routes and maximum joint rates and prescribe their division and to determine the compensation to be paid to shippers doing service for carriers.

For disobedience of the orders of the Commission a penalty of \$5,000 for each offence is imposed, the penalty to accumulate at the rate of \$5,000 a day in case of continuous violation of the order.

The bill provides that the word "railroad" shall be interpreted to include switches, spurs, tracks, terminal facilities, freight yards, depots and grounds. "Transportation" is to include cars and other facilities for shipping or carriage, "irrespective of ownership or any contract." This, of course, makes the railroad responsible for all special or private car service.

The chief Senate amendment is that giving the United States Circuit Courts jurisdiction to entertain suits brought to annul or change the orders of the Commission, and to provide against the granting of interlocutory decrees without the hearing and making of appeals from such orders direct to the Supreme Court. This "court review" provision is the one which caused the most discussion in the Senate. It appears probable that the House will make no objection to this amendment. The Senate also amended the bill so as to include under the head of common carriers oil pipe lines, express companies and

shipping car companies and make them subject to the requirements of the bill. Railroad companies are also prohibited from transporting commodities produced by themselves. The granting and acceptance of rebates is prohibited. The Senate also amended the bill by re-imposing the imprisonment penalty for violation of the law. Circuit and District Courts of the United States are given jurisdiction over all complaints by the Commission of failure to comply with its orders, and such courts are required to issue writs of mandamus compelling such compliance.

There are many other minor provisions embodied in the bill, but the above are the principal features. Summarizing, it may be said that the general effect of the bill is to give to the Interstate Commerce Commission real power, so that it may not only make orders, but also enforce them.

What will be the ultimate effect of the bill when it comes into effect can be but a matter of conjecture. It may prove a remedy for many existing evils. It is to be hoped that it will not prove a greater evil itself. It places in the hands of a few men great power, and should they abuse their power, they could cause incalculable damage to the greatest industry in the United States. Corporations, especially railroads and commonly supposed to be soulless things. Yet the greatness of our country depends upon the prosperity of its transportation companies, and any measure that tends to cripple them cannot but prove vicious.

And it may be added that while corporations may possibly not be equipped with souls, the individuals who compose the corporations are only men like other men. And in times of need they often prove themselves actuated by other motives than greed and selfishness. This has been recently demonstrated by the action of the transportation companies running into San Francisco. Immediately after the calamity which overwhelmed that city and rendered hundreds of thousands of people homeless, the railroads came to the rescue in a most commendable

manner. Not only did they carry into the city from all parts of the country supplies of food and clothing without charge, but they also carried away many thousands of the destitute, transporting them to all parts of the country without the payment of a cent of fare. The Southern Pacific Company alone thus gave free transportation to many thousands, and the other companies did their share. It is possible that this action on the part of the railroads may have the effect of creat-

ing the belief in the minds of some people, especially those of California, that the railroads are not entirely instigated by evil and selfish motives. They are not charitable institutions. They are in business to make money. But they have the same right to do this that any other individuals or corporations have, and they should not be hampered by unnecessary restrictions. If they violate the law, they should be punished, but prosecution should not be allowed to develop into persecution

Prairie Twilight

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

A fire of roses burning in the West;

A breathless sea of grasses far and nigh;

And in the air like heart in dying breast,

The languid stirring of a butterfly.

Then from the sky ere falls the purple dark,

There comes such storm as makes the silence shrink—

Ah, God, what lightning of the raptured lark!

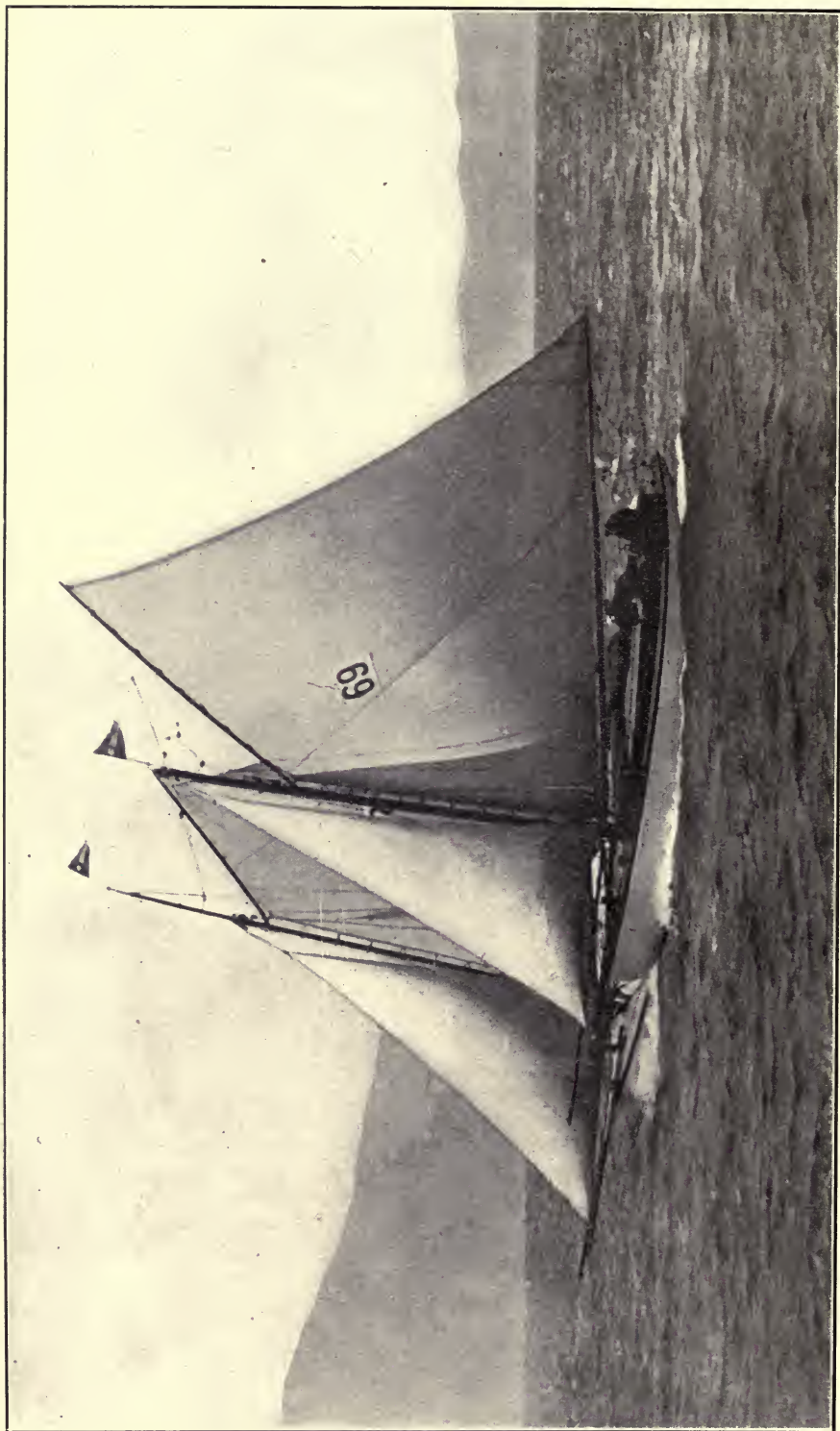
Ah, God, what thunder of the bobolink.

Now faintly stir the grasses near and far;

Lo, in the West the rosy day is done;

And like a gust of scent the evening star

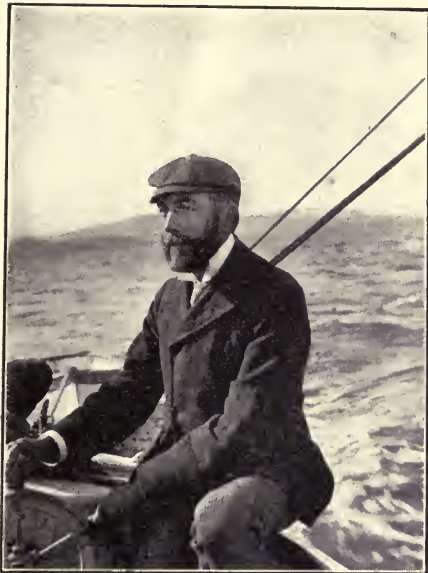
Stirs from the wind-blown ashes of the sun!



"Nip and Tuck." P. W. Humdall's sloop Merode, --- '69.

Yachting on the Pacific Coast

BY OXONIENSIS



The writer.

SAN FRANCISCO was the earliest and still remains the most important center of yachting on the Pacific Coast. As soon as the pioneers were fairly settled on the sandy peninsula of Yerba Buena, enthusiastic yachtsmen sent to the Eastern States for sailing boats, which were brought out on the decks of merchantmen to the Bay of San Francisco. These were generally cat-boats or plungers, and were found to have too heavy spars and too big a sail area for safe use in San Francisco Bay, where the trade winds that blow from April to September are so strong that a yacht carries only about two-thirds the amount of canvas that a boat of similar dimensions would carry in Eastern or European waters. These strong winds get up about noon, and blow until 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening, on almost every day of the San Francisco yachting season, which begins about the middle of April and ends about the middle of October.

The principal events of the yachting season are the annual regatta of the

Pacific Inter-club Yacht Association (which is held on Admission Day, September 9th, unless that falls on a Sunday, in which case it would be postponed to Monday), and the race for the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge cup. This trophy was purchased about twelve years ago by subscription, and was deposited with the Encinal Yacht Club of Alameda, the Commodore of which was J. S. Leonard, whose sloop, "El Sueno," defended the cup successfully. The same club retained possession of the trophy with the sloop "Fawn." The Corinthians won twice with Westerfeld and Morrow's sloop "Aeolus," once with Frank J. Stone's sloop "Presto" (designed, built and sailed by her owner), and twice with the Corinthian. The San Francisco Yacht Club won once with the sloop Gadder, built by Matthew Turner of Benicia, and sailed by Commodore W. N. McCarthy, and once with the sloop "Challenger," sailed by W. G. Morrow. The "Challenger" defeated the Corinthian representative, the sloop "Harpoon" (owned by Sharpe and Toepke), sailed by F. R. Cook, her designer and builder. The sloop "Helen," owned and sailed by Commodore A. E. (commonly known as "Charlie") Chapman, represented the Vallejo Yacht and Boat Club in the race of 1901, but was beaten by Frank J. Stone's "Presto."

The Perpetual Challenge Cup is now held by the Corinthian Yacht Club, which won it in 1904, with the sloop "Corinthian," the loser being Commodore W. G. Morrow's sloop "Challenger" of the San Francisco Yacht Club. In 1905 the "Corinthian" defeated the "Challenger" a second time, demonstrating her superiority in running, reaching and beating. The "Challenger" was designed by B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, and built by Twigg & Sons of San Francisco. She is a fin-keel boat, 42 feet 6 inches over all, 26 feet 5 inches on the water line, 10 feet 4 inches extreme beam, 2 feet 6 inches draft of hull, and 6 feet 6 inches extreme draft. Her racing length is 28.60 feet, and she



Towing home.

carried in the race of 1904 a sail area of 964.26 square feet. The "Corinthian" was designed by Burgess & Packard, of Boston, and is an extremely shallow craft of the scow type, fitted with a center-board. She was built by Frank J. Stone and was intended to be ready for a race in 1903, but delay in the shipment of the steel truss that is the essential feature of the boat compelled the Corinthian yachtsmen to defer sending in their challenge till the following year. This year a challenge was received from the South Coast Yacht Club of Los Angeles, and had not certain untoward events happened in San Francisco during the month of April, a race would have taken place in May for the trophy.

The challenge sent in by the South Coast Yacht Club is a source of gratification to San Francisco yachtsmen, since it tends to increase the interest felt in yachting throughout the State, and to establish the position of San Francisco as the yachting center of the Pacific coast. The Perpetual Challenge Cup is open to any recognized yacht club on the

Coast, and it is hoped that in future years challenges will come from the yacht clubs of Southern California, Puget Sound and British Columbia. Puget Sound is a noble sheet of water, affording delightful cruising. The winds, however, are inclined to be light, and many of the yachts find an auxiliary engine a valuable addition to their equipment. The yacht clubs of Puget Sound and British Columbia are united in an Association named the Pacific Northwest Yachting Association, and hold an annual race for a challenge cup presented by a Mr. Mackey of London. There are yacht clubs at Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia.

The yacht clubs on the bay of San Francisco are the San Francisco, the Corinthian, the California, the Encinal, the South Bay, the Vallejo and the Golden Gate. The oldest of these is the San Francisco, which had its first clubhouse near Long Wharf in Mission Bay. The increasing commerce of the Bay compelled the yachtsmen to seek fresh quarters, and Sausalito was chosen.

Some of the yachtsmen, however, wished to build a club house on the water front, where the present house of the San Francisco Yacht Club stands, while others were in favor of building on the shores of Hurricane Gulch. A split took place, one body of members building on Water street, Sausalito, and the other establishing handsome quarters to the south, near the entrance to the United States Military Reservation. The latter took the name of the Pacific Yacht Club, which became famous for its duck dinners, bull's-head breakfasts, dances and other entertainments. The late C. H. Harrison, owner of the yawl "Frolic," was for several years Commodore of the Pacific Yacht Club, as also was the late Philip Caduc, owner of the sloop Annie, which later became the flagship of the Oakland Canoe Club. The Pacific Yacht Club members never took any great interest in yachting, though the fleet included several fine boats, among which were the yawl "Frolic" and the sloop "Annie" already mentioned; the schooners "Jessie," "Aggie," "Nellie"

and "Lurline." The last commodore of the club was E. A. Wiltsee, who then owned the schooner "Aggie." The club's affairs became more and more embarrassed, and in 1899 the property was sold under foreclosure, and was bought in by the Spreckels Brothers for \$15,000.

The San Francisco Yacht Club was founded in 1869, and re-organized in 1873. Being the first yacht club on the bay, it did much of the pioneer work of preparing a signal code, table of distances and rules for racing. The regattas of the club were formerly held over a triangular course from the wharf at Sausalito to and around a stake boat anchored off Angel Island, and thence to the starting point. They are now held over a course in "the channel." The club also holds each year two or three races from Vallejo to Sausalito, one or two days of aquatic sport, three or four dances, a clam-bake or two, and some evenings of billiards, checkers, whist and other indoor games. Some years ago the old club house, with its furniture, models, pictures and much of the equip-



Youth at the helm.



On a Regatta Day. "Harpoon," "Queen" and "Thetis."

ment stored in the loft by members, was burned. A new and more convenient club-house was built on the old site, and the club is now in a prosperous condition. The present Commodore is John M. Punnett, owner of the sloop "Curler" (formerly *Cygnus*), the vice-Commodore being Dr. Emmett Rixford, of the sloop "Annie." W. W. Wilde, who has performed the duties of secretary for several years, has consented to do the work during the present year, though he had refused the nomination to the office, to which Herman Gingg, of the San Francisco Savings Union, was elected.

Since the San Francisco Yacht Club has the advantage of having deep water right up to its wharf, it has always had upon its roll all the large yachts of the bay. Among these are the schooner "Aggie," owned by James V. Coleman; the schooner "Ramona," formerly owned by W. N. McCarthy, and now by Douglas White; the schooner "White Wings," owned by Charles Morell; the yawl "Tramontana," owned by H. R. Simpkins; the schooner "Chispa," owned by ex-Commodore Isidor Gutte; the sloop "Annie," owned by Dr. Emmett Rixford; the schooner "Martha," owned by J. R. Hanify; the yawl "Wave," formerly owned by William Letts Oliver, and now by H. H. Jenness, and the sloop "Queen," owned by Dr. T. L. Hill, formerly Commodore of the club.

The San Francisco Yacht Club also has a larger fleet of motor-boats and launches than any other on the bay. Among these, the most powerful are Gordon Blanding's "Chipmunk," F. A. Hyde's "Olive," Mrs. Kohl's "Idlewild," Raich Brothers' "Edwinna." A Lange, boat-keeper of the San Francisco Yacht Club, owns the launch "Rob Roy," formerly the property of F. A. Robbins. Captain Goodall owns the steamer "Lucero," which was formerly a gasoline boat, and was built for the late Charles L. Fair, son of United States Senator James G. Fair. E. W. Hopkins owns the steamer "El Primero," the only steam yacht on the Bay of San Francisco. The most notable yacht ever owned on San Francisco Bay was the schooner "Casco," designed by Dr. Merritt, and chartered by the late Robert Louis Stev-

enson for a cruise among the South Sea Islands. The schooner "Lurline," owned by the Spreckels Brothers, was for many years the largest pleasure craft on the bay, having a length over all of 80 feet. She has made an extensive trip in the Southern Pacific, visiting the Hawaiian Islands, Tahiti, Samoa and other groups. She is now owned by H. H. Sinclair, Commodore of the South Coast Yacht Club, the headquarters of which are at San Pedro. The schooners "Lurline," "Aggie," "Ramona," the yawl "Tramontana," and the sloop "Annie," have made several trips to the Santa Barbara channel, and in 1904 the sloop "Nellie," with Dr. T. L. Hill, ex-Commodore R. S. Bridgman, and four others on board, cruised from Sausalito to San Pedro. An account of this trip appeared in an issue of the *Sunset Magazine* about a year ago, under the title of "The Deep Sea Cruise of the Yacht Nellie." The sloop is now the property of Mr. Little of Los Angeles, a member of the South Coast Yacht Club. The fastest boat ever on the roll of the San Francisco Yacht Club is the sloop "Challenger," built by a syndicate of members to capture the Perpetual Challenge Cup from the Corinthians. In this she was successful, winning the race of 1902. In 1903 there was no race for the trophy, and in 1904 the racing machine "Corinthian" defeated the "Challenger," repeating her victory in 1905.

The second yacht club that came into existence on San Francisco Bay was the Corinthian, which was founded in 1886 by several members of the San Francisco Yacht Club, who thought that the owners of small boats did not receive enough consideration from the masters of the large craft. Accordingly they went over to Tiburon and built a small club-house on the end of Valentine's Island. Numerous additions and improvements have made the club-house very convenient and well adapted to its purpose. The club has a membership of about two hundred and fifty, and is highly prosperous. An early Commodore was T. F. (or "Joe") Tracey, and other holders of the office have been John W. Pew, Alex. J. Young, Arthur M. Stringer, Louis B. Chapman, Harry D. Hawks, Carl Westerfeld and "Tom" Jennings. The present officers

are John C. Brickell, Commodore; Franksloops "Speedwell" and "Nixie," the J. Stone, vice-Commodore; and John H. former owned by ex-Commodore T. Jen-Keefe, Port Captain. The regular open-ings, and the latter by Fulton G. ing jinks of 1906 were postponed, and Berry. These last two yachts are exceed-the members of the Corinthian Yachtingly well matched, and always furnish a Club and of the Family Club will hold amost interesting contest at the Decora-re-union at the Tiburon club-house ontion and Admission Day regattas. Other July Fourth. The annual regatta takeswell-known yachts on the Corinthian roll place on Decoration Day, and Corinthianare the yawls "Frolic," "Seven Bells" yachts always capture a large proportionand "Naiad;" the schooner "Lady Ada," of the prizes at the annual Admissionand the sloops "Mignon," "May," "Mis-Day Regatta of the Pacific Inter-Clubchief," "Genesta," "Freda," and "Nep-tune."

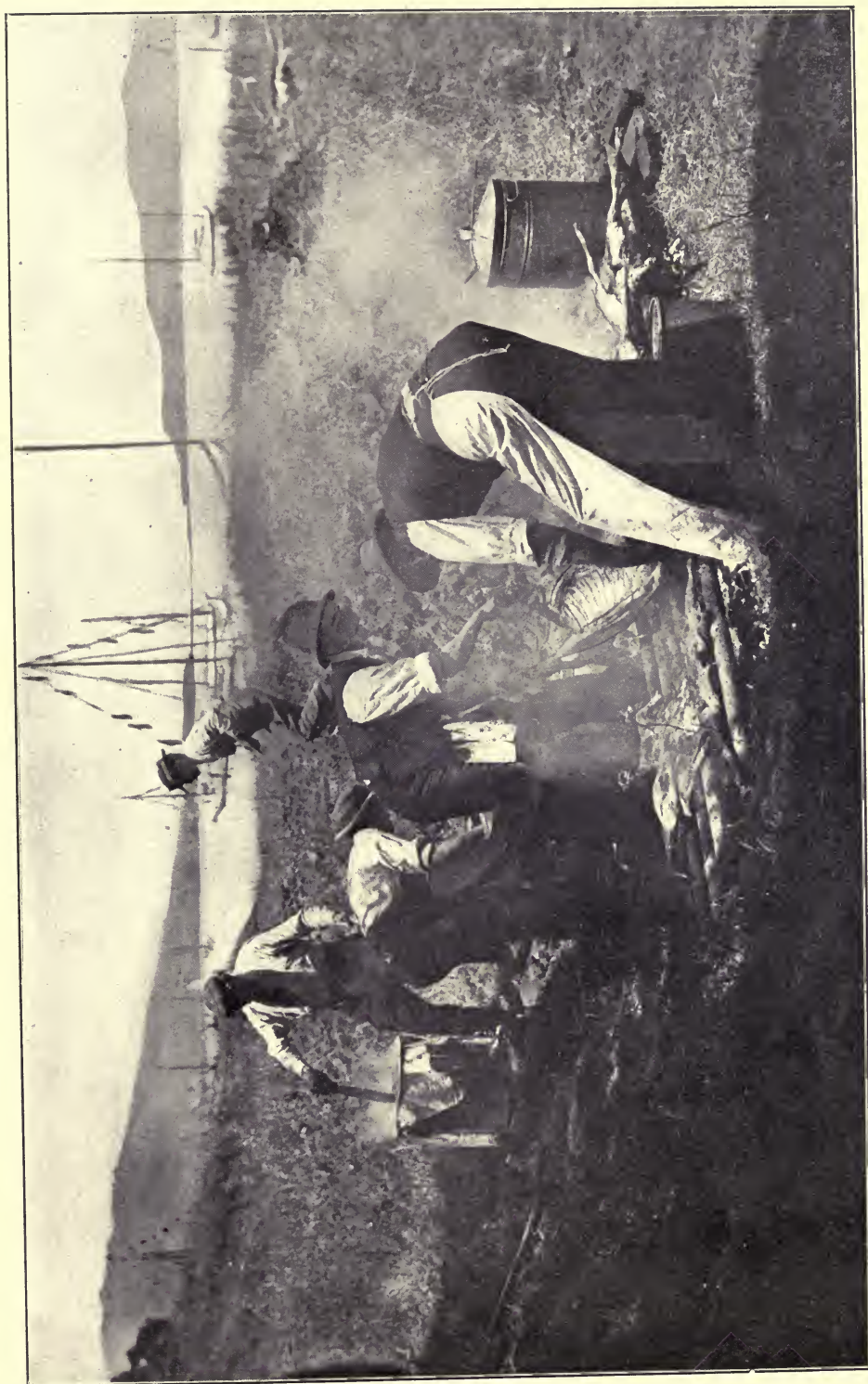
The Corinthian fleet consists almost The next club in order of seniority is



Miss Edith Bridgman christening the "Challenger" at Sausalito.

entirely of boats of moderate size, but it has fast craft in all the classes recognized by the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association. In the 20-foot class are the sloops "Ruby" and "Vixen;" in the 25 foot class is the sloop "Discovery;" in the 30-foot class are the sloops "Corinthian" and "Aeolus;" in the 36-foot class the sloops "Presto" (enlarged from a thirty-footer), "Emma," "Edna," "Kathleen," "Harpoon;" in the yawl class the "Truant" (rebuilt from a 30-foot sloop); and in the 44-foot class the

the California Yacht Club, which provides yachting accommodations for the inhabitants of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley. The headquarters of the club are on the south bank of San Antonio Estuary (Oakland Creek), near the Webster street bridge. The long beat out of the Creek into the bay and the run home, occasionally against a foul tide, are drawbacks to the comfort of the yachtsmen of the California Club, who a year or two ago began preparations to acquire a new site for a club-house. For some time



Roasting sheep whole for a Cornithian feast.

the club has owned a foundation and platform near the Emeryville pier of the "Key Route," but nothing has yet been built on it. Plans for a handsome and commodious club-house were prepared under the directions of ex-Commodore Allen M. Clay, and an effort was made to collect a sufficient fund to erect it, but so far the money has not been forthcoming. The club, however, will be compelled to seek new quarters pretty soon, as the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. owns the land on which the present house stands, and requires it for its own use. The new location will obviate the necessity of beating out of the Creek and will save the long run back to moorings after the day's cruise.

The California Yacht Club owns the

cut off high above the knees, with a big sheath knife in his belt, a red fisherman's cap, a red jersey and a copper-colored skin, driving the "Whirlwind" through a rough sea, looked like a Greek pirate. Frequently he had four little children with him; these were miniatures of himself, and sat, tied together by a rope, with which to pull them in if they fell overboard, on the windward side of the peculiar craft the rig of which was changed frequently, but was always picturesque.

The Encinal Yacht Club has a large club house on the Alameda shore of the bay, with abundant facilities for bathing, boating and indoor amusements, such as bowls, billiards, cards and dancing. The Encinal Yacht Club owns very few



Tiburon Cove and Corinthian Yacht and Club-house.

Wallace Cup, which is raced for each year, and Commodore Robert Vincent has for some seasons past presented a Vincent Handicap Cup. The principal boats in the roll of the California Yacht Club are Commodore Vincent's yawl "Iola," Geo. M. Shaw's yawl "Idler," the sloop "Jessie E.," built by John T. Carrier, and owned by William Rosenfeld, the schooner "Frances," the sloops "Alert" and "Pactolus," the yawls "Pilgrim" and "Gypsy." One of the most notable characters of the California Yacht Club was the late E. A. Von Schmidt, designer of the yachts "Cyclone" and "Whirlwind." "Admiral" Von Schmidt, dressed in a pair of blue denim trowsers

yachts, but several of the members have canoes. Races are held each season in conjunction with the members of the Oakland Canoe Club, but the Encinal Yacht Club takes little or no part in the regattas on the bay, and has almost ceased even to send representatives to the meetings of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association.

The South Bay Yacht Club has a boat house at Alviso at the head of the slough of that name. Its members are nearly all residents of San Jose, and the Commodore is Dr. Spencer, owner of the schooner "Muriel." The sloop "Queen," one of the fastest 36-footers on the bay, was owned for one season by a mem-

ber of the South Bay Yacht Club. The sloops "Cisne" and "Feu Follet," formerly of the Corinthian Yacht Club, and several launches are also enrolled in the South Bay Yacht Club.

The youngest yacht club but one on the bay is the Vallejo Yacht and Boat Club, which has a handsome and convenient clubhouse in the town of that name. Yachtsmen from Tiburon, Sausalito or Oakland Creek are always made welcome at the Vallejo club-house, which is also frequently used for entertainments and on one occasion at least for a wedding ceremonial. A. E. Chapman is the Commodore and "Judge" Brown, well-known among yachtsmen as a fluent and humorous speaker, is Vice-Commodore. In 1904 the Vallejo Yacht and Boat Club received from the San Francisco Yacht Club a handsome punch bowl and ladle as a recognition of its kindness to the yachtsmen of San Francisco bay.

Some time ago the Hawaiian Promotion Committee offered a handsome silver trophy as a prize to the yacht winning an ocean race from San Francisco to Honolulu. The schooner "La Paloma,"

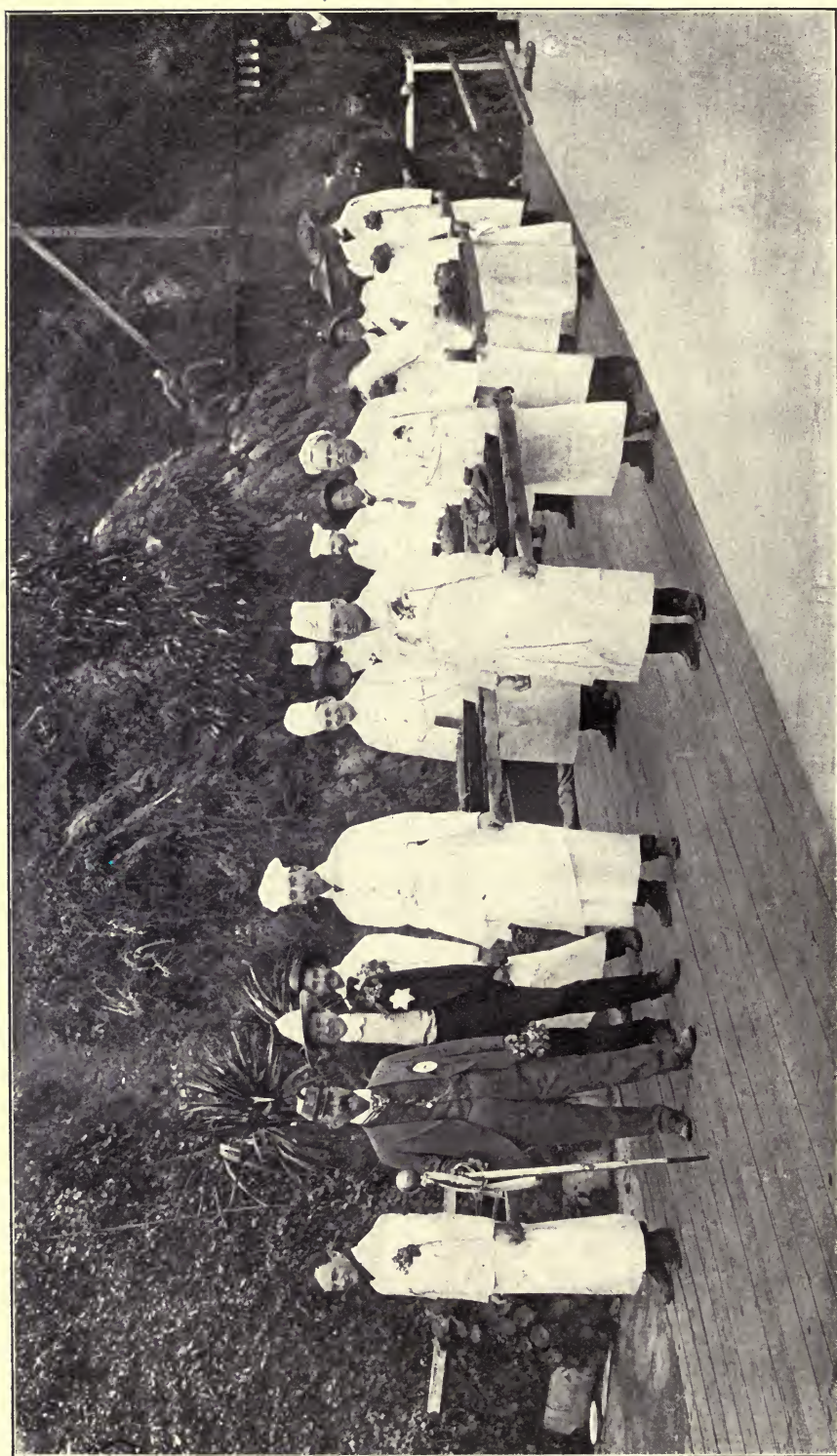
formerly owned by W. S. Goodfellow, the well known attorney, but now the property of Clarence Macfarlane of Honolulu, and representing the Hawaii Yacht Club; the schooner "Anemone," representing the New York Yacht Club, and the schooner "Lurline," representing the South Coast Yacht Club, started from San Pedro on June 11th, and are expected to reach Honolulu about the last day of the month. The schooner "Anemone" sailed from New York several months ago, reaching the Straits of Magellan in seventy days and San Diego Bay in a rather longer period of time. The schooner "La Paloma" left Honolulu about April 10th or 15th, and reached San Francisco to find a great part of the city in ruins. It had been intended that the race should start from San Francisco, but as the other two contestants were in Southern waters, the owner of "La Paloma" sailed his craft down there. The yachts will sail south at the start, and at about latitude 20 degrees expect to pick up a breeze that will carry them to their destination.

On arrival they will then be welcomed by the Hawaiian yachtsmen, and will take part in a series of races, the last of which will be to Hilo (on the easterly coast of the Island of Hawaii), whence, as the nearest point to the Pacific Coast, the start on the homeward trip will be made. Had it not been for the great fire, it is probable that Fulton G. Berry's sloop "Nixie" and the other San Francisco yachts would have taken part in the race, which is the first ocean contest for amateur skippers of the Pacific Coast.

Some time ago, an ingenious and enterprising member of the San Diego Yacht Club bethought himself of writing to that generous and genial British baronet, Sir Thomas J. Lipton, to ask him to present a trophy to encourage yachting on the Pacific Coast. Sir Thomas promptly presented a handsome silver trophy to be held as a perpetual challenge cup for the encouragement of "yachting on the Pacific Coast." Now it is reasonably certain that Sir Thomas Lipton, had he been better informed on the conditions of Pacific Coast yachting would have perceived that San Francisco Bay, and not San Diego Bay, is the center of the sport, and would have given



A Macdonough Cup.



Bringing in the viands for a Corinthian dinner, New Year's day.

his trophy to the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association. Mr. J. M. Macdonough, who is thoroughly familiar with the subject, has presented for two periods of five years each the sum of \$250 per annum, to be expended in trophies for the annual regatta on September 9th. For the first five years the whole sum was spent in the purchase of a single cup, which was carried off by the winner in the 30-foot class. For the second lustre the sum was spent in buying a trophy for the winners in the 25-foot, 30-foot, 36-foot and 44-foot classes. Sir Thomas Lipton's trophy was presented to the San Diego Yacht Club, the only competitor of which is the South Coast Yacht Club of San Pedro. There has sometimes been talk of sending a San Francisco Bay yacht to contend for the trophy, but the distance to be traversed has hitherto deterred any owner from sailing down the coast or sending his boat on the deck of a steamer. San Francisco Bay, upon the waters of which there are seven recognized yacht

clubs, and which is about equi-distant from British Columbia and Puget Sound on the one hand, and from San Pedro and San Diego on the other, is clearly the center of Pacific Coast yachting. It has the additional advantage of having a large population living upon the shores of the bay, and a considerable body of people who take an interest in yacht races.

The youngest yacht club on San Francisco Bay came into existence this year, and like the Pacific and Corinthian Clubs, is an off-shoot from the San Francisco Yacht Club. It is named the Golden Gate Yacht Club, and has a house on the Sausalito water-front, about two hundred yards to the south of the San Francisco Yacht Club. The Commodore is Charles F. Meyer, owner of the sloop "Thelma," and the Vice-Commodore is W. W. Haley, of the sloop Sappho. The club already has a goodly number of members, owning several yachts and launches on its rolls.

The Mermaid's Song

BY ALICE G. CROWELL

Just to roam
Over the foam,
Over the laughing, whirling foam,
Darting down to the sea moss bright,
Flashing back to the silver light,
Dancing, glancing, fair and free,
Over the bounding, billowy sea

Just to lie
Under the sky,
Under the golden summer sky,
Down in a deep and shady pool,
With purple anemones fair and cool,
Rising, falling, in the balm
Of restless ocean's noonday calm.

Just to sleep
Under the deep,
Under the swaying, sighing deep,
Down in a still and mossy cave,
Gently rocked by each passing wave,
Where the waters wash the silver bars.
Sleeping, dreaming, under the stars.



BY ELEANORE F. LEWIS

"One touch of earthquake
Makes the whole world kin."

AT the time the earthquake and big happenings took place, and afterwards, when "Mother Earth" was adjusting herself, as people consolingly told us by lesser shakes and tremors, did you take notice of the utterly unconventional and wholly brotherly manner of us humans in accosting each other without proper introductions? I remember the perfect camaraderie I felt towards a man—a pipe layer, I think he was—I would not ordinarily have exchanged two words with unless absolutely necessary—while walking down the Sacramento-street hill that eventful Wednesday morning of the 18th. And what a distinct pang of loneliness I experienced when he excused himself and was lost in the crowd of people massed on the corner; all watching the steadily-growing monster of devouring flame that swept red and vengeful nearer and nearer.

At that time (alone as I happened to be) the companionship of a dog would have been grateful to me.

I can also remember a few mornings after "it" had happened, with what reason I looked upon a handsomely-attired woman who was enthusiastically describing to a companion the new dress she was about to purchase.

"What a fool?" I thought, angrily.

And just the other day I caught myself vaguely wondering what would be the color of the dress I needed so badly to take the place of the one and only costume I had saved from the fire.

And so we arrive at the conclusion that human nature is human nature the world over, and that there is no difference anywhere in any of our characters that time, or environment, or association, cannot eliminate.

"It don't pay to be stuck-up these days," an impossible Jewess informed a

little friend of mine who lived in the flat over her, and to whom she had just spoken a pleasant word or two, as they cooked side by side near the curbstone. "Every-one is on the even, now, you know."

And my friend, whose iciness towards the speaker weighed not at all upon her spirits, yet could not but feel that this was so. It is a truth that seemed to dawn upon us all—for a time. After the Red Monster Fire had gorged its full, leaving several "Class A" buildings standing in the business section that even its insatiable appetite could not wholly destroy), and the other monster in the bowels of the earth had ceased stirring and stretching its mighty claws and shaking its flying mane, the unconquerable arrogance of our souls, which had momentarily cowered and shivered (despite our stoic countenances) before a power it could not understand, reasserted itself in some of us, and we found that introductions were quite necessary forms of etiquette; that the opportunity of walking and talking with common laborers on the street was not a thing to hanker for, and that impossible Jewesses (even if they do happen to live in the flat below) should be kept in their places. In fact, although the good work done for thousands of homeless ones continues unabated, although the city officials have the welfare of their people ever present in their minds, there is gradually creeping into the manner of a few of us an increasing coolness, the "touch-me-not" spirit that governed our expression and actions before the calamity.

We are so self-important, we little human beings crawling laboriously on the surface of a crust, the thickness or thinness of which we have no way of reckoning, and which covers the seething caldron of earth's creative fires! We, with our wonderful little inventions, our steel-ribbed skyscrapers, our futile earth-

ly ambitions, our petty conventions, and our empty-headed pride!

Do not let us wait until the huge monster settling into slumber beneath us (we hope for the next aeon at least) stirs a little, and curls and uncurls his huge

claws and heaves his big body ever so slightly, to again become as little children, prayerful and pure hearted, and conscious of some great power of which the passing centuries have taught us nothing.



BY ELEANORE F. LEWYS

OUT of the horror, devastation and death which visited our city, some of the Eastern publishing houses are reaping a rich harvest. This might be a pardonable manner of accumulating "filthy lucre," were these publishers to adhere to the "truth and nothing but the truth." As a matter of fact, however, they go wide of the mark.

So far, one of the most sensational volumes that has come into our hands is a book brought out by Laird & Lee, of Chicago, entitled "The Doomed City," and written by Frank Thompson Seagrigh.

We can only devote a small space to different passages from this treatise on the misfortunes of San Francisco, but here are some of them, chosen at hazard:

"Rich, powerful, splendid, the State at present stands, save that its chief city has been *shaken to the earth* and burned."

And in describing the first shock:

"*A lurid sky* for those without; *a sudden appearance of great crevices in the streets; crevices that widened and deepened to chasms.*"

In telling of how buildings were af-

fected: "Some buildings did not withstand the first inclination, but *split in two* half way across or down the center line of their height; and *let go as the ash falls from a cigar.*"

* * * "Simultaneously with the swaying and twisting and moving of the hotels from their foundations came the *tottering* of the big newspaper buildings; the famous old landmark, the Chronicle building, the Monadnock, Emporium, Masonic Temple, the Bancroft, Aronson, the San Francisco Club, Rialto, Crossley, Anglo-American bank; the buildings of Merrill & Stetson, Stanley-Taylor, etc., etc."

Besides using the misnomer of "newspaper" buildings, it is known that these erections were comparatively unharmed by the 'quake.

One writer, in describing his experiences, says: "The Call building, as I passed, I saw to be more than a foot out of plumb, and *hanging over the street like the leaning tower of Pisa.*"

Now, what do you think of that? In the first place, even if this alarming statement was anything near the truth, how could a building a "foot out of plumb" lean like the tower of Pisa?

In describing the actions of people:

"Out in the open they fell, thousands prostrate on their faces, and rose to be thrown again. There were scores who probably never awoke, or if so, only for a brief, wild look, one second of sanity, and another of madness. San Francisco was a furnace, and those who came out of it after that were blinded, stunned, speechless, or babbled with children's tongues and leered with the idiot's eyes."

In writing of the refugees fleeing from the city, another man says:

"At the iron gates of the ferry building they clawed with their hands as so many maniacs. They sought to break the bars, and failing that, *turned upon each other*.. Had I not been a strong man, I should certainly have been killed."

Did any one, mingling with the crowd of cheerful, uncomplaining, brave-hearted people during those three most awful days, witness anything of this sort? If he did, let him speak up!

Or did he also see the "two society women" mentioned in this volume of sickening exaggerations and "yellow journalism," who, in an automobile, bowled along Market street, "*laughing* as they came through the line of suffering mortals, and between the rows of wounded and dying?"

Again, did

"Warehouses, wholesale houses, manufacturing concerns, theatres, churches, banks, homes, one great jumble of ruins, crumbled into heaps, *ground to dust*," have the appearance of looking over the tops of "*what had been streets, and now were gullies?*"

In speaking again of the conflagration:

"By this time the fire had approached fashionable, beautiful, aristocratic Nob Hill, and its famous new

million-dollar Fairmont Hotel *was in flames.*"

Imposing, comparatively unharmed (save in some of the interior decorations of the upper rooms), the Fairmount stands out against the sky, a convincing proof of what a well-built pile can withstand in the way of earthquake shocks and raging furnace of flames.

Further on, in speaking of Monterey, Castroville and Pajaro:

"Here the terrific wrenching given the earth had made *great sinks* extending for miles along the tracks or where the tracks used to be."

Only a week or so after the "big happenings," the writer passed through Pajaro. Besides an injury done the trestle near Chittenden, which was quickly repaired, the loss of a few shanties, the usual chimneys fallen, and a few landslides (hardly worth mentioning, and merely damaging a few trees), there was nothing to be seen that differed from the usual conditions in this section existing before the 'quake.

I looked vainly for indications of "hot mud geysers, spurting into the air at a height of 10 or 12 feet."

I have a sneaking fancy, however, that the spilling of the Southern Pacific's oil tanks along the tracks were responsible for forming these wild delusions regarding mud springs.

The above paragraphs are taken at random in looking over "The Thrilling History of San Francisco's Destruction," but they are sufficient to judge the whole book by.

Publications of this kind, launched upon a usually credulous public, might serve as a lasting menace against the advancement of a city *that has never been destroyed*, were it not for the fact that the ordinary mind refuses to accept such palpably over-drawn and exaggerated conditions as genuine.



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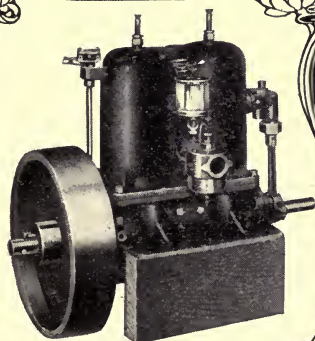
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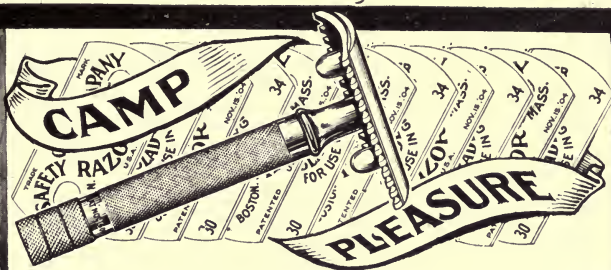
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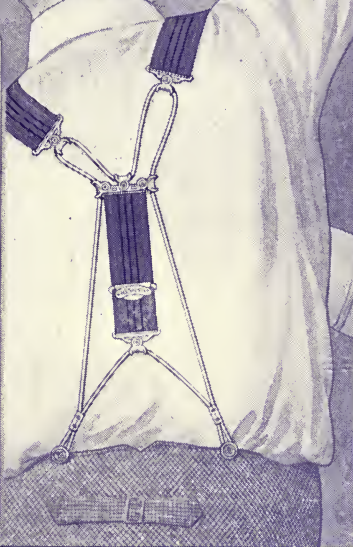
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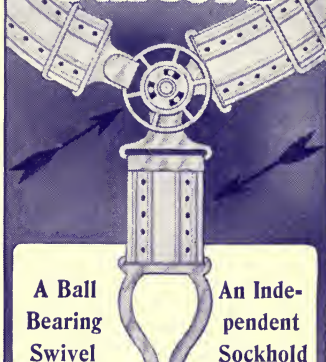
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A Ball Bearing Swivel

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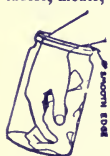
Economy. Put clamp on top to hold cap in position while contents are cooling. The cooling forms a vacuum and holds cap on firmly. Jar is then absolutely airtight. Next day remove clamp, which lifts off lightly. If the food was cooked enough cap is held

tight by vacuum, and contents cannot spoil, as no air can leak in. If cap loosens, contents were not cooked enough to sterilize, and can be heated again and saved. The Economy automatically informs you if contents are in proper condition to put away. When ready to use, puncture cap with can opener and pry off lightly. No sprained wrists, no unscrewing, no hands gashed by broken glass. No glass particles in food; no smelly top; contents as fresh and sweet as the day you put them up. CA'S 20c doz.

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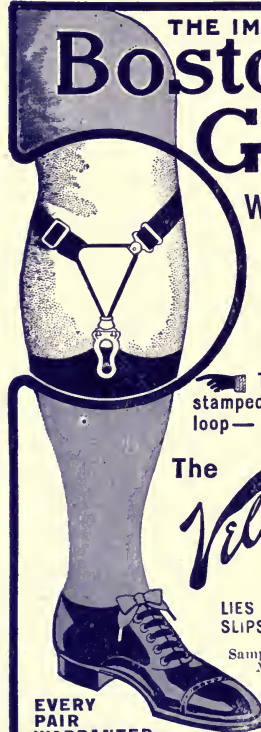
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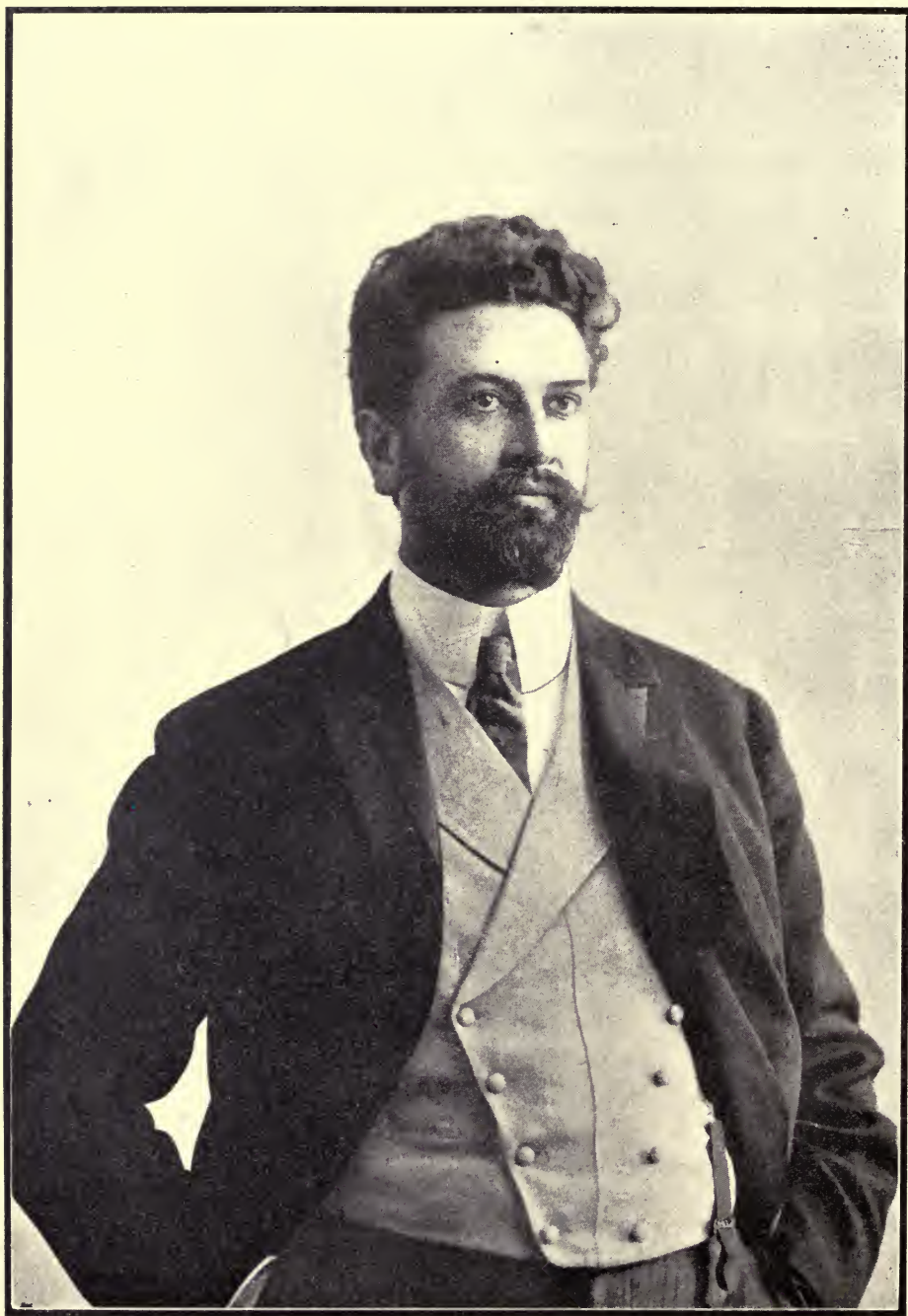
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MAYOR EUGENE E. SCHMITZ, the man of the hour, whose herculean task it was during the days following April 18, 1906, to create order out of chaos. The masterly way in which he performed this task will be written in the archives of California history.

Photo. Haussler.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLVIII

August, 1906

No. 2

The Builders *

When at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th of April, 1906, a number of San Francisco's representative citizens, led by a common interest, and forgetting the inevitable destruction of their own property in the face of a dread calamity to millions of suffering humanity, met in the Hall of Justice, at the call of the Mayor, there came together a body of men of whom the world in general, and California in particular, might well be proud.

Perhaps in all the annals of history, never were men put to so severe a test of courage, so soul-trying a responsibility, so significant a crises, as this speedily organized Committee of Forty. And through it all, untangling the threads of an adverse Fate, restoring orderly conditions from out a very Hell of disaster, they have borne themselves like true Sons of a City, which, even now, they are preparing to "Re-build in the music and the dream."

Hear what some of them have to say:

"The necessity of a metropolis is the guarantee of its future."

BY JAMES D. PHELAN

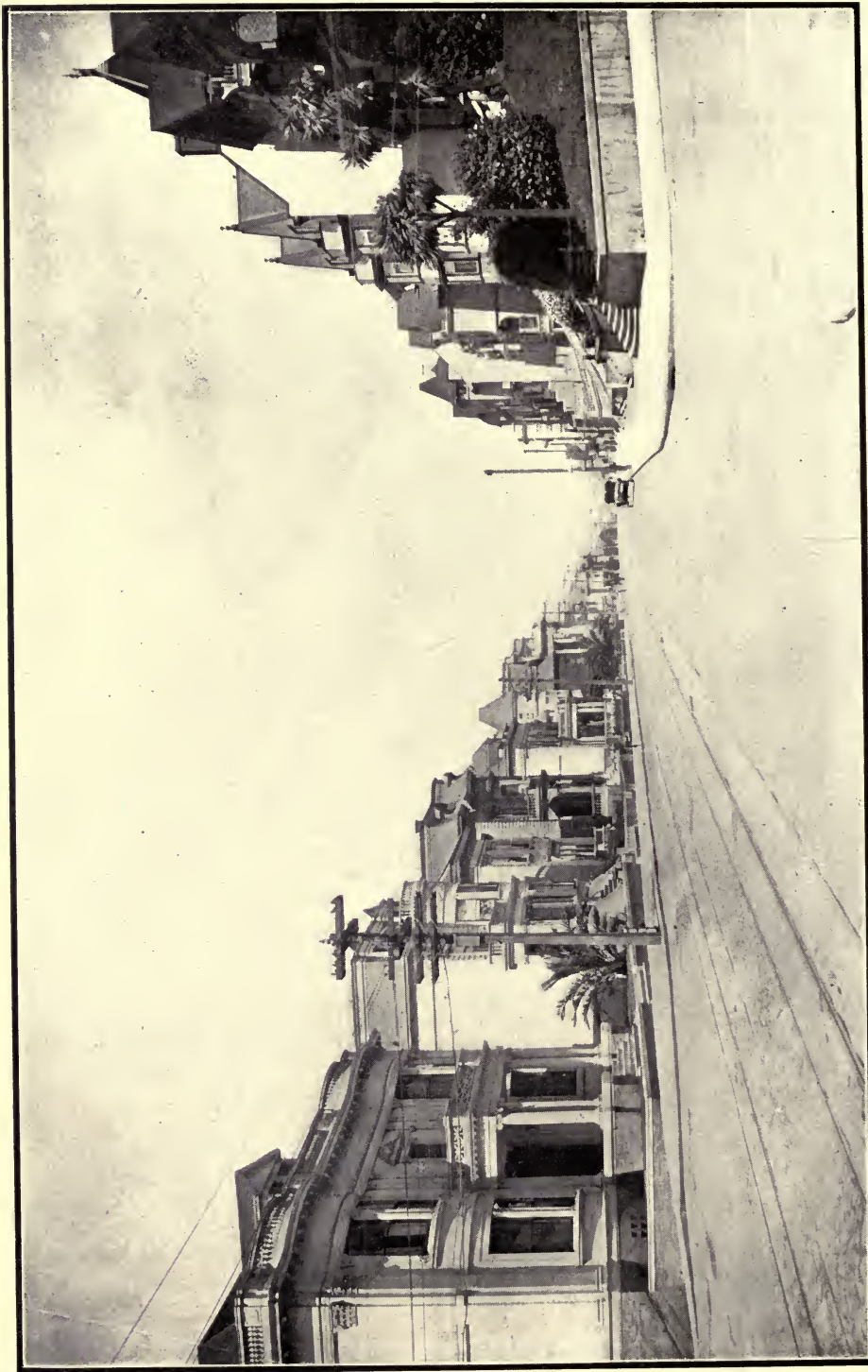
THE love of the Californian for his State and the devotion of the San Franciscan to his city have been only intensified by misfortune. It is a matter of common observation that hardships and suffering wed people to their native land. Indeed the fear had been expressed that in a country so fair as California, the people, pampered by luxury and enervated by ease, would ultimately lose the virile qualities of citizenship which make a nation great. There were indications here and there of the evils which flow from uninterrupted prosperity, but the privations of a few brief months have already hardened every fibre and softened every heart.

"Gold in peace and iron in war" is written upon the seal of the city; happiness and abundance in the piping days of peace; fortitude and courage in the trying days of war. And war we have had against the forces of nature and the destructive fury of the elements; but through it all our people have risen better

and stronger. Thrown upon their own resources they have developed self-reliance. Stripped of the tools of labor they have met the exigencies of the occasion with patience and ingenuity and have demonstrated a recuperative capacity which presages immediate re-establishment. Their cheerfulness in distress and undaunted courage in the presence of danger have excited the admiration of the world.

A great calamity of this kind imparts a philosophy of its own. It is a lesson well worth the learning. The people now know the insignificance of the individual, the meaning of brotherhood and the uses of democracy. Cast together, they became the sharers of a common lot and in the true altruistic spirit, unknown in the fierce competitive struggle for personal advantage, they found a new satisfaction in working for the common weal without regard to race or religion and thinking only for the good of their fellows and the safety of the State. It was

* (In our September issue, we will publish an article at length on the rebuilding of San Francisco, written by Edwin Duryea, Jr. (Chief Engineer of the Bay Cities Water Company), in which Mr. Duryea touches upon the most important questions of the day—the water, fire and lighting systems for San Francisco.—Ed.)



"What San Francisco has to Start With." Pacific avenue, looking east from Buchanan street.

a return to primordial conditions, when for the time being all rules and formulas were suspended and when "No law oppressed; the law of man was written on his breast."

It was indeed a larger and broader sentiment than mere territorial sectarianism, mere loyalty to State and nation, which we are accustomed to extol on occasions like this; it was the spirit of helpfulness, which enlisted every one in the service of our common humanity. The appeal was from humanity and the service was for humanity. Californians were wont to live within themselves, but now they realize that they live upon the crust of the earth, and that no country is foreign to them; that they are dwellers on the great round globe which circles through space, and that the destiny of mankind interests them quite as much as local rehabilitation. The awakened Nation, moved by a vast sympathetic impulse from every corner of the land sent its contributions to relieve the hardships of our situation, and, without humbling our pride, stirred our gratitude and bound us as never before in bonds of brotherhood.

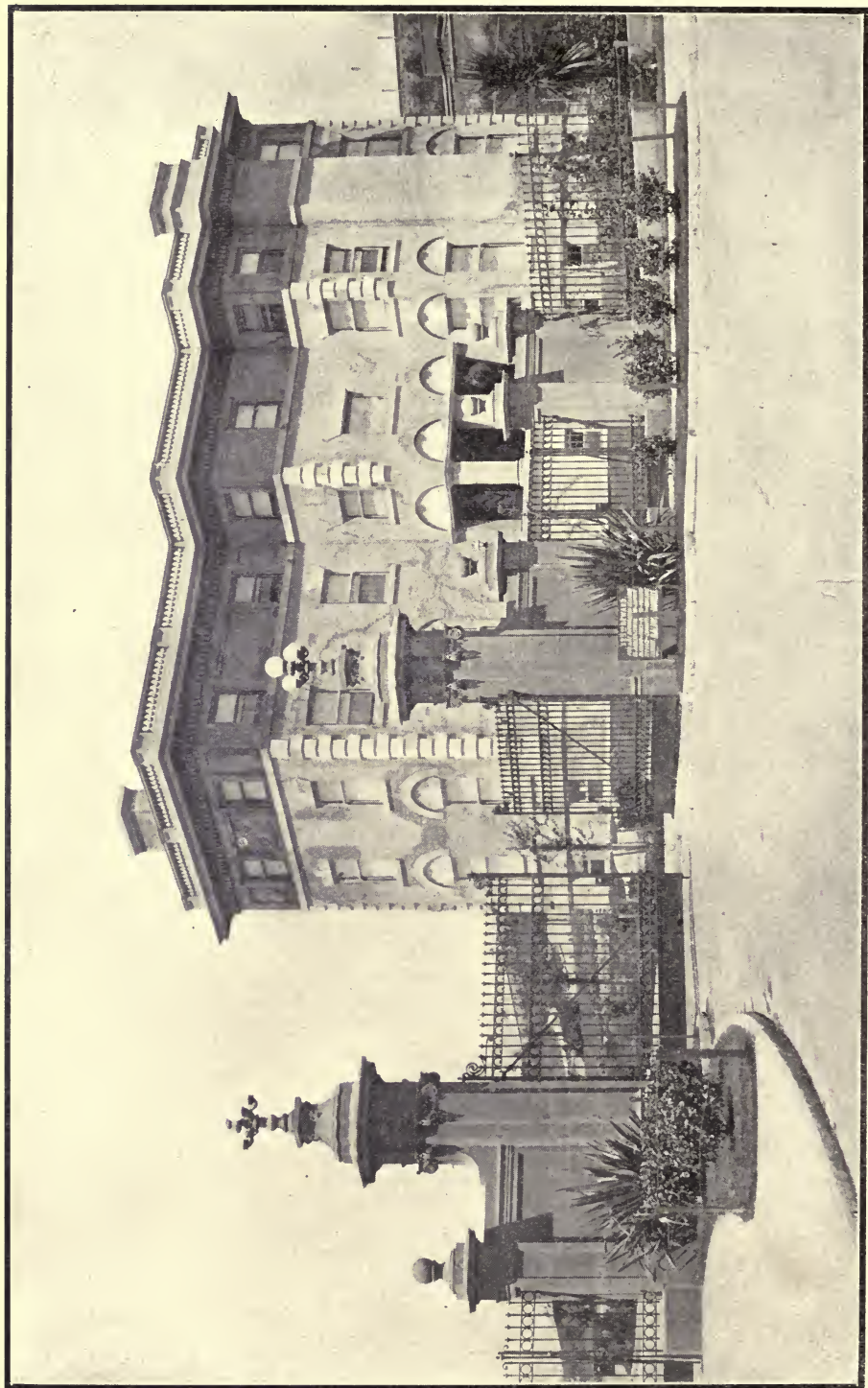
This is the anniversary year of the raising of the flag in California. Sixty years ago, on July 7th, 1846, Commodore Sloat sailed into the harbor of Monterey on board the old Savannah and unfurled the Stars and Stripes, and two days later Captain Montgomery, in command of the sloop of war Portsmouth, anchored off San Francisco and marched with his marines up the Strand to the old Plaza, now known as Portsmouth Square, in honor of his ship, and gave Old Glory to the breeze.

The little town of Yerba Buena nestled in a cove and surrounded by an amphitheater of hills, soon after to be rebaptized San Francisco, took up its march of progress under the flag with quickened footsteps, responded to the clarion cry of "Eureka!" attaining, in the year of grace, 1906, an enviable position in the contemporaneous history of the world. Vain attempts had been made to divert her growth. Other cities had been established on the shores of the bay and near the headwaters of navigation, but undaunted by doubt and undismayed by disaster, (for conflagrations had visited

the city on five different occasions in the early fifties), the brave little town recovered and went on. Wealth had accumulated, buildings had been erected, manufactures had been encouraged and every material benefit seemed to dower this Bride of the Pacific, when again, by the recent conflagration, her people were stricken and her progress impeded. Houses have been destroyed, but others, and possibly better houses, will be constructed. The essential elements of a metropolis remain. Trade and commerce will pass through the Golden Gate without interruption in increasing volume. The mountains will still yield their golden nuggets, the valleys their fruits and grains, the lofty forests their timber and the deep recesses of the earth its oil and the harnessed mountain streams electric current for mill and shop. The wealth is there. The men are here. The ships still sail upon the seas and the railroads traverse the land. Business has been temporarily driven from its home, and now, for the complete restoration of San Francisco to the position and prosperity of a great metropolis, it is only necessary to resume business and recreate the plant. Individuals may suffer, but the city is safe and those who bind their fortunes to its future shall rise with it; courage and loyalty shall win and only laggards and cowards shall go unrewarded.

San Francisco was no ancient city. It was the recent creation of the Pioneers and possessed the accumulated stores of only a couple of generations. Its temples, monuments and public buildings were not of conspicuous merit or of great value. There was, in fine, nothing destroyed that cannot speedily be replaced. The best residence section is intact. The Federal Buildings are practically undamaged. The wharves remain. Such monuments as we have stand firmly upon their pedestals and there is no reason to doubt that within a few years a newer and better built city will rise upon the ruins of the old.

We have a working capital in what remains and from that important nucleus the city will spread over the lowlands and the highlands with surprising avidity, responding to the call of commerce and trade. It is far better to have busi-

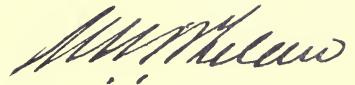


"What San Francisco has to Start With." Entrance gate of Presidio Terrace.

ness calling for shelter than to have commodious houses and extensive docks calling for business. The necessity of a metropolis is the guarantee of its future. The extensive and varied wealth of this richest of lands, highly developed after fifty years of discovery, enterprise and industry, laboring side by side in the work of exploitation and experimentation, crowned as they have been with accomplishment and success, looks to the bay of San Francisco for its mart and emporium, and inevitably must the city rise to meet an existing demand. The water front has been spared from the ravages of the flames, and the ships of the world, as in the stirring days of old, will revisit the port in increasing numbers to supply the newly created needs. Tremendous activity will mark the next decade and the spirit of the pioneer will find a field much more inviting and profitable than the San Francisco of 1849, when the world was young. Maturity has taken the place of inexperience and the proved value of this historic site silences doubt and hesitation. Confidence is a plant of slow growth and confidence in San Francisco is an accomplished fact. A sturdy tree has grown where the good herb found but feeble nourishment in the sand dunes of the early city. We know now what San Francisco is capable of producing and in the absolute belief in its capacity for great things we can sow and plant in the firm expectation of reaping an abundant harvest.

The associations of the past are a dear possession, but the spirit of the age brooks no looking backward. The affection which San Francisco has inspired has caused friends to rise up in all parts of the world, and their sympathy was not only sentimental but as you well know, it was helpful and substantial. But the good will of the world is no mean endowment with which to begin the work of rebuilding. San Francisco found pleasure in its hospitality and was never happier than when welcoming soldier and civilian, artist and actor, Presidents and the potentates of commerce and industry within its gates, and they in turn sang its praises, participated in its joyous life and found in it an atmosphere unknown to other places.

Now in the rebuilding of the city we must have a care for character of our guests. We must not be staggered by the sudden blow and plead the necessity for haste against our manifest duty to re-construct a city on correct lines. We do not live for bread alone. A great opportunity presents itself for encircling our hills with roads, from whose tops enchanting views of land and bay and sea give unique distinction to our peninsular location. Broad avenues should bind all parts of our city together, so that traffic may be facilitated and convenience and pleasure enter into our daily lives. The entertainment of the stranger must not be overlooked in the construction of hotels and theaters and the improvement of our suburbs. The dignity and importance of our city must not be subordinated to a false economy in the construction of public works and in the erection of municipal buildings. We must realize that San Francisco is on the line of the world's travel, the chief port of the United States on the greatest of the world's oceans, and we must not now show ourselves unworthy of the trust which nature and fortune have put into our hands.



"A City of Incomparable Opportunity."

I AM asked by the editor of the Overland Monthly for an expression of "views" about San Francisco, with "special regard to the immediate and ultimate prospects of the city." The question goes rather too far. Nothing in my view is less profitable than speculation about things which lie beyond the range alike of information and of demonstration. I cannot assume the character of a prophet; I must be excused from any attempt to point out definite things likely to be achieved in the future of San Francisco. Yet it may not be wholly futile to glance briefly at conditions as they may be traced by any considerate observer, and to point out forces and tendencies likely to be effective in their relations, immediate and ultimate, to the future San Francisco.

It was no accident that there grew up



WILLIAM F. HERRIN, Chief Counsel for the Southern Pacific Company. "The position of San Francisco is everything that it ever was. * * * No possible development of artificial conditions could have stopped or seriously limited the operation of forces which combined in the making of San Francisco."

upon the Yerba Buena peninsula a very considerable commercial city. San Francisco as we have known it in times past was a product of causes fixed in the character and conditions of the country. It was inevitable that there should arise in the richly productive country of California a general mart. It was inevitable that it should be at a spot where domestic production should meet the commerce of the ocean. The existence of San Francisco bay fixed the location of the commercial city of California.

The geographical relationship of San Francisco Bay to the interior regions of California were, and are, most fortunate. All the valley systems of interior California are connected by level routes with the bay, whereas they are severally separated by ranges of hills or mountains. For the products of each valley the line of least resistance is downward to the bay.

No less fortunate is the position of San Francisco bay in its relations to the wide-spreading commerce of the Pacific Ocean. It lies practically midway between the northern and southern Pacific regions. It lies directly opposite to the most populous countries of the Orient. Taking all the countries on the Pacific Ocean together, San Francisco Bay is more easily accessible than any other harbor of the American continent.

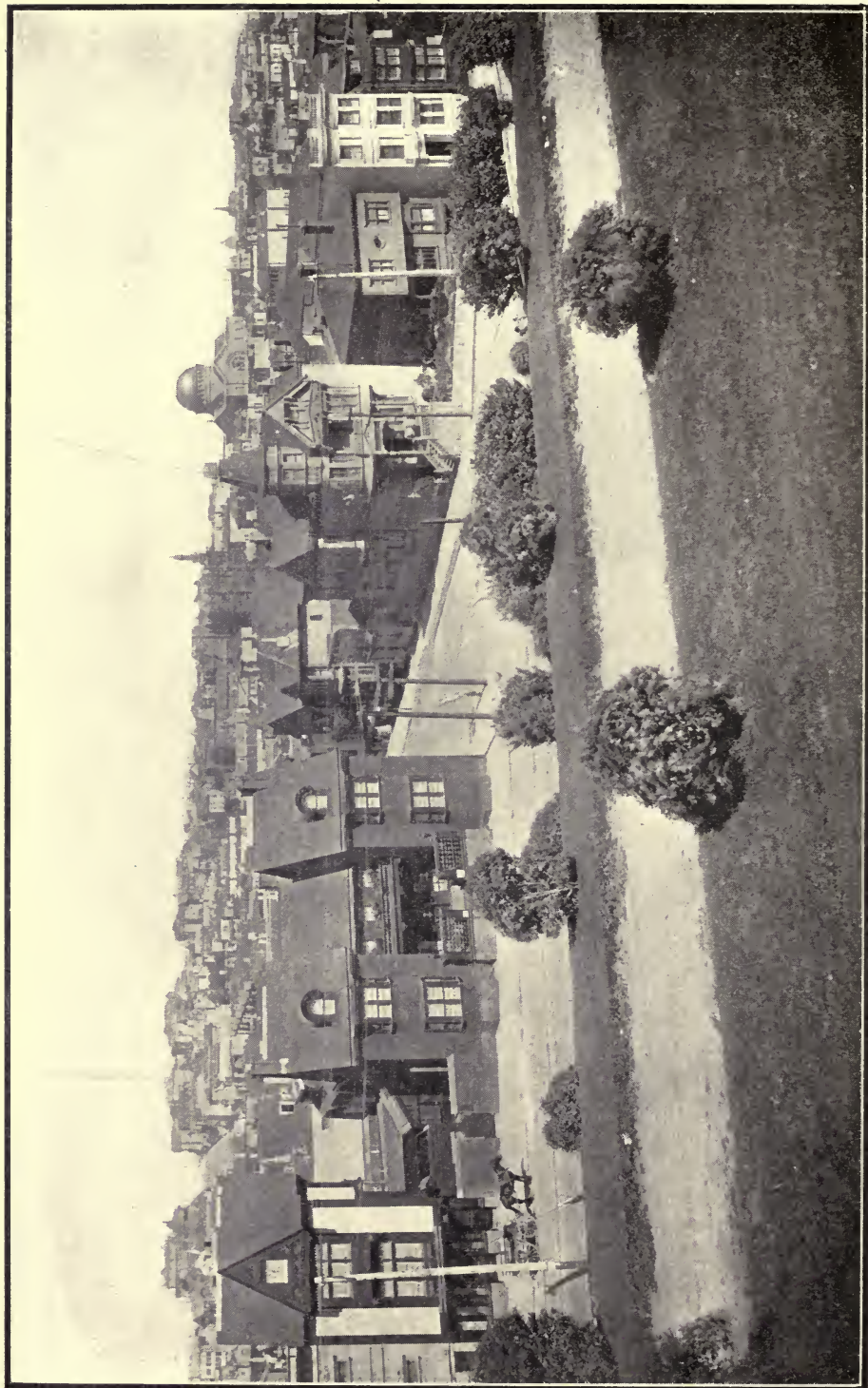
It is upon these great and essential facts that the commercial character of San Francisco, with the other elements of her character, were founded. No possible development of artificial conditions could have stopped or seriously limited the operation of forces which combined in the making of San Francisco, and which in times past have steadily and vitally supported her growing power in the commercial world.

The fateful day of April 18, 1906, came upon San Francisco at a time when all the forces of her life were at high tide. Production in California had attained a magnitude which made San Francisco a center of domestic distribution alone, a prominent factor in the world's commerce. Great events in the comparatively new world of the Pacific Ocean had given a prodigious impetus to sea-going commerce. San Francisco had

become a cross-roads into which there poured day by day such volume of traffic as fixed her rank among the great capitals of trade. In a twinkling, nearly all of that prodigious organization of facilities which had served in the transaction of San Francisco's traffic, internal and foreign, was wiped out of existence. Only a fraction of what was the City of San Francisco remains. But the conditions which originally fixed the location of San Francisco, which tended at first slowly, and later more rapidly, to her development, were not in the least degree affected by the calamity which swept over the city. The position of San Francisco is everything that it ever was; the resources of production which lie back of her are as great as before; the commerce which passed through San Francisco as a clearing house is undiminished by disaster. All the general activities tending immediately to the support of San Francisco are normal—everything that they were prior to the 18th of April.

If we look oceanward we find no diminution in the broader resources of San Francisco. Alaska yields her treasures of gold, and the wants of the Alaskan people struggle to supply themselves amid the ruins of San Francisco's wholesale district. Washington continues to yield her wealth of forest, and Oregon the wealth of her grain fields. If we look to Japan, to Siberia, to China, to Hawaii, to the Philippine Islands, to Australia, to Central America—everywhere it is the same. Whatever services San Francisco has performed for these countries in the activities of commerce are now waiting impatiently for the restoration of facilities which the disaster swept away. There is no turning away from San Francisco of the things that made San Francisco, and that sustained her; there is no loss at the point of vital resource; there is no threat of diversion. All the forces that entered into the making or into the maintenance of San Francisco remain to her, and to-day are struggling to recover their customary paths amid her ashes and broken walls.

San Francisco has another resource which must serve her well in this crisis of her fortunes—that of established interests. How vast and how potent a re-



"What San Francisco has to Start With." Looking east from Alta plaza.

source this is, hardly needs to be told. The people of San Francisco have been accumulating property, not only in their own city, but outside of it, for more than half a century. The great sum lost by fire, even after it shall be reduced by insurance payments, will still represent only a fraction of the value attached in one way or another to the Yerba Buena Peninsula. A multitude of individual fortunes, great and small, stand in such relationship to San Francisco that they are practically pledged to its restoration. Take, for example, the case of any one of the great estates like that of the Crocker family. The losses have been very great, but there remains a vast wealth, every penny of which, with the credit which attaches to it, must be employed in the effort to redeem what has been lost. No other course is possible in any business view; practically no other course is thinkable. What is true of the Crocker, or the Sharon, or Fair or Tevis estates is true of many others on a large scale; and it is true of thousands upon a smaller scale.

San Francisco has still another potent resource in established lines of transportation by land and sea in which enormous capital is invested. Railway and steamship-lines are powerful supports of any community to which they are related as established factors, because they represent forces which must lend their efforts for the preservation of their own interests. Take the Southern Pacific railroad system which, with its connections, is so adjusted as to make San Francisco a great general focus of its operations. The investment in this property alone runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars, every dollar of which is a separate pledge of the restoration of San Francisco. There is no possible escape, even if escape were desired, for the great investments of this transportation company. Its interest is bound up in the future of the city by the Golden Gate. All its resources of capital, of energy, of initiative, of corporate and personal force, must of necessity be given fully and completely to the great work of renewing the destroyed city.

In this connection I may be permitted, I hope, to speak of a condition which, while not unrecognized, has not been as

widely understood as it deserves. I refer to the developments of the past four or five years of the transportation system by which San Francisco and California are directly connected with the centers of the East. The central route across the continent is, as all the world knows, shorter in miles than any of the several other highways which traverse the continent, but it is only within a comparatively recent time that this natural advantage has been made the most of as related directly to the interests of San Francisco. So late as 1901, it looked as if, in spite of the natural advantages of the great central route, a very large proportion of transcontinental traffic, and particularly of that part of the traffic related to Pacific Ocean commerce, would be diverted to the Northern route. A man of great energy and resource had practically consolidated two northern transcontinental railroads, had built one of them upon the most modern lines, and had equipped the other for speedy and economical service. In addition to these important doings he had brought into co-operation with them a sufficient fleet of trans-Pacific steamers. The North had succeeded in gaining over California the larger part of the Oriental flour trade, which is so important a factor in Pacific commerce; and in addition to these advantages the State of Washington was able to supply the commodity of lumber, another important factor in trans-Pacific freights. At that time the central line across the continent was under a multitude of embarrassing disadvantages. It was not, like the northern route, a united and continuous property dominated by a single hand and a single purpose, but was under separate ownerships, not always mutually harmonious. At many points it failed of co-operative and effective service. It is further to be said that the several links, which together formed the central line, were relatively obsolete in type. They were built at a time when the art and the practice of railroad construction were less advanced than now, at a time when less attention was given to matters vital in connection with competition. They were faulty as to location, difficult as to grades, abounding in curves, and both difficult and costly at many points of operation. The ad-



"What San Francisco has to Start With," Residences on Broadway, San Francisco.

vantage of a shorter distance was indeed with the central route—this advantage could not be nullified—but measured by artificial conditions, this route did not compare favorably with the Northern route.

It was at this time that Mr. E. H. Harriman came into a dominant relationship to both the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific systems. What he did in connection with these systems is familiar recent history. What had previously been practically independent sections of the through line between San Francisco and Chicago he welded into a single system. He set on foot a colossal process of reconstruction—reducing grades, cutting out curves, replacing light and obsolete work with the best and the heaviest modern construction. At one point alone—by a short cut across Salt Lake—he cut out 44 miles of distance, and hewed down 1600 feet of aggregate elevations. The gross result of an expenditure which ran largely into the millions was to bring the central route across the continent, the route that leads directly to, and which supports the commercial life of San Francisco, to a parity in its artificial character with its incontestable natural advantages. How important this fact is to-day as related to the future of San Francisco does not need to be pointed out.

Geography, a strong productive backing, fixed connections, accumulated capital—these things are, of course, powerful forces in the general resources of a city. But there is another kind of force equally important—that of men. Of what value is a million dollars in money, or a hundred millions, if there be behind it no element of personal force, no capacity to comprehend and grasp conditions, no courage, no initiative? The question answers itself. Without effective personality all else comes to nothing. It is precisely at that point that San Francisco, in my opinion, is likely to be a tremendous gainer, even through disaster. Every city tends to the accumulation of what may be called dead wood in its human organization. Much of its accumulated wealth passes inevitably into impotent hands. Fortunes, large and small, by one course or another, fall into the hands of the incapable and the in-

ert. San Francisco had her full share of dead wood. Now there has come a mighty shaking up of conditions. Much that was of great value has been wiped out of existence. What earthquake and fire left untouched can only be restored to productiveness by policies in which foresight, courage and energy are combined. It follows, of course, that much of the property that now lies encumbered with rubbish and worse than useless, must pass from the possession of those who lack the power to make it productive, into the hands of those who can make the most of it. There are many who, by their necessities or their lack of business initiative, will be compelled to let go their holdings. Before the records of the disaster are completed there must be a very considerable transference of property from weak hands, to strong hands, with an immense gain to the city in the element of vital force. Again, there exist in every established community certain established relationships, having to those who hold them the value of capital, and yet yielding nothing to the advantage of the community itself. Every community carries a vast amount of dead wood in its business and professional life in the form of individual reputation and prestige, all of which turns to the account of individuals as distinct from the community itself. All, or most of this intangible species of capital, has been wiped out in San Francisco. There must come a new deal all around—a deal giving to capacity and energy opportunities which the old conditions denied as against established reputation. Here, again, San Francisco is bound, in my judgment, to gain a new element of effectiveness. I have somewhere recently seen San Francisco described as a "city of incomparable opportunity." The statement is not too large; it is literal truth. Where else may be found such conditions of established commerce, such assurances of restoration and re-development under circumstances that afford room on the ground floor for every sure-footed adventurer?

There is no plainer lesson to be drawn from general observation and experience than that great convulsions which break down old conditions and set up new ones invariably mark the beginnings of progressive periods. Who is there with

any knowledge of history who does not know that wars, at least in modern times, have vastly stimulated the life of those countries which they have seemingly devastated? We need go no further than our own recent history to see the effect of this species of stimulus. Almost every aspect of what we call modern progress has found its largest development since our Civil War. Our manufactures, our general commerce, our unparalleled railway building—these things followed the war, and in large part grew out of the conditions which were made by the war. We have only to turn to San Francisco to see how new conditions, developed through our little war with Spain, less than a decade ago, became a tremendous factor in the development of a city. We have only to turn to another disaster comparable with our own, the great London fire of 1666, to see not only how a devastated city arose from its ashes, but how in doing so it established itself in new and more effective relations with the world. London was indeed a great city before the fire, as was San Francisco before hers, but the unquestioned dominance of London, her supreme position in Europe, dates from the period following disaster, when she attracted to herself and incorporated with her organic forces the strongest men and the most powerful interests of the period.

Even to-day we may see the beginnings of special activities in San Francisco that are bound to operate upon a vast scale within the coming half-dozen years. We shall see energies of reconstruction work upon a scale beyond precedent in history. We shall see the Yerba Buena peninsula a veritable bee-hive of constructive activities. It is said that twenty thousand men are now busy in the burned district; before long we shall see that number multiplied five times over. We shall have a situation in which anywhere from a quarter to half a million dollars per day will be paid out in the form of wages. It goes without saying that this enormous flood of ready money, added to the ordinary earnings of such business as is now re-establishing itself, will create in San Francisco a condition of immediate local prosperity.

I can only add to what is written above

that I look not only to see San Francisco arise from this great disaster, but to see her stronger, more populous and more effective than ever before.

Wm F. Herrin

"Location and resources make great cities possible; nothing short of a complete annihilation of these can destroy us."

NO one whose opinion is worth a rap entertains a doubt as to San Francisco's future. It was written long before the foot of man ever trod the shores of her magnificent bay and is but emphasized by the spirit that has arisen out of her recent calamity.

Had our harbor dried up; had the fruitful valleys tributary to us been destroyed; had the vine and the fig refused longer to grow upon our hillsides; had the gold, the silver and the copper in our mountains been spirited away; had the ocean receded, leaving us miles inland; then might the real San Franciscan have begun to worry about the future. But with our every resource untouched; with our valleys and hill-lands fat with ripening crops; with our mines unaffected; with the commerce of the world passing through the Golden Gate; and with a sturdy, self-reliant, vigorous, progressive and irrepressible people; none but the sad-of-speech or the croaking pessimist could for a moment doubt the future.

Location and resources make great cities possible; nothing short of a complete annihilation of these can destroy us. When San Francisco was but three years old, the last of six great fires swept over it and destroyed more property—more homes and more business houses—proportionately, than did our recent conflagration. History tells us that before the ashes of the great fire of 1851 were fairly cool, rebuilding was vigorously commenced by the argonauts of that day. That their supreme faith was wisely founded, the world now knows. They had the croaker in those days, too, but he surviveth not, for the croaker is a sporadic creature that lives his short life in the wake of lost opportunities. Blazoned upon the municipal seal of San



TIREY L. FORD, Solicitor-General for the United Railways. "No one whose opinion is worth a rap entertains a doubt as to San Francisco's future. It was written long before the foot of man ever trod the shores of her magnificent bay, and is but emphasized by the spirit that has arisen out of her recent calamity."

Francisco may be seen the Phoenix rising from its ashes, emblematic of the achievements of those sturdy pioneers, whom the men of to-day will justify and follow.

The task before us is the building of a great city, a city great in population, great in commerce, great in art, and great in its ideals of citizenship. Nor are we lacking in material. We have:

Location on the favored side of a great continent, facing the greatest ocean.

A land-locked harbor, where all the ships that sail the seas could find safe anchorage.

The logical meeting place between sail and rail on the commercial highway between the Occident and the Orient.

The future great port of call on the route to be opened up by the Panama Canal.

The commercial metropolis of a Western empire, whose natural resources, as yet but slightly developed, have no equal on the globe.

A climate at once mild and stimulating, calculated to develop man's best mental and physical energies.

A citizenship whose courage and capacity have successfully met the severest test that ever confronted mortal man.

With such material, who shall doubt our ability to accomplish the task that lies before us?

Our city has been sorely stricken, but the wound is not mortal—not even dangerous. Indeed, the blow that fell but served to arouse a determined people to united and heroic action. True, some millions of property have been consumed by fire, and the business portion of the city reduced to ruins, but already thousands of mechanics have begun the work of restoration, while industrial captains are working out, on bold, broad lines, a greater and a more powerful commercial center.

No human power can prevent the future greatness of San Francisco. Its destiny is marked by every condition that leads to industrial and commercial supremacy. Nor can her progress be stayed by any human agency save lack of harmony among her own people. United, the people of San Francisco will go forward with giant strides; divided and inharmonious, their progress will be seriously retarded.

We must now agree on the fundamentals, leaving our fads and our fancies for the after-days of luxurious discontent.

Civic pride is as essential to a city's growth as is industrial enterprise; honest Government and fair dealing are as essential in the building of a great city as is the development of commerce.

Never before was so stupendous a task thrust so suddenly upon a people; never before was such an opportunity presented to achieve such great, such lasting and such magnificent results.

If our recent calamity shall have resulted in creating here, in San Francisco, a spirit of civic and industrial harmony; if it shall have obliterated the noisy and obstructive "knocker," and relegated to oblivion the petty factional jealousies that have so frequently stood in the way of the city's material development and progress, then may we look forward to a career as unparalleled in its achievements as was our fire exceptional in its destructiveness.

July 2, 1906

"San Francisco may be created the grandest city in the United States."

THE question of what San Francisco will be depends very largely upon the stamina of the citizens who constitute it. If the past of San Francisco is any guidance for the future, it will be safe to assume that the present adversities will bring out all that is strong in an unusually strong people, made so by the necessities of this situation, and former conditions.

It was inevitable that San Francisco should burn; most people recognized this. Now the most important question is that the City be re-organized and re-districted. Under the government of the new regime, it will have better and more uniform buildings; it will have improved avenues of access to its hills. It is a city of hills, and yet the grades heretofore have been so steep that the fire horses dropped dead in the late conflagration when endeavoring to ascend them.

There will probably be a great deal of



The semi-annual dinner of the Merchants' Association, held for the first time since the fire in the White and Gold Room of the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, on Wednesday, July 25, 1906.

discussion pro and con in regard to the broadening and improving of the streets and thoroughfares and the building of fire barriers. Some of the local officials have held that fire barriers were incompetent in retarding the fire, and yet the national authorities very positively state that unless fire barriers of a sufficient width be made, we will have to pay for the omission in the increased insurance rates every year.

San Francisco may be created the grandest city in the United States,—probably in the world. Its commercial advantages are so radical and positive, and the earning power of its citizens as a consequence so great, that we can well afford to do things thoroughly, when we start to rebuild our city.

If, however, with no thought to the future, we decide to give all our energies to the accumulating of "filthy lucre" from whatever temporary and unstable resources, that, coming into existence since the calamity, suggest themselves to us; if we are willing to accept narrow streets and insecure homes; be at the mercy of fire, with an inadequate water system;—probably we would make more money (for the time being and providing our investments were in the nature of bonds) than we would with the general good of the whole city and its people nearest our hearts. On the other hand, the average property owner and wage earner will secure more from the city in a rational and substantial way, on well thought-out lines, than he will on any plan of false economy which might suggest itself in these unpropitious times.

The danger in our present situation is the fact that we are impressed too vividly by existing circumstances, (thereby failing to calculate for the time to be,) and do not plan as we would if the future lay smoothly and distinctly before us, when we could grapple with it forcefully and understandingly.

I am reminded of the man who said in response to the urgency of his minister to pay his church dues, that "he could not because his landlord was pressing him." The minister replied that his obligation to the Lord was just as great, whereupon the man answered: "Yes, that's so, but He is not pressing me so hard!"

Personally, I have had more requests for investments from people who are non-residents of the city, since the fire, than I have had heretofore in a much longer time. I do not believe the intrinsic value of real estate will change very much. Real estate, naturally is not worth as much to-day without income, as it will be when it is producing income, but this is only a temporary state of affairs. My judgment is that real values will remain substantially as they were before the fire.

Thurmond

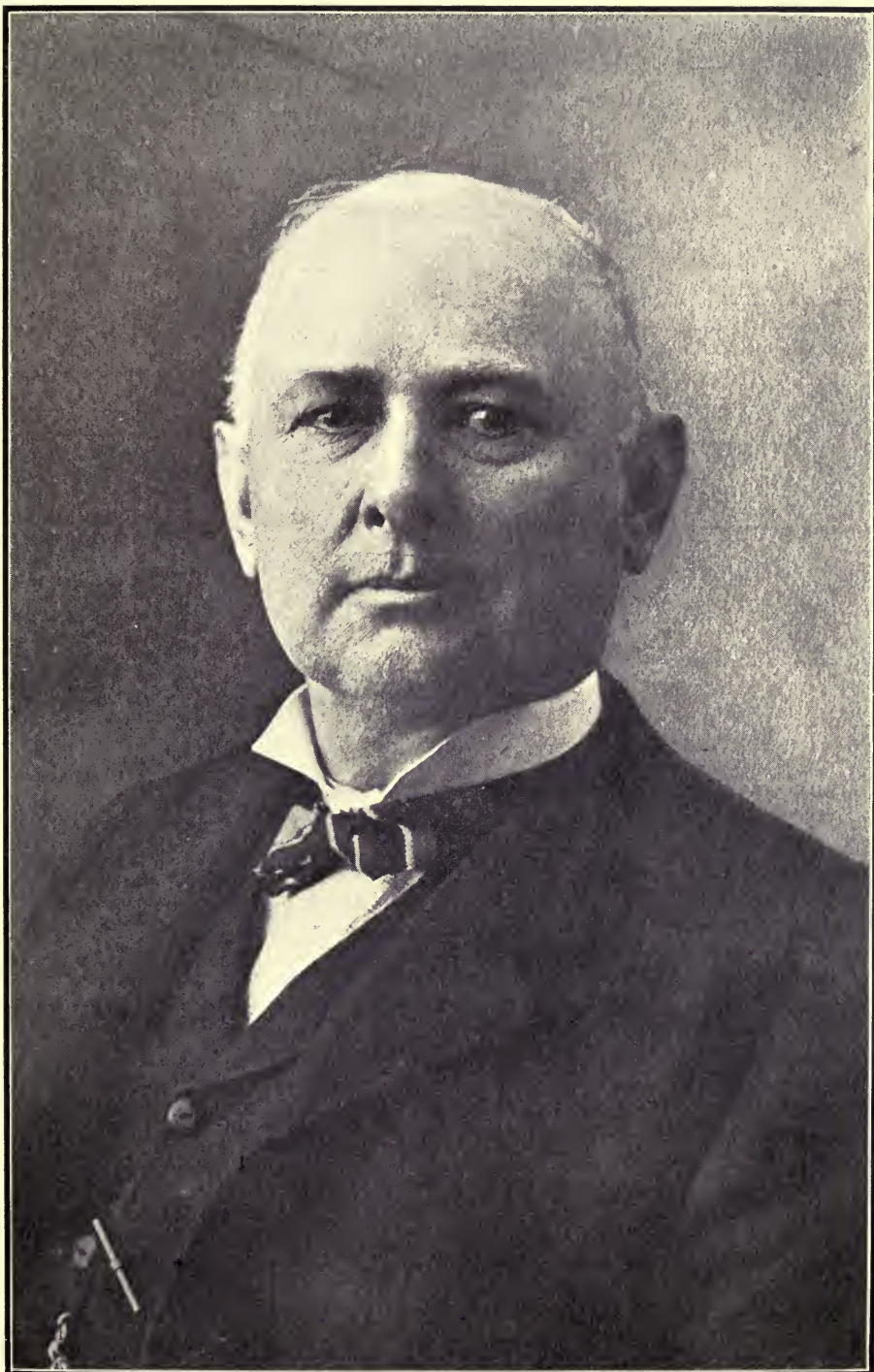
"To the westward there lies the water empire of 8,000 square miles of the Pacific Ocean and its great bordering seas; on these the world's greatest commerce is rapidly developing."

SAN FRANCISCO has to the eastward a land empire bordered only by the limits of the continent of North America. The choicest bit of this empire is the mountain locked valley of California, which has its only tide water outlet at Carquinez straits; it embraces 16,000 square miles of level land of the highest fertility and an almost frostless climate as in the latitudes of Southern Italy, Greece and Smyrna.

In addition, the wealth of mines, forests and foot hills covers 36,000 square miles of the slopes of the Sierras and Coast Ranges, all directly tributary to San Francisco.

To the westward there lies the water empire of 80,000 square miles of the Pacific Ocean and its great bordering seas; on these the world's greatest commerce is rapidly developing. San Francisco's future must therefore be commercial, the commercial supremacy of that ocean and its vast wealth. In her warehouses must be stored the products of the people of that vast territory to be distributed to the people of our own and adjoining countries; through her Golden Gate must go, if we have facilities therefor, the travel and trade between the United States and the Orient.

We have always attracted the traveler and the tourist; we may in time become beautiful. But, first of all, we must be commercial.



MARSDEN MANSON, formerly chief engineer of the harbor of San Francisco, and President of the Board of Public Works. "The future of San Francisco depends upon the facilities we afford to commerce and manufactures * * * In the spirit of men in earnest, we must provide every means for not only claiming, but holding, commercial supremacy."

To accomplish our purpose three factors play their parts, each important, but dependent and linked to the other: 1. The ship. 2. The car. 3. The warehouse, the wholesale store and the factory. These must be put in juxta position. The ship must land its cargo on the platform of the car or at the door of the warehouse. The carload must be delivered to the ship, to the warehouse, or to the factory, so that the raw material may be worked up and loaded from the packing room floor back into car or ship, as commerce demands.

We are about to enter into a period of railroad competition. The Northern Pacific Railroad is now under construction, and will, within two years, be actively engaged in transportation. We must prepare for its advent and the stimulus to trade and industries which it will bring.

The future of San Francisco, therefore, depends upon the facilities we afford to commerce and manufacturers. If, with short-sighted and selfish policy, we place barriers in the way of the ready and cheap transfer of freight and of the receipt or delivery of raw materials and manufactures, commerce and its attendant industries will be driven elsewhere. Active and efficient rivals will provide the very facilities which we may deny. The balance between routes is too delicate for us to risk all by denying to these three great agencies the means of giving us the supremacy.

Our water front must first be put in shape to give better facilities than can be provided at any other point between Mexico and British Columbia. We must cease to prattle and bray about our "grand harbor" and "glorious climate," and in the spirit of men in earnest, provide every means for not only claiming, but holding, commercial supremacy.

The shore lines and deep water inside the Golden Gate to the remotest limits of navigation of our rivers, must be considered as a unit, and with the adjunct of competing rail lines traversing the continent, must be made subsequent to the ends of commerce and manufacturers.

There will then be no need of asking: "What is to be the future of San Francisco?" The question will be: "How far is San Francisco going to exceed all other

marts on the shores of the Pacific Ocean?"

Maudie Manton,

"With the coming months will come an influx of money by millions of dollars."

TIME is a great physician. It heals all wounds. The extent of a disaster must not be measured by the instant damage, but by the ability to recuperate. Time has already begun the healing process, and while the people are still waiting for insurance settlements wonderful progress has been made in the matter of rebuilding San Francisco.

Twenty thousand men working on reconstruction within two months from the day the fire started means that a wonderful power is in operation. When it is remembered that after the Baltimore fire, where the area of devastation was not one-seventh of that which the fire swept over in San Francisco, it was eleven months before the work of removing the debris and of reconstruction really began, it will be seen that San Francisco has made a remarkable record of progress.

With the coming months will come an influx of money by millions of dollars. The payments of dividends by banks and other large financial corporations and the payment of insurance policies in large amounts will mean that the business men of San Francisco will have ample funds for the rebuilding of the city's commercial center. The twenty thousand men who were at work at the close of the eighth week after the fire will be doubled and probably trebled, and this of itself will mean an immense retail trade for the city.

The immediate housing of the men who are to do this vast amount of labor, together with their families, is one of the vital questions of the hour. In its solution we necessarily have additional labor in the construction of homes for the people. The plans of Mayor Schmitz in which it is proposed to have three districts, and provide homes to be paid for in installments, will go far toward solving this problem. It is a practical and feasible plan which can be worked out



RUFUS P. JENNINGS, Secretary Reconstruction Committee. "That which made San Francisco great is unharmed."

with little delay. This work must necessarily precede any great amount of improvement in the business district, for the workmen must be housed against the coming rainy season, before they can be expected to do work of reconstruction.

The work of rehabilitation of the business section of the city is going on at present much more rapidly than even our citizens imagine. Many of the big class A buildings were damaged but slightly by the fire, and are being put in serviceable condition as fast as men can place material in position. Take the new Chronicle building, for instance. Nine weeks after the morning the fire began the Chronicle had re-established itself, with a complete newspaper plant and all its offices. The Call preceded the Chronicle by a month, and was publishing from the Claus Spreckels' building five weeks after the fire. The Call's large press was uninjured by the fire, and was put in serviceable condition immediately. The building was left in such condition that the lower floors were occupied by the paper within a month. The Examiner building, with all the plant, was completely demolished by dynamite and fire, but already the debris has been cleared away, and preparations are well in hand for the rebuilding of the edifice with all the modern improvements. A complete printing plant for the Examiner was ordered in the East before the fire stopped at Van Ness avenue. The Bulletin has announced its plans for the erection of a new building on Market street, and before the year is out it will be published from a modern building in the center of the business district.

Plans have been made for the new home of the California Promotion Committee on the site of one of the burned buildings near its old home on New Montgomery street. This will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible, and from it will go to all the world information relating to California and what it has to offer the home seeker and the investor.

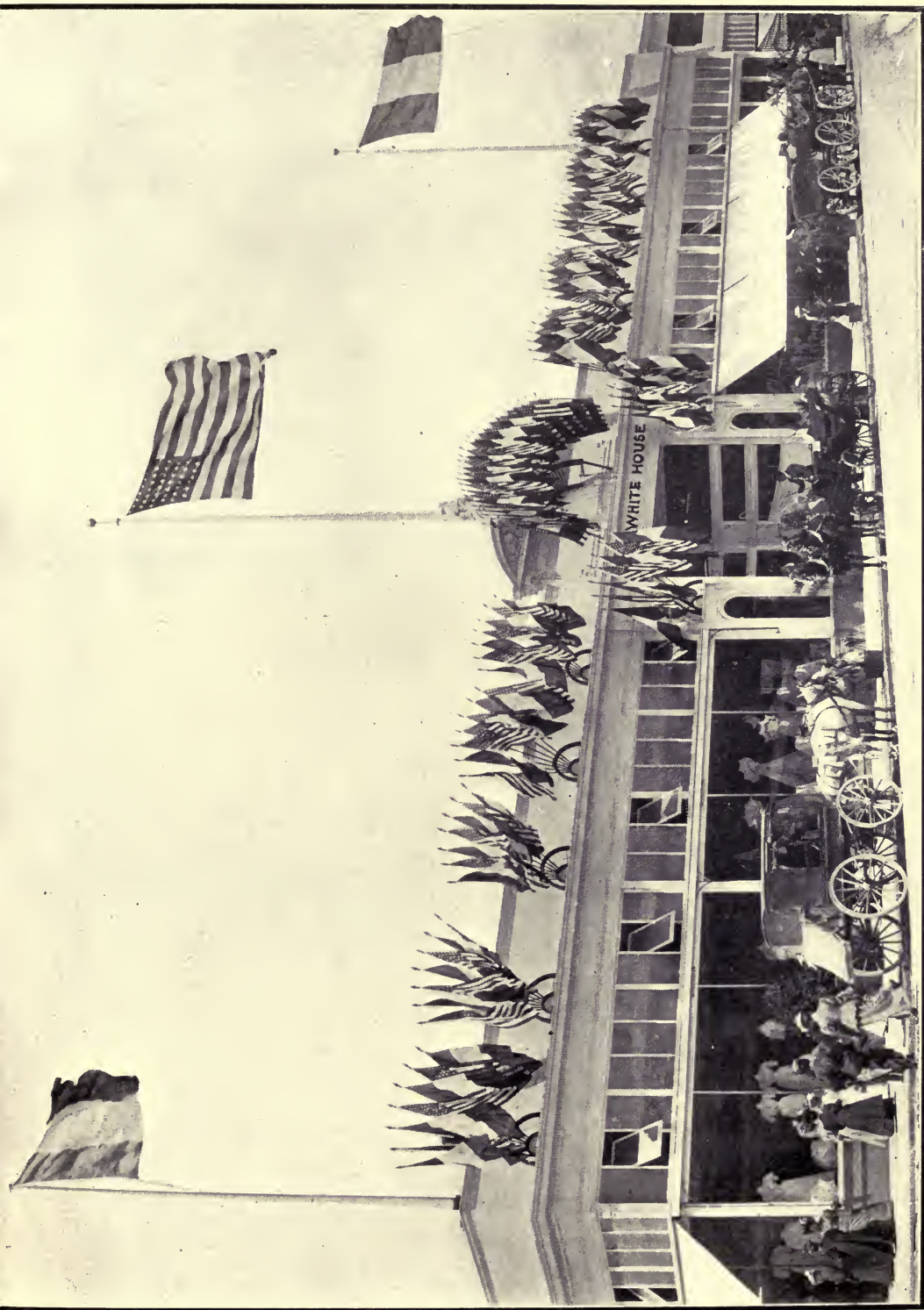
These are but a few of the instances showing that the rehabilitation of Market street is already in progress. The rapidity of this work is due to the California spirit which is dauntless under any ad-

versity. It is this spirit which will raise the New San Francisco from the old in an incredibly short space of time. It is working to-day as it never worked before, for it expects to accomplish in a few years the restoration of a city which took half a century in building, and which stood the queen of the Pacific. The task is not so enormous as appears at first glance. The world knows of the natural advantages of the city, and from all over the globe there will come men of money and of brains who will be quick to profit by the wonderful opportunities offered for investment and for business enterprise. Not a San Francisco business man has deserted. Merchants, bankers, financiers, all but wait on the action of insurance companies to begin the work of rebuilding.

The foreign trade of San Francisco, which during the past few years has been increasing by leaps and bounds, is unimpaired. The great docks to which come the ships of all the world are ready to receive the goods from the world's marts, and California stands as before, shipping her produce to every nation. That which made San Francisco great is unharmed. The merchants in their temporary structures are carrying stocks of goods as immense as those they had before the fire, and they are just as busy supplying the demands of the people. These very temporary structures and the haste in which they were erected, is one of the best evidences of the rapid rebuilding of the city, for these men will not be content to remain in such condition a day longer than is absolutely necessary.

The question is constantly asked: How soon will San Francisco be rebuilt? Such a question is fruitless and impossible of answer. It may be set down as a fact, however, that the rebuilding of San Francisco will astonish the world. We not only possess the men and money to rebuild it, but we are blessed with a climate which permits the three hundred and thirteen working days to be utilized to the fullest extent. Nor heat nor cold stops the artisan here, and it is a recognized fact among contractors that this condition has developed the most rapid workmen in the world.

This is the combination which will rebuild San Francisco in record time. It



Raphael Weill & Company's new quarters on Van Ness avenue and Pine street.



Van Ness avenue and Post street.

is the combination which will cause to rise a newer city, a grander city—a city purified by fire.

Rufus S. Huntington

Secretary of the Reconstruction Committee and Chairman of the California Promotion Committee.

"Calamity can be made a blessing."

IF the San Francisco calamity could be capitalized, it would be worth \$200,000,000 to the city if proper advantage is taken of the opportunity that now presents itself. If the citizens will continue their united effort to make a better, more modern and more beautiful San Francisco, the catastrophe which befell us can be turned into a blessing. The secret of the success of Chicago can be traced back to the fire of 1871, when that calamity brought the people together to work for one common end, and that end was the re-building of Chicago to place her in the forefront of the cities of the Middle West and make her what she was for at least a decade,

the second city in importance in the United States, and one of two cities for a live, energetic and forceful business or professional man.

For some years preceding our fire San Francisco was the third city in importance in the United States; in fact, for four months before the fire real estate sales in San Francisco exceeded the real estate sales of Chicago. To many it will seem incredible that more real estate and of greater value was sold in San Francisco than in Chicago. Yet that fact will give the world some measure of the growth and success of this great city. For the past five years the eyes of the world were on this Western Coast and focused on San Francisco as the center of attraction. San Francisco was going ahead in leaps and in bounds. Our location, our port with the great State of California backing us, sent San Francisco to the front with but very little effort on the part of the people themselves. Now that this unity of spirit and action has arisen out of the ashes, we will couple with our natural advantages the enthusiasm and action of the people working for the common cause of a greater and better San Francisco.

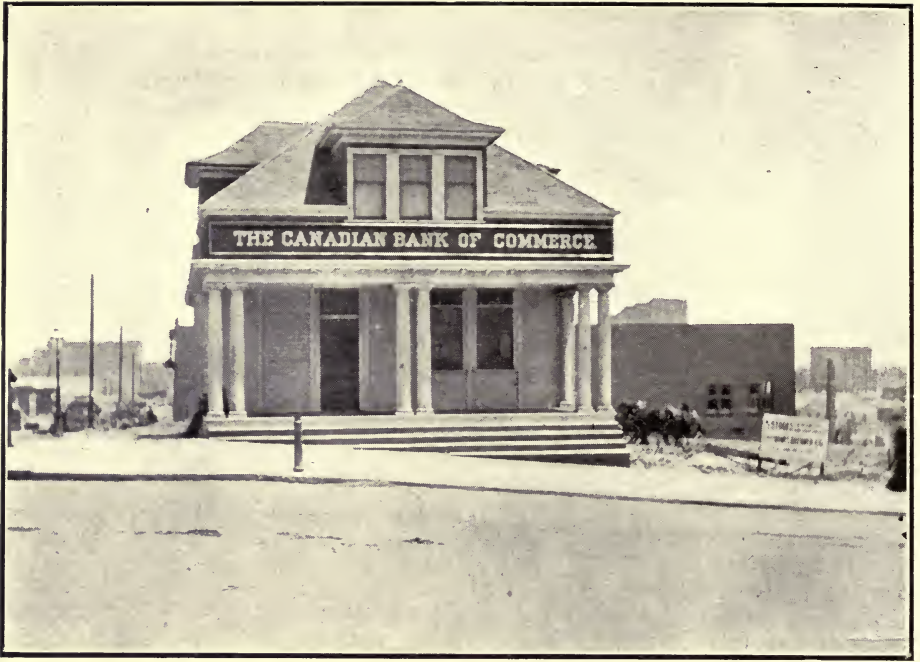
One of the most important works ahead of us is the development of the harbor. San Francisco has only nine miles of docks; New York has four hundred miles of docks. The future of San Francisco lies to the westward, and we must now look to the development of this harbor to encourage commerce, that we may secure the commerce of South and Central America, which naturally belongs to us, but most of which has heretofore gone to Germany. We should build up a system in the Far East, in South America and in Alaska, which will cause all the business to be done through the port of San Francisco. Mr. Hill has already diverted enormous shipments of steel and cotton and other goods by round-about and tortuous routes to the Far East through Puget Sound. Every bit of that business should have gone through San Francisco. The reason we lost it is because Mr. Hill went after it while San Francisco stood quietly by confidently boasting of its location, its geographical center and its harbor. Personal effort is the thing that counts in these days, and personal effort must now be made to hold and to build up and

increase the business that can be secured to go through San Francisco, just by reaching out and making an effort to secure it. Some years ago, a Japanese committee went to London to buy rails to build railways in their country. They found they could buy them so much cheaper in London than in America, until Mr. Hill told the Carnegie Steel Co. that they would have to sell the Japanese rails for cost, and that he would transport them to Japan at cost. The result was, that the contract was given in this country, and Mr. Hill started shipments over his roads in enormous quantities. Mr. Hill is now extending the Grand Trunk Pacific from Manitoba through the Peace River country to Port Tuck. His Northern and Great Northern are there, and the Burlington is getting a part of that business, too.

Then there is the Canadian Pacific which is throwing its weight through the North, and Mr. Harriman's line, the Oregon Short Line, is now being built to Puget Sound. This great movement is actually under way, and San Francisco must awaken and look to her laurels. The bulk of the through business to the Far



Fillmore and O'Farrell streets.



Up-town office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, cor. Van Ness avenue and Eddy St.

East would go through this port if the people will simply bid for the business and give dockage facilities here with such

low port charges that the great bulk of commerce will be attracted.

The financiers of New York have con-



Residence of Mr. Henry Miller, of Miller & Lux, Sacramento street, near Laguna.

fidence in San Francisco, and are willing to lend money here. It was a matter for congratulation to find that their confidence in this city had not lessened one particle. That same confidence pervades Washington. This port is regarded as a great national port. Senators and Representatives from every part of the country realize that San Francisco has a national interest, and that the Golden Gate must be kept wide open.

by which \$10,000,000 of Government funds might be deposited in the National Banks of this city, to be eventually loaned to the workingmen to build up homes. The machinery is being put in motion: San Francisco will soon be the busiest city on earth. It is imperative in our up-building that the general plan be right. The enthusiasm shown by everybody after the fire to lay out new streets and widen others seems to have lessened. The first



Van Ness avenue and Sutter street.

This is shown by \$1,500,000 that was appropriated to develop Fort Mason for transport docks; it was shown by the Government's aid to the extent of \$2,500,000 to the city, and in the further promise of the Secretary of the Treasury to take up our \$12,000,000 of municipal bonds, and to come here to devise a way

thought should be to improve, the second thought should be to adorn.

Thousands of residents left San Francisco to live on the Oakland side of the bay long before the fire, because of the superior trans-bay service and the attractions that were offered there. A great many people have come there since the



Van Ness avenue and Turk street.

fire, and discovering the natural attractions, will remain there as residents, unless some unified effort is made to make this side of the bay more attractive as a home section. There are beautiful hills on this side of the bay for home-seekers. They should be made more inviting by building better roads, inviting better street car service, and by planting trees. By so doing, everybody will return to San Francisco, and many new residents will be attracted here.

— Francisco

"1907 will be the greatest building year in the history of San Francisco."

WILL San Francisco be rebuilt in a day? Yes, partly. A similar answer could be given if the question were asked: "Will San Francisco be rebuilt in a month or a year or ten years?" A part will be built every day, only each succeeding day will see a greater amount of work accomplished than the day before. The facilities for doing business are gradually being replaced, more workmen are daily employed, more capital is expended, and the amount of the day's work in reconstruction will in a short time be ahead of a full day's work of construction before the fateful 18th of April.

About twenty-two millions of dollars represented the building contracts for the year 1905 in San Francisco. Over two hundred million dollars worth of buildings were destroyed by fire. These must all be restored, not as they were, but better, and within a short time.

The building contracts for 1906 may not equal 1905, because architects' plans had to be made, and it will be hard to get materials here immediately; but if I mistake not, 1907 will be the greatest building year in the history of San Francisco; 1908 will be still greater, only to be eclipsed by 1909. When will this prosperity reach its zenith? Not in your lifetime, nor in mine, for prosperity brings prosperity. San Francisco in all her glory, prior to April 18th, was not self-sufficient. Sitting at the head of the two largest valleys on the Pacific Coast of America, the outlet to the world of all the products of California, the Oriental port of the United States, she was literally forced into her position of pre-eminence. The business portion of San Francisco may have been destroyed, but the forces which created San Francisco still exist. The gold production of California is just as great; the immense sequoias and pines are just as large as before, and are being transformed into merchantable lumber just as fast (more's the pity!) as the fruits and grains will

bring as much, if not more, money into this mart than last year. These are the great factors which make cities—not her ramshackle buildings of a by-gone age, nor even her skyscrapers. The latter were but partially damaged by our San Francisco fire; the former will be replaced by modern structures, safer and more convenient.

They say San Francisco was destroyed by fire, but she was not. The means to do business in San Francisco were de-

stroyed; her people were so prosperous they did not feel the necessity for co-operation. Our late catastrophe has tried men's souls—has literally put them to the test. The response has been quick, energetic, intelligent. Men forgot their private losses during the relief days, and lent themselves unreservedly to the gigantic task of caring for the homeless, the sick and the injured; the re-establishing of the water supply, proper sewerage and transportation. Well do we,



New Pacific Coast headquarters and store of D. H. Baldwin & Co., Sacramento street, near Fillmore (formerly located at Post and Powell streets, Union Square.)

stroyed—that's all. These will soon be replaced, for the necessity for the city has not changed. She is still and will be the great commercial center through which the bulk of the traffic of a continent will pass, to say nothing of the resources of our wonderfully rich and productive State.

San Francisco before was great in spite

of herself; her people were so prosperous they did not feel the necessity for co-operation. Our late catastrophe has tried men's souls—has literally put them to the test. The response has been quick, energetic, intelligent. Men forgot their private losses during the relief days, and lent themselves unreservedly to the gigantic task of caring for the homeless, the sick and the injured; the re-establishing of the water supply, proper sewerage and transportation. Well do we,



Looking north on Van Ness avenue from Geary street.

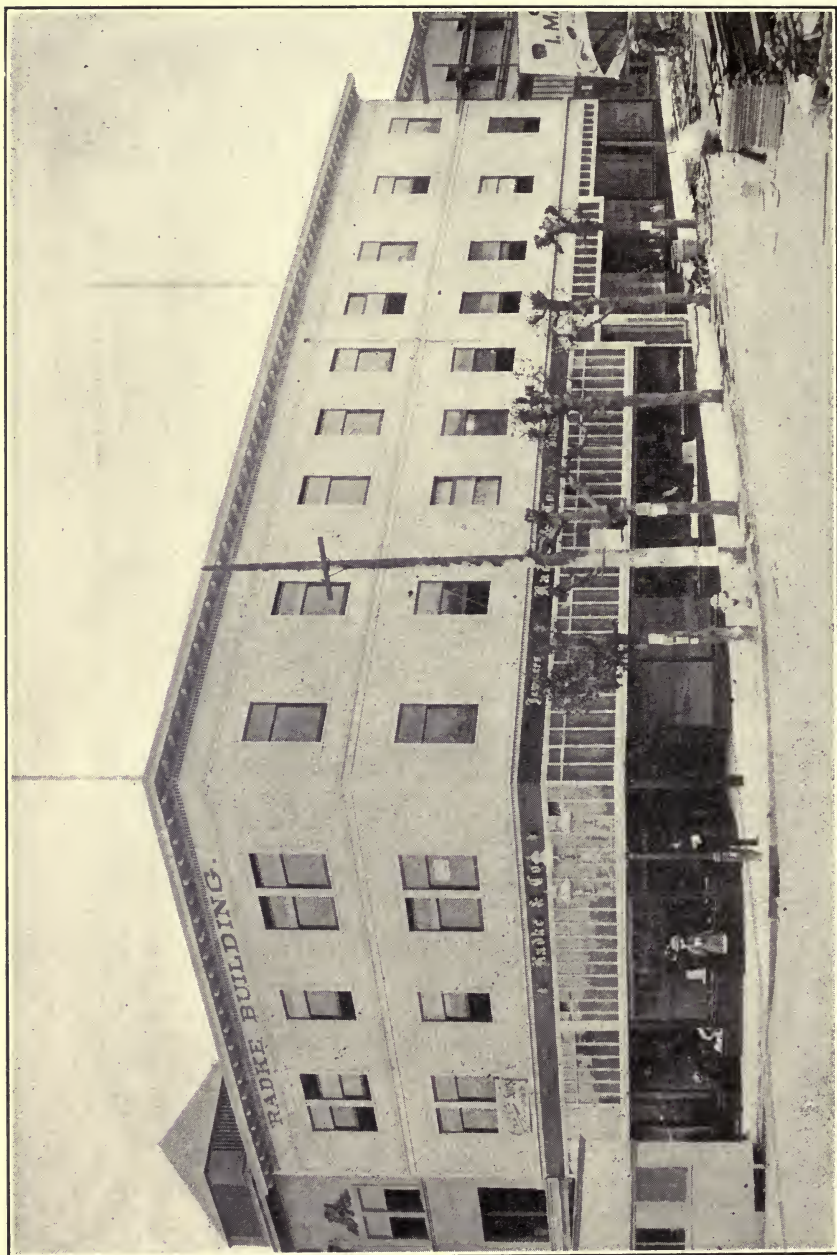
promptly by the co-operation of the coterie of public-spirited men who worked together for the common good during those first few days which lengthened into weeks. This work was not accomplished without the realization of the immense amount of good to be done in and for San Francisco by co-operation. And if we have learned this lesson well—if in the future we

can depend upon the amalgamation of all the forces in the community on every project which is for the good of the city (for the purpose of promoting it to accomplishment), what may we not hope for our beloved San Francisco in the not distant future?

R. Sale



Washington street and Van Ness avenue.



Radke & Company, the prominent jewelers and silversmiths, formerly of Sutter street, between Montgomery and Kearny, and of Geary street, between Kearny and Grant avenue, have fitted up elegant quarters in the new Radke Building, on Van Ness and Bush, which is pictured above, and which was erected in twenty-eight days. Radke & Company are energetic, progressive native sons of California, and this energy and progressiveness has been best exemplified by the rapidity with which they have again become established in business. They are also putting up another building on Van Ness avenue. Young blood will tell, and it is the young blood that is writing the history of New San Francisco.

THE RESUMPTION OF BUSINESS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

W. J. BARTNETT,

(General Counsel of the Western Pacific R. R. and member of Committee of Forty.)

THE rapidity with which San Francisco has resumed business is evident from her bank clearings. The clearings for the past few weeks and for the corresponding weeks of 1905 are as follows:

1906.	1905.	
Week ending		per
June 2.		cent.
\$25,032,627	\$32,724,318	23.4
June 9.		
\$28,905,408	\$32,775,896	11.8
June 16.		
\$30,518,122	\$36,448,269	13.5
June 23.		
\$30,545,176	\$30,999,862	1.5

The clearing of Baltimore for the week ending June 23, 1906, were \$26,784,399. San Francisco has again passed Baltimore and is next to Pittsburgh in bank clearings.

The clearings of San Francisco for the week ending June 23, 1906, were greater than the combined clearings of Seattle, Los Angeles, Denver and Salt Lake City by \$417,447. The clearings of San Francisco for that week, as will have been noted, show a decrease of only 1.5 per cent from the clearings for the corresponding week in 1905.

I predict that within ninety days the clearings of San Francisco will show a substantial gain over the corresponding period of 1905.

One may well ask: "How could San Francisco so quickly resume business on such a scale?" The answer is as follows:

San Francisco is the metropolis and commercial heart of California. California is a State whose natural wealth may perhaps most strikingly be indicated by the statement that it has produced since 1849, \$1,425,000,000 of gold, equaling the estimated stock of gold in the world on January 1, 1849. The mineral production of the State has an annual value of \$40,000,000, of which amount

\$17,000,000 is the gold production. The agricultural products of California were valued in the census of 1900 at \$131,690,000.

On the 17th day of April, 1906, the deposits in the California banks amounted to \$540,000,000, with assets to meet the same of \$693,000,000, distributed as follows:

Savings deposits	\$248,000,000
Assets of savings banks	272,000,000
Commercial deposits	292,000,000
Assets	421,000,000

C. H. Dunsmoor, president of the California Bank Commissioners, states that more than 50 per cent. of such assets consisted of cash, first-class bonds, and amounts due from banks and bankers—all readily convertible into cash.

In addition to the State banks there were 95 National banks in California, with resources aggregating over \$180,000,000, and individual deposits of \$92,000,000. The total assets of the State and National banks of California exceed \$873,000,000.

The aggregate resources of the San Francisco banks exceeded \$300,000,000. On April 17 one savings bank had Government bonds to the amount of \$11,000,000.

The wall of the Rocky Mountains made the California banks dependent on their own resources. The community was a creditor community, not a debtor community; that is to say, the California banks never borrowed from New York or Chicago institutions, but constantly had large sums of money in New York and Chicago to their credit. This observation is true also of the merchants of San Francisco. Their business was conducted on substantially a cash basis. Most houses were accustomed to discount their bills, and many of the old mercantile houses had large resources outside of the funds invested in their business. The principle of the Californian was to pay as he went. This has resulted in the community finding itself now with little or no indebtedness to New York or other Eastern cities.

The City of San Francisco on the 17th of April, 1906, was practically without debt. It had authorized \$17,000,000 of city bonds, had sold \$5,000,000 of these

and had the cash in its treasury. The Secretary of the Treasury will accept the \$12,000,000 of unsold bonds as security for public deposits. The proceeds from the city treasury, will give the City of San Francisco over \$20,000,000 with which to begin the work of reconstructing the municipal improvements destroyed. While this money is being expended the Mayor and the Board of Supervisors will take steps to authorize a further issue of at least \$40,000,000 of bonds to be used for municipal purposes.

The water-front of San Francisco was saved, likewise the homes of 300,000 of our people. The city is handling the commerce of the port as if no calamity had occurred. The tonnage of the harbor of San Francisco will show an increase rather than a decrease for the year ended December 31, 1906.

The earthquake caused comparatively little loss. The great destruction was caused by the fire. Before the fire ceased burning, plans were made for hundreds of temporary structures. Within six weeks after the fire every banking institution in San Francisco was doing business as formerly. Most of the banks immediately built temporary structures over their vaults. The large mercantile houses began doing business from private residences. An army of 20,000 laborers, carpenters and bricklayers began work. Several thousand structures have already been erected. Labor is in great demand. Carpenters are paid \$4 and \$5 per day; bricklayers \$6, \$7 and \$8 per day. Common laborers for removing debris are paid \$2.50 per day. San Francisco is sadly in need of common labor, carpenters and bricklayers. The only classes that find difficulty in securing employment at present are clerks, salesmen, professional men and in general those unaccustomed to manual labor. The clerks and salesmen will rapidly be given places as the mercantile houses more fully re-establish themselves.

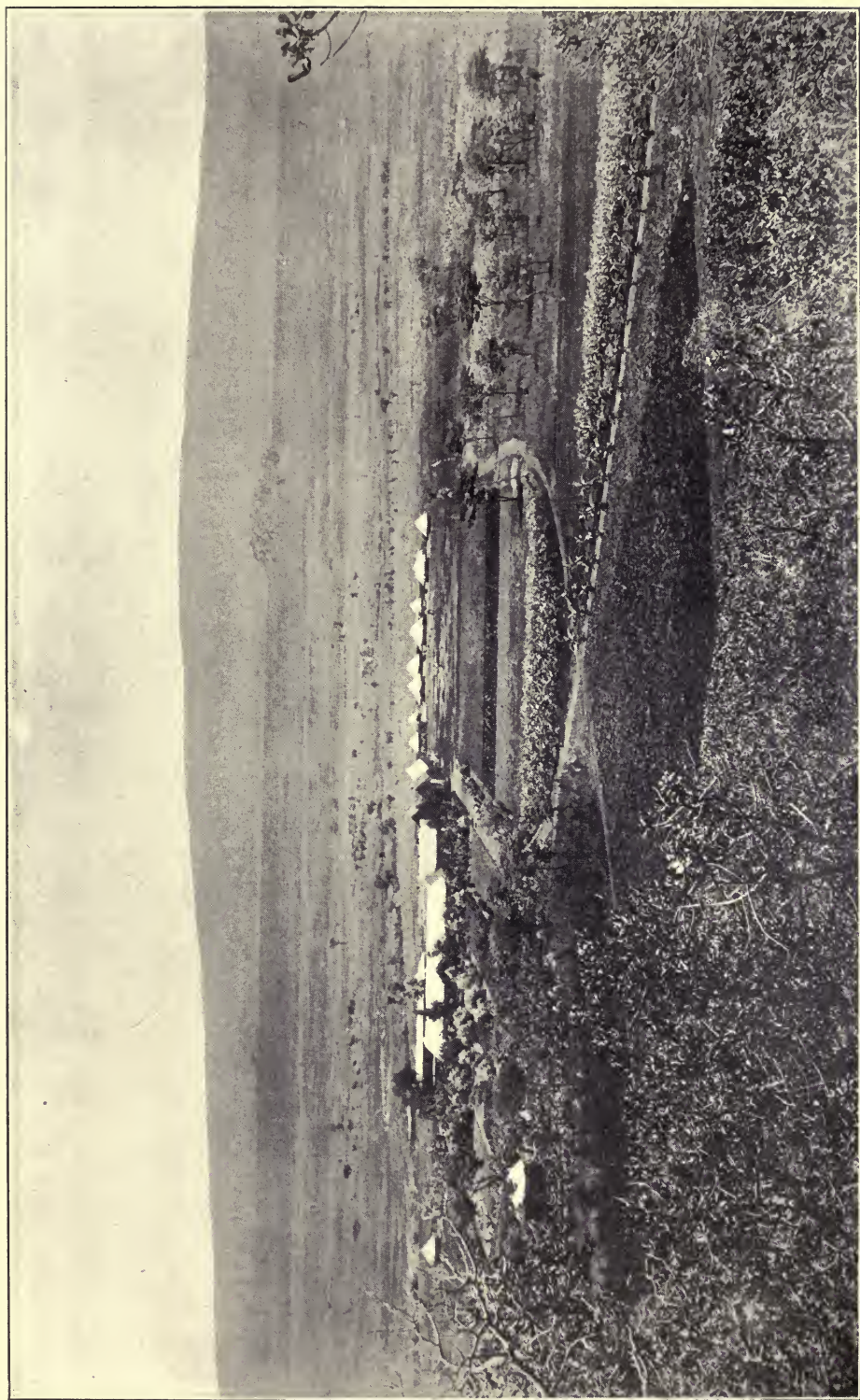
The citizens of San Francisco had insurance to the amount of \$208,000,000. The strong insurance companies have al-

ready begun to settle their claims. The weaker companies are securing time on various pretexts. There will undoubtedly be some litigation. The people of San Francisco will collect at least \$150,000,000 from the insurance companies. Of this amount \$100,000,000 will probably be paid within the next six months. This money will all be required in time for the rebuilding of the city. A great deal of it will find its way to New York this fall, where it will be temporarily used in the purchase of readily convertible bonds or in short-time loans. Since May 11, 1906, \$21,734,000 has been transferred through the sub-treasury from San Francisco to New York. This represents for the most part money which the San Francisco banks had transferred from their New York correspondents to San Francisco after the calamity.

A factor of great importance is the faith of the people of San Francisco in their city. This is felt by all classes. When the fire occurred, the community as a unit believed in the restoration of the city. This idea was so potent that when the banks opened, the deposits in many banks exceeded the withdrawals. The depositors in the savings banks withdrew only such money as they absolutely required for pressing wants.

The main fact is that San Francisco has already resumed business. Today she is doing the work that destiny intended her to do; she is handling a large share of the commerce of the Pacific and is directing the industrial and commercial interests of the empire of California.

In the words of these men speaks the spirit of the New San Francisco—and the old. The debonair, optimistic, self-sufficient spirit of the old—the courageous, hopeful, chastened spirit of the new, merging into a force that could conquer worlds; fearless, heroic, invincible, indomitable!



Mission Farm, Chishawasha.

The Commercial

Development of Rhodesia

BY D. E. BRODIE, Secretary British South Africa Company

THE various stages by which Rhodesia has emerged from barbarity to civilization during the short period of its occupation since 1890, would be sufficient to fill many pages of this magazine. The most sanguine prophets, however confident in the assurances of their leader, Cecil Rhodes, through whose foresight and persistence this great province was acquired for the British Empire, could hardly have hoped for greater rapidity in the country's development than that which, in spite of numerous obstacles, has been achieved.

It will be enough, however, to mention some of the signs of commercial improvement and development as we find them to-day, and leave to the imagination of our readers the enterprise and confidence of the settlers in the country of their adoption which has led to such satisfactory results.

The gold mining industry, which at present is the most important, furnishes us with some interesting figures. From 1890 to August, 1898, the output of gold, chiefly won from pannings by prospectors, amounted to 6,533 ounces. In September, 1898, the first crushing began, and in the four months to the end of that year 16,378 ounces was declared. In 1899 the year's output was 56,742 ounces, and the output has steadily increased to 407,050 ounces in 1905. In March, this year, a new monthly record of nearly 45,000 ounces was obtained, and it is fairly safe to assume that the year's output for 1906 will be well over half a million ounces.

Besides gold, a considerable quantity of silver, lead and coal is declared each month, and 1161 carats of diamonds were declared for the first time last March.

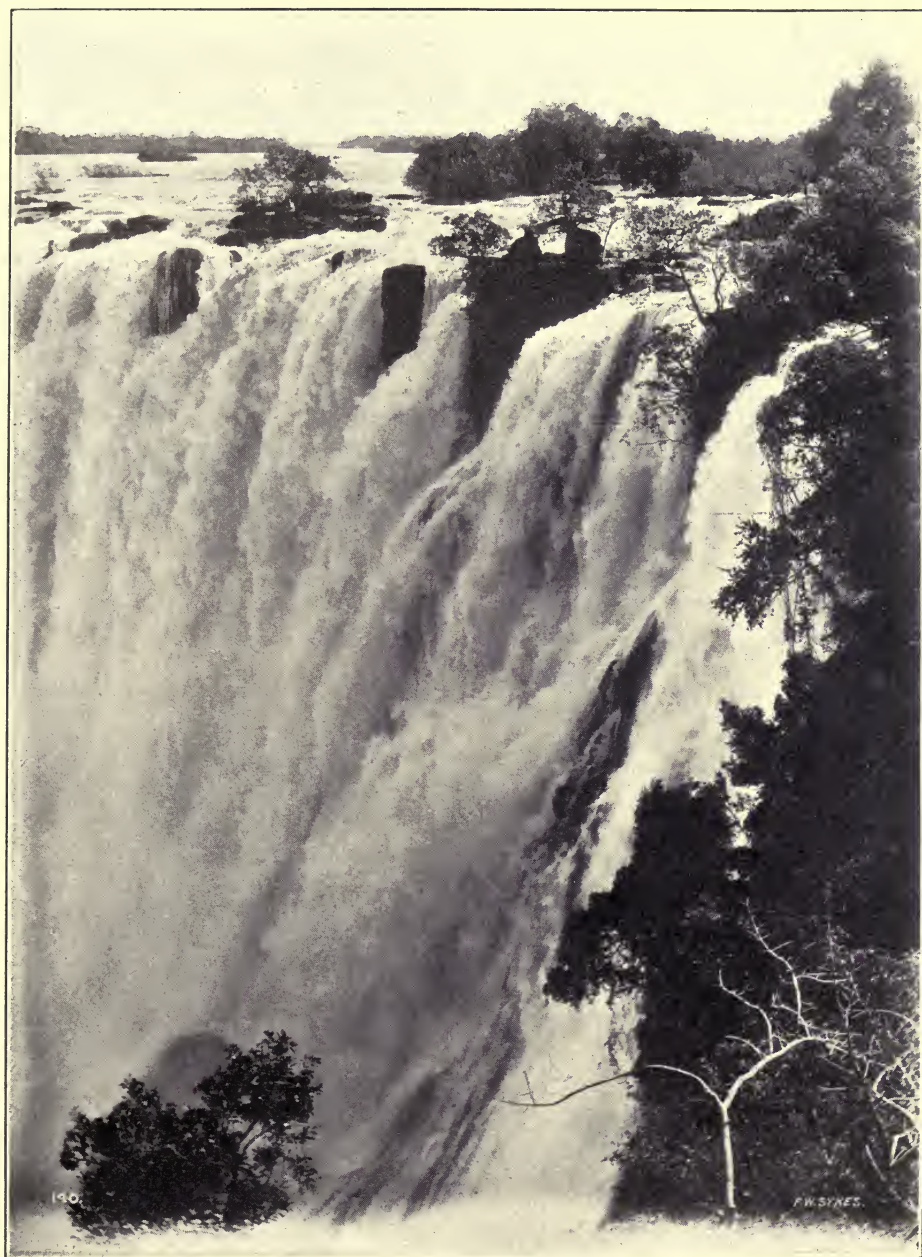
There are now nearly 2,000 miles of railroad in the country which tap all the principal districts and centers, connecting Cape Town with the Portuguese

port of Beira, and extending from Bulawayo to the north to a distance of 500 miles. This Northern Extension is being pushed on, and will be open to the Broken Hill mine 374 miles north of the Zambesi river this year, when quantities of high grade zinc and lead ore, now only awaiting the arrival of the railway, will form an important part of the traffic, whilst later on it will be found possible to tap the rich copper fields to the northwest.

The Victoria Falls below which the railway crosses the Zambesi river, are already becoming well known to tourists who are anxious to see the most beautiful and most magnificent work of nature which has so far been discovered on earth. Surrounded by luxuriant tropical vegetation, under a canopy of richest turquoise blue, this gigantic cataract of more than a mile in extent hurls itself into an abyss 400 feet deep, whilst the rainbow effects of sun and rain—the condensed spray from the fall—are beyond any description, and must be seen to be believed.

Without detracting from the beauty of the Victoria Falls or their surroundings, some of the enormous horse-power now running to waste will shortly be utilized for commercial purposes, and a proposal, the largest of its kind yet contemplated, is now well on its way towards realization.

Turning to the agricultural possibilities of the country, it may truly be said that they are legion. Tobacco growing is now recognized as one of the most profitable industries of Rhodesia. Bright leaf of the Carolina types, Turkish, cigar and pipe leaf, have all been produced in different districts of the country with success. The Turkish leaf is perhaps the most profitable at present, and cigarettes made from this tobacco find a ready sale in London and Canada,



Victoria Falls.



American Cotton: Three days after being picked near Bamboo Creek.



Hull's Farm, Matopos.

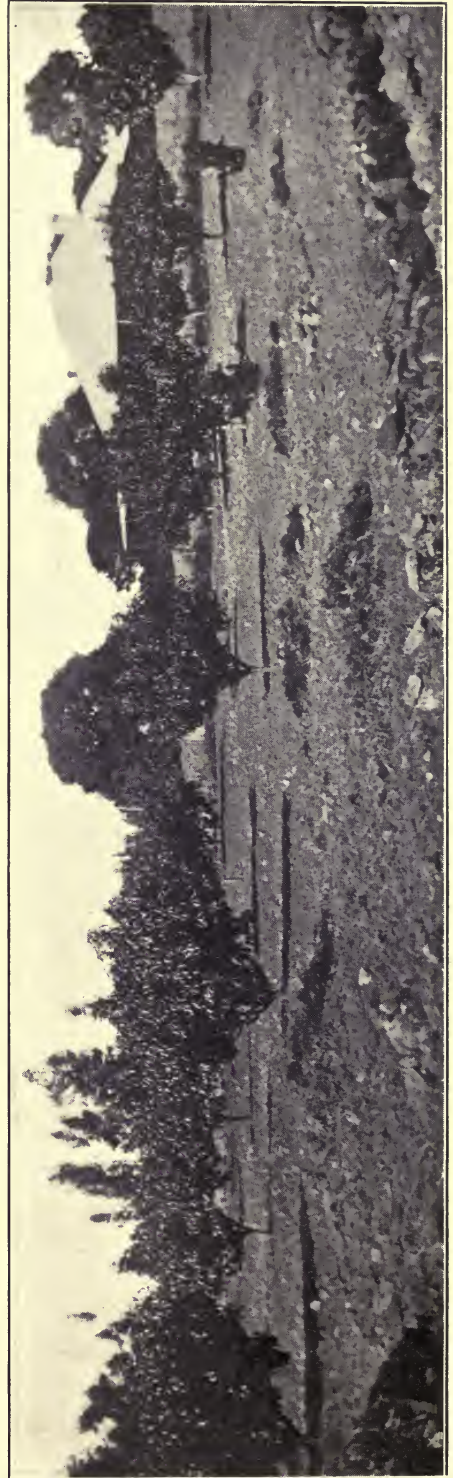
as well as in South Africa, and are pronounced by tobacco experts and smokers alike to be excellent. The duty of two cents a pound on raw tobacco imported into South Africa is a great advantage to the Rhodesian farmers, who thus have a large market at their door, apart from the export trade.

Cotton grows wild in many districts of Rhodesia, and will in time form one of its chief exports. A fair quantity lately sent to Liverpool from Northern Rhodesia realized 8d to 8½d a pound, and the natives in many parts of the country are acquainted with its cultivation, and are prepared to grow it for sale.

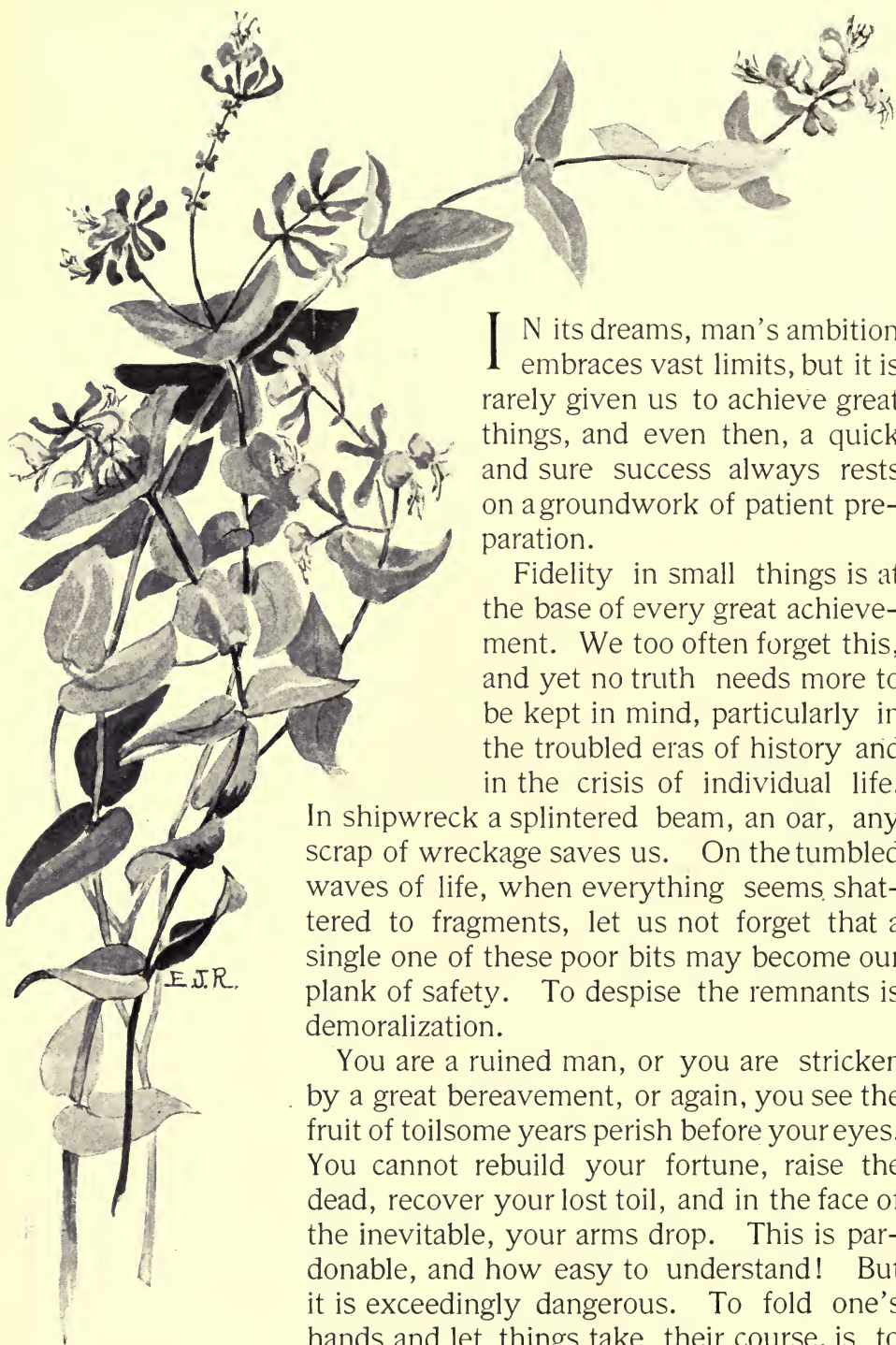
Fruits both European and tropical of endless varieties, grow abundantly, the ground nut and the castor oil bean are practically indigenous, and are now being cultivated, numerous valuable fibre bearing plants exist in profusion all over the country, and rubber of commercial value grows wild in many localities. The country also produces cereals of all kinds, including maize, the staple crop of South Africa.

There is seldom as much as two degrees of frost, and this only in the low-lying and exposed places, and only in the early morning and evening. The winter climate is delightful, and the summer is never oppressively hot. Several people who have found the Canadian winter too severe are turning their attention to Rhodesia.

Rhodesia is the finest stock raising country in South Africa, and in the higher parts of the country sheep thrive and yield good wool. A few weeks ago Rhodesian wool fetched 11d a pound on the London Wool Exchange. It is not possible in a short article of this kind to deal with the great prospects of the country from a settler's point of view, but it might be said before closing that the country affords splendid chances of success for the man with a little capital and grit. The climate is most delightful, the society is congenial, and if a man is prepared to work, he will soon bless the day he became a Rhodesian.



Part of Orchard, Inyanga.



I N its dreams, man's ambition embraces vast limits, but it is rarely given us to achieve great things, and even then, a quick and sure success always rests on a groundwork of patient preparation.

Fidelity in small things is at the base of every great achievement. We too often forget this, and yet no truth needs more to be kept in mind, particularly in the troubled eras of history and in the crisis of individual life.

In shipwreck a splintered beam, an oar, any scrap of wreckage saves us. On the tumbled waves of life, when everything seems shattered to fragments, let us not forget that a single one of these poor bits may become our plank of safety. To despise the remnants is demoralization.

You are a ruined man, or you are stricken by a great bereavement, or again, you see the fruit of toilsome years perish before your eyes. You cannot rebuild your fortune, raise the dead, recover your lost toil, and in the face of the inevitable, your arms drop. This is pardonable, and how easy to understand! But it is exceedingly dangerous. To fold one's hands and let things take their course, is to



transform one evil into worse. You who think you have nothing left to lose, will by that very thought lose what you have. Gather up the fragments that remain to you, and keep them with scrupulous care. In good time this little that is yours will be your consolation. The effort made will come to your relief, as the effort missed will turn against you. If nothing but a branch is left for you to cling to, cling to that branch; and if you stand alone in defense of a losing cause, do not throw down your arms to join the rout. After the deluge a few survivors re-peopled the earth. The future sometimes rests in a single life as truly as life sometimes hangs by a thread. For strength, go to history and nature. From the long travail of both you will learn that failure and fortune alike may come from the slightest cause, that it is not wise to neglect detail, and, above all, that we must know how to wait and to begin again.

—Chas. Wagner's "*Simple Life*."



Why the Cheyenne Special was Late

By V. D. Hyde



Baker, the messenger.

THE Cheyenne Special slowly hissed the time away while a group of cowboys chewed alfalfa and swapped stories with the conductor and engineer, and the fireman, a lump of dirty waste in hand, gossiped with the express messenger a few yards down the track. The messenger, a chunky fellow, blinked over his pipe, as he sat in the doorway of his car hanging his legs down till his feet rested on a big box, watching the station master piling up various bits of "outbound" by the track, to be presently tossed up to him and languidly thrown into the car for future adjustment.

Just as a solitary trunk was, with a mighty boost, and crash, landed in the middle of the car, and the messenger, with a regretful grunt, was lumbering to

his feet to arrange the stuff, the fireman called out: "Hi, there, Bake; here's something worth while."

The messenger was wide awake in an instant, and at the door of the car to receive from the fireman the leash to which were attached three fine stag-hounds, while back of them stood a very young man wearing an unusually large sombrero ornamented with a fine silver band.

"Here's Mr. Baker, the gentleman'll have charge of the dogs, sir," said the fireman, deferentially, with a comprehensive hand-sweep from the youth to the messenger, and an intelligently anxious glance into the face of the latter, recollecting the tip that usually follows such a consignment.

The youth nodded, swept the sweat of a rapid walk from his brow, and stepping up to the door, with a deft dive at the hounds in turn lightly started each on a leap into the car, with a friendly, "In you go, Jerry, and Merry and Terry." Then he thrust deep into his buckskins and drew out a handful of silver which he clinkingly handed to the messenger. "Just give your eye to 'em. Pop's in the car," he said, and was off.

"'Pop' is old Rathbun, the millionaire from down Denver," observed the fireman, with an anxious following of the messenger's hand as it went down into the trouser's pocket. "He's in a devil of a hurry to get to Holdredge. Hadn't all his baggage. Left the dogs behind. That's his son came tearing down with 'em. He'd raised hell if he hadn't 'em."

The messenger did not respond, as, with one hand he tethered the dogs down at the end of the car, his back to the fireman, who leaned his arms on the car-door threshold.

"He was a-goin' to give them to Jeffs," continued the fireman, "an' I tol' him *you'd* take good care of them. Didn't see why *you* shouldn't get the tip. Conductor gets more salary. 'Sides, *he* wouldn't have none o' the trouble."

"Ketch!" said the messenger, briefly and rather crossly, as he withdrew the

other hand with a good-sized silver piece in it, and tossed it to the fireman, adding, "Lend a hand, Billy."

Billy jumped into the car, and in a couple of minutes they had the stuff arranged so as to leave most of the middle of the car clear, the trunk for the messenger to lounge on at the door, and a bucket of water and bundle of alfalfa under the noses of the hounds, who immediately went at the drink with a will after their long run.

"Old Rathbun's about that crazy to get to Holdredge that he's been to the engineer a dozen times a'ready to ast when we start, though he knows well enough our time," gossiped the fireman. "Offered to pay Jeffs if he'd start ahead o' time. There's his nibs again. Guess he's got business with you. Six minutes to start anyway. So long." He jumped from the car, touched his hat to the sombrero, and moved off toward the group at the head of the engine, while the youth, who appeared to start up from under the car, seated himself on the threshold and leaned over confidentially.

"Generally make good time to Holdredge?" he inquired, pleasantly.

"So so," laconically. Baker took the pipe from his mouth and gazed out at the horizon. The dogs pulled the length of their tether, and laid their great shaggy bodies as near the youth as possible. The messenger waited. The youth looked at the dogs and reflected.

"Five minutes to start," suggested Baker, replacing his pipe.

The youth shook himself together anxiously. "Spouse it wouldn't be noticed much if you were a little late, eh? Couldn't you just manage it—get caught in a storm—break something—any old thing, so you don't get in on time? Can't matter much. Don't carry any passengers. Only Pop and two dagoes to-day."

"Conductor's chap to 'proach with that," briefly. But there was a sinister twinkle in the messenger's eye.

"How—with that gang around him? And Pop bolting up every minute to bribe him to start?"

"Sure, Mike!" sympathetically.

"Say, it's—it's important. Truth is, my sister's going to get married to-morrow morning, and Pop swears to stop it. No objection, only chap's a hard-work-

ing, poor devil," craftily. "He's a brick, though, and Sis *will* have him. I've fixed the telegrapher, so Pop's message to license clerk—she's only seventeen—won't get through quite on time. But here *he* goes, and *he always* is on time. Say—ur—can't you manage? You married—um? Got a girl?"

Baker made a motion with his head which might be taken for anything in the line of concurrence and sympathy.

"Say, can't *you* fix the conductor? Say, it's the right thing, and all's fair in love and war, and—ur—here, drink to the health of Sis and Tom—takes place at 8 a. m. to-morrow—more if successful."

With a wink he extended a nice green bill, on which a five and a nought at once caught Baker's sharp eye. The latter took it, rapidly calculating the proper percentage of division between four conspirators not equally active in the plot, folded it deliberately, and placing it in his jumper pocket, at last replied:

"I think I can manage it, Mr. Rathbun; yes, 'Im sure I can. There's the whistle. You won't mind how I do it, and you'll bear me out, or bail me out?" with a wink.

"Will I?" cried the youth, as he blithely swung down from the car, and tossed up his sombrero, with a pirouette. "Toot-toot!" went the whistle; a



"Lord Billy" and "Lord Bridge."



Young Rathbun.

long hiss, and the Cheyenne Special slowly drew out from the station on time, got up steam and rolled over the prairie at its usual leisurely rate of speed.

It was about two hours later that Jeffs, the conductor, came leisurely back to the baggage car with a sly smile and a trustful, seeking look, which rested on the trio of hounds. They were sprawled as near to one of the wide-open doors of the car as possible on the bundle of alfalfa, gazing wistfully out over the flitting prairie, glitteringly alight save for the occasional shadow from a passing cloud. Their mouths were wide open, for the air was as close as midsummer in a high altitude can make it. The conductor turned a meaning glance on Baker, who sat on the trunk, chewing a sprig of alfalfa and intently regarding the animals.

"Hot enough?"

The only reply was a shrug of Baker's near shoulder.

"You got peace, anyhow. We are pestered every few minutes by old Rathbun to make time. Wants to get to Holdredge by six. I told him we wan't due till eight. Couldn't do better 'thout or-

ders. Wants to put back to Cheyenne for orders. Told him telegrapher was gone on a picnic. Said, 'Hell!' 's if he meant it."

Baker nodded abstractedly.

"Say, see the c'yotes?"

No interest from Baker.

"There's a pack out there—least fifty. There's a bounty out here—dollar a head. They're damned pesky on the range."

No interest from Baker.

"Say," he came a little nearer to the messenger, and unconsciously dropped his voice: "D'ye ever see a c'yote hunt? Say, Bake," looking at the great animals at his feet, "if they should escape like, we'll have to stop till they're recovered. They're valuable critters."

Baker showed interest. His eyes glinted, his breath came short. Otherwise he gave no sign of emotion over the sudden solution of the conundrum that had occupied his mind since they had pulled out from Cheyenne. "Does old Rathbun know the dogs is here?"

"Guess not. He was on the other side o' the car when they came aboard."

"What'll he say at delay?"

"What *kin* he say at a accident? Same old run, day after day, on the Cheyenne branch. First chance in two months for any fun," grumblingly.

"Better be train accident."

"Sure! yep! There's the leader now—must be fifty years old. Give a month's salary to ketch him." And as he admiringly watched the pack, not more than a good stone's throw from the train, nosing about the prairie dog holes unsuspiciously, he gently pulled a cord overhead, and the train slightly slackened its speed.

"How much?" queried Baker, as he began to loosen the hounds' tether, and they, knowing something was up, arose to their feet.

Suddenly, on the still, hot air, came the short, sharp yelps of the coyotes as, with the swiftness of a shot, but apparently without cause, they all stood at attention and began to form in battle array—a big circle, tails in, noses out. The hounds, in supreme bliss, opened their mouths wider and squeezed their eyes shut; then opening their eyes wide and shutting their mouths, they shook their lithe forms, erected their ears, and ex-

tended their tails, while the skin of their bodies quivered longingly.

"As much as forty dollars," drawled Jeffs. "Salaries isn't high on the Cheyenne trail." He slipped his hands into his pockets and gazed out dreamily at the suspicious coyotes. The hounds whimpered.

"What d'ye stay for, then? They're a little better in Denver," quoth Baker, carelessly dropping the leash after untying it, as he reached up to adjust something in the box where small train tools were kept.

The hounds glanced about them, then out at the now silent pack of coyotes, then plaintively up at Baker. Baker was busy. The train wasn't too fast for a man to jump. There was a rustle and a scraping, a scramble and a spattering, as of something heavily alighting on sand and pebbles; and the hounds were gone with a splendid, deep-throated bay, seconded by a startled yelping from the pack now for the first time seeing its enemy. Then there was silence.

"Nearest horses at Curry's ranch," murmured Jeffs, rubbing his hands together, his gaze glued to the pack and the pursuers, as he went to the platform and mounted to the top of the car to walk to the engine. It wasn't politic to walk through the passenger car, where already the Italians and Mr. Rathbun were excitedly grouped at the window.

By the time the train came to a standstill, the coyotes, with the hounds in their wake, were simply specks on the horizon, and Baker was striding distractedly alongside of his car, his wide eyes on the distance. As he passed under the passenger window, Mr. Rathbun cried: "Whose hounds are those? Did you have them in the baggage car?"

"Yes, sir," said Baker, regretfully.

"Who shipped them? Are they mine? I intended to bring a leash and forgot?"

"A young feller in a sombrero with a silver band——"

"That's Bub—my dogs. Say, d'ye know what those dogs will cost the express company?" grimly.

"Nothing, sir," replied Baker, calmly. "It'll be me'll pay the damage, if they ain't recovered."

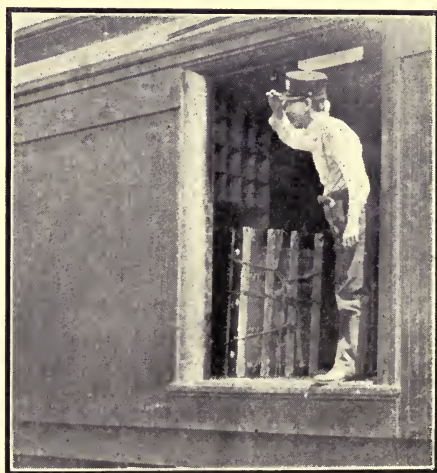
"Twelve hundred dollars," screamed the old gentleman, as he danced out of

the car. "And I tell you I can't wait to catch them. How'd they get loose? Go on, I say. I must get to Holdredge by morning."

"Somethin' happened to train runnin' gear, and they jolted loose, I guess. An' they jest naturally couldn't stand the sight of the coyotes. I'll see what can be done." And Baker hurried on to the head of the train, where the rest of the crew was grouped, while Rathbun danced excitedly on the sands, alternately swearing at the men as being in a conspiracy, offering rewards for the recovery of the hounds, and prizes to reach Holdredge by morning.

The crew held a grave colloquy, which lasted some minutes, when they were joined by the irate Rathbun. He was told that a bolt had been lost which might require walking to Sterling to replace. The only consolation he got for the fit of wrath that then assailed him was that they *might* have to stay where they were all night, if Billy had to go to Sterling; but at any rate he'd get his dogs all right.

The old gentleman almost screamed with rage. Then, with a choky voice, he said: "Say, see here, my men, if money isn't any consideration to you, if you are all millionaires," bitterly, "maybe you'll think of something to help a father whose willful daughter has run off to marry the worst scallywag in Holdredge. Maybe some day you'll be in my fix." There



Admiringly watched the pack.

was a suspicion of moisture in the old gentleman's eyes, as he fixed his mournful gaze on Baker, the only bachelor in the group, who therefore felt relatively uncomfortable, as unrighteously posing, however innocently, as the father of one of the impressionable sex. With the exception of Baker, not a man in the crew but was nearer the lover than the father period. Indeed, Billy at once hardened, as he turned his gaze out toward the horizon. Somewhere over there was a big ranch and a loving girl, and an obdurate father, who had contrived to get tangled up in his destiny, to his undoing.

"The only thing I can think of, sir," said Baker, sympathetically, "is to walk along with us over to Curry's ranch and git a horse. You can ride to Sterling

They all said they were sorry. And they sighed. But the glint in their eyes and a certain catch in the sigh, were not particularly expressive of sorrow. And they all looked in the direction the pack had disappeared.

"Well, I must be movin' if I want to save payin' that twelve hundred dollars that I haven't got and never had," observed Baker, running his fingers through his hair, and settling his cap on his head as if he expected to encounter any number of breezes. "Comin' along, Kearns?"

"Don't care 'f I do. Billy here won't go to no ranch since Beck's held a shotgun at him," humorously. "So I guess he'll stay and hold the engine down. Jeffs, I guess you'll come?" The conductor



"Here, drink to the health of Sis and Tom."

and catch the accommodation down to Brush, and the U. P. from there to Holdredge—if you've luck. It'll put you into Holdredge about——"

"To-morrow night—g'lang, you're jollying the gentleman," growled Jeffs. "We kin do better'n that ourselves."

Rathbun ground his teeth. "You must know something—you men!"

The crew shook their heads. "You see, sir," volunteered Jeffs, "this here branch isn't must use, only to hold onto the franchise. Only make three trips to Cheyenne in a week; and if anythin' happens, no provision for repairin' nearer'n hundred and six miles, ten of it by foot to the nearest ranch. Sorry!"

grinned. "You, Mr. Rathbun?"

The passenger took a step forward, hesitated, then, with a muttered explosion that sounded decidedly profane, turned on his heel and sought the shelter of the car from the hot sun.

The others started off toward the Curry ranch, breaking into the loping walk of the Western ranchman when they were well away from the track. The hounds and their quarry were long ago out of sight, "goin' due south for the Gulf of Mexico, if they don't stop over in Denver," Baker observed gloomily.

"Swim, Baker?" Jeffs inquired.

The messenger shook his head.

"Then they'll sure get away from you.

Maybe cross to Panama. But you kin get *there* by railroad, can't you?" Jeffs finished in a shout of laughter.

But they seemed to have other food for amusement, for every now and again one would break out into a shout of mirth brought to a sudden period by a thump on the back from Baker, and an admonition that they were not out of sight of the cars yet, "no, nor hearin', neither," in that hot, solemn air.

It was four o'clock before, turning a spur of the mountain, they reached the Curry ranch, where, after a brief explanation, they obtained three horses and set out on a smart gallop over the mesa on the track of the pack, taking a good bird dog and a Curry hopeful with them. In about an hour they came up with an abandoned camp under some trees by a little brook in the side of the canyon. Here were the hounds—one, full of good mountain water and venison, already fast asleep; the two others still lazily nibbling some bones. What execution they had done to the pack was not evident, but they seemed nothing loth to accompany Baker back, though their leash was in shreds. They trotted amiably after the group of horses (though the Curry hopeful had to lift the bird dog to his saddle, the hounds presently disagreeing with him as to some technical point in coyote hunting, doubtless,) to the ranch, where was a small blacksmith shop. There went the engineer, while the others secured lunch for the party, to be eaten en route out of courtesy for Mr. Rathbun, who now seemed to inspire their pity.

Shouts of laughter came from the smithy, and Kearns had to be called several times before the party set off again for the train, all eating voraciously, and the Curry hopeful entertaining with songs and jokes. for the sun was slanting, and it was a bit cooler. As they came in sight of the track, Baker took out his watch and observed: "Shucks! 7 p. m. We'll sure be too late for the wedding. Get up there."

There was a shout of mirth, the hopeful's loudest of all. Everybody clucked to his horse, and they came up to the train on a quick gallop. Mr. Rathbun

looked out and saw his hounds bundled into the baggage car, and then drew in again and sat and sulked as he listened to the strident sounds of hammering iron, and the good-byes as the hopeful set off for the ranch with the horses. Billy, unsocial from disappointed love, had crawled into the baggage car and taken a long nap, and the fires were practically out, which required a requisition on the pile of ties at the roadside for fuel. Still, in a marvelously short space of time, all considered, the train threw off its lethargy and spun across the mesa into the red sunset, while the conductor sat in the baggage car and made up his report. They would only be five hours late, which was nothing in Western experience. Leading expresses came into Denver every day as late or later.

Two days later, as the Cheyenne special pulled in at the usual 8 a. m., and Baker jumped from the baggage car, a silver-banded sombrero popped up from nowhere in particular, and a grinning youth greeted him cordially: "How's Pop? The wire says the weddin' was on time and no relatives present. Say, I've been over to Curry's—ha—ha!"

Baker faintly smiled and ran his fingers through his hair.

Sunday following, as he joined his car at Holdredge, he handed each of the crew a package with a brief, "Didn't forget none of us." And "after things were going," the conductor in the baggage car with Baker, and Billy in the cab with Kearns, each opened his package, and found therein a box tied with white satin ribbon containing a big piece of wedding cake and a fifty dollar gold piece.

It was a year later that Baker ran into Mr. Rathbun on an entirely different run down to Denver. Before he knew him, the old gentleman shook his fist under his nose, crying: "I know you, and I know your plot, and the part you made my hounds play at Cheyenne last year, damn you! If that scalawag hadn't turned out passable, and they hadn't named the baby after me, don't you think you'd be up at Canyon City for conspiracy or something!" But his eyes twinkled, and he gave Baker a choice Havana.



Woman's club house, Butte, Mont.

Work of Woman's Relief Committee of Butte for San Francisco

By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

THE news of the terrible earthquake, supplemented by the alarum, "San Francisco is burning!" beat through my head, a pulse of horror. All over-wrought with excitement and grief, I fled to my little sanctum, and there in the sweet silence, I sat down and began to write some lines. Then it struck my sense of the ridiculous—this making of rhymes when a city was threatened with destruction and a multitude of people—aye, and not strangers, but "mine own people"—were homeless in the ruined streets. I must help them materially. I would go and beg and send my offering to them. In half an hour I was out, formulating plans as I walked. I would get women to join me, and we would form ourselves into what I spontaneously called a relief corps. From house to house I darted, interesting a worker here, stopping some

friend on the sidewalk, hailing another there, and urging all to come and help in the name of Humanity.

Before noon I had a treasurer of ability and enthusiasm; I had visited schools, stores and enlisted other aid; the whole afternoon I spent with one of my newly-found helpers canvassing the shops. We asked for anything; a nickel was as welcome as a five dollar gold piece. Our object was to collect small contributions from women, children, clerks and poor people who might hesitate to give their mite and have it proclaimed upon the public city list, when, perhaps, John Doe's name, just above, was coupled with three fat numerals.

I have often wondered how beggars feel who go about soliciting alms, and that afternoon I found out. Nothing short of devotion to San Francisco and a compelling desire to do my little to

alleviate the misery of her children could ever had made me walk up to strange men and beg. As a rule they were kind, polite and generous, but one austere, gray-haired person waived us out with a frigid refusal, and another heavy, ox-eyed boy said in reply to our request:

"Well, I figure it out this way. It keeps me hustlin' to earn my own living."

We answered that we wanted no unwilling pennies, and passed on. These were the only two instances of stinginess, and they were more than off-set by three examples of conspicuous generosity. One of these was a little girl who denied herself her pocket-money, and after two weeks of saving sent us fifty cents—her all. The second was a servant girl who contributed four dollars out of her month's earnings, besides having given five dollars to another fund for the same purpose. The third was the cashier in one of the big down-town stores, who sits, pale-faced but cheerful at her little window, telling our change from early morning until night. She beckoned to me as I stood before the counter and pressed into my hand a silver dollar.

"I wish it was more," she said, "but it's all I can spare. I sit here every day to support myself and five little children."

"It will buy ten loaves of bread," I answered, and certainly it seemed a greater sum to me than the one hundred dollar bill given by one of the rich men of the town.

The kindly press took up the matter of our labors, and the next morning there were notices of the prompt action of the Women's Relief Corps. I was reading them with a warm sense of gratitude and a fraternal feeling for the world in general, as I supped my coffee and ate my toast at the breakfast table. I was interrupted by a strident female voice at the front door, inquiring for me. Some worthy soul who had come to contribute to the fund, I said to myself, as I dropped papers and breakfast and hurried into the library, where she sat enthroned on an old mahogany davenport, upholstered in horse-hair, a fit setting for the very rigid and severe face which confronted me. The commonplaces of an introduction over, she lowered her

voice, got me to confess that I was responsible for the relief corps, then demanded:

"Do you know that you have taken the name of another organization, and that name is *our'n*?"

This, then, was the drift of things. I braced myself for the fray.

"I know nothing whatever about it," I answered, "and I care less."

The dragon glowered, and so did I.

"A committee will wait upon you," she declared.

"Very well," said I, "but meantime you go to your committee and tell its members I think they are engaged in a very small quibble, and it makes me indignant that a few women cannot be permitted to work in the cause of common humanity without this absurd unpleasantness over a name."

"You see," she said, "the papers have come out and said the Women's Relief Corps is soliciting for San Francisco, and people might think it was us."

That was the last straw.

"Madam," I said, rising, "go to your committee and tell them it would be far more distasteful to me to be confused with you and yours, than it could possibly be for you to be confused with me and mine. I will change the name of my little association—I will go to any trouble or pains to avert such a contingency."

I bowed her out, noting with satisfaction that she was flustered, and so began and ended the only passage-at-arms of the whole period of our activity. The one result of the incident was that henceforth we were the Women's Relief Committee.

When we met together to report what had been accomplished and discuss future plans, we were twenty, and each brought the result of her efforts. A heap of silver and gold lay piled on the desk of the treasurer. The largest individual contribution was one hundred dollars, the smallest ten cents; all told, it surpassed my fondest hopes. This much done, we were confronted with the problem with what to do with the funds; whether to send cash or supplies. We began to hear the actual want was for food and clothing, and that temporarily money was of little value, since there was nothing to

buy. We were also informed that men, rather than women and children, were suffering, so we shipped a case of men's underwear, shirts, caps, hats, socks, corduroy trousers and even handkerchiefs. Next followed a box of hospital supplies—cotton, gauze, Castile soap, disinfectants, and all of the other articles mentioned by the Red Cross bulletin. Then followed half a hundred hot water bottles, cases of shoes, women's and children's wear, and every article of warm clothing that seemed to us to be practical.

Originally, we had no thought of soliciting contributions of clothing, but they began to pour in, or rather we were kept busy answering telephone calls from people who were anxious to give, but not to deliver, their bundles. This led to a new problem; we must have a store room for such supplies. The Women's Club gave us quarters in its handsome building, and fifty dollars besides, an act of generosity more appreciated, perhaps, because at that time I was not a member.

We received these contributions every afternoon, one of the committee staying at the club house to take charge. Of the material sent most was in excellent condition, much was new, and a little entirely worthless. A bussel formed the nucleus of one bundle; another contained a pair of dilapidated, rib-worn corsets, and somewhere we found a cast-off bathing suit. These served their purpose, however, for they lightened the hard labor of packing with many a hearty laugh.

As is always the case, public enthusiasm waned with the first cheering reports. It is only fair to say that the whole nation had been heroically generous, and in many instances individuals who could not afford to spare an extra cent made the sacrifices to aid those in whom they had no interest, save that all-pervading human spirit of fellowship and brotherly love, which such calamities always call to life. And however dire the misfortune may be, however far-reaching in its destruction, it is surely not without its beneficent influence upon the nature of mankind. The gradual decrease of voluntary contributions made it necessary to find other means of raising money, for the calls of want kept coming from the West, and our work

was not yet done. Various projects were discussed, and the result was, we decided to give a tea, the Womens' Club once more coming to the front and lending the whole of its house for the occasion. Columbia Gardens, Butte's pleasure ground, sent a wagonload of flowers, which were sufficient to transform the big rooms into bowers of green and bloom; cakes by the dozen and huge boxes of sandwiches were contributed, and singers and musicians offered their services. At three o'clock of the day set, all was ready, and our anxious eyes scanned the lowering sky. At intervals spiteful little gusts of snow rattled on the window panes, and the wind whistled shrilly, but the guests—and the whole town was invited impartially—began to arrive. Faster and faster they came, thicker and thicker grew the crowd, louder and louder the cheering clink of coin striking the tray as departing ones left their token.

It was part of my duty, as well as that of each member of the committee, to greet every stranger who came within our gate, and to infuse into her heart such enthusiasm that she would leave an extra quarter in the "hat," as we nicknamed the money tray. I noticed a strange, black-eyed woman standing apart and alone, so I went over and said everything I could think of to make her feel at home. She was responsive in a cast-iron, German-accented way, and she said:

"I am Mrs. Kneipenschnitzenheimer."

That was not exactly the name, but it is near enough for all purposes, and it was almost my downfall, as I entangled my tongue in its vowels and consonants, in a vain and spluttering attempt to introduce her.

"You haf not der great musitschen here," she said.

I did not know who he was, but I expressed a desire for him, and much telephoning followed by Mrs. K——, and the air was filled with rumors of how some marvelous celebrity, who had dropped down on Butte for a brief hour of triumph, was coming to play. He arrived, finally, a long-haired individual, with an oily smile, and eyes that rolled around in his head like marbles. He was piloted in by an adoring woman,

who shone in reflected glory, and we lined up and met him, I, for one, wondering what it was all about. Then the treasurer, energetic, busy little soul that she was, asked him to play, and he spread out his long hands, palm downward, and shook his flowing locks. He could not possibly play, he said. Some begged, but the imperturbable Great One said, "No." A frustrated lady rushed up to me and said:

"*You* coax him."

But I answered no as energetically as the Great One himself, and so he ate his cake, drank his tea and went his way, let us trust, rejoicing. The simpler music of willing hands and blithe voices was sweeter to me than his could have been, and no one missed his note from the volume of harmony that pulsed through the crowded hall during the whole afternoon.

Society came out in full force, but I think we really were happiest to see the baker's wife and her little girl from the shop on the hill. They came and stayed the entire time, sitting bolt upright, side by side, in two uncomfortable chairs far back in the corner. I was afraid they would be lonely, so I went over every chance I had and talked with them, but they seemed perfectly happy, and judging the child's contentment by the cookies she consumed, she must have reached the climax of infantile bliss.

Each one of us had been working like Trojans, and at last I slipped out to the kitchen to help myself to some much-needed refreshments, when I bumped into the treasurer and our eyes met. The hum of many voices reached us, and a distant echo of music. I put my hands on her shoulders and she put hers on mine.

"It's a success," we said simultaneously. And so it was.

A book agent had entered unawares, and as one of the committee extended to her the warm grip of welcome, she produced a fierce prospectus filled with blood-curdling pictures of corpses, ruin and fire, and said:

"I'm taking orders for the only authentic account of the San Francisco disaster, and I should like to solicit subscriptions among the ladies."

Of course, permission was denied her,

and she disappeared as she had come.

Our funds were increased past our expectations, and besides the actual financial benefit, we had seen the thing through and given everybody a good time.

Before the tea still another phase of a complicated condition confronted us—the refugees. Butte seemed to be a favorite dumping ground of the railways, and in many cases unfortunates were put off here without means or clothing. The city fund could not be drawn upon to help them, for it was destined for San Francisco itself, so it fell to our lot to provide for them. Therefore we decided to devote at least a part of the receipts from the entertainment to keep them from actual want. Among them were some pitiful cases—one a man whose hands were badly burned; another a Hebrew woman whose husband had been killed in the catastrophe. There were also many frauds. A party of four came in together, one woman and three men. One of the men was offered work for six days at five dollars per day. He declined, saying he didn't want to "bust up" the crowd.

A woman applied for aid who had never worked and did not care to, and who objected to wearing any of the garments we offered her. She wanted money to support her elegant leisure.

We helped at least a dozen to their several destinations, and provided them with food and clothes. Out of the money that was left, we sent one hundred dollars to the finance committee in San Francisco, and another box, this time of women's stockings and underwear, in response to an appeal from one of the ladies at the Fort Mason station.

Altogether, we sent away in cash and supplies of various kinds more than one thousand dollars, and there is still money in the treasury to be expended as it is needed. The active work is done, but so long as there is a cry of want it shall be answered, and as the committee itself was of choice democratic—Catholic, Protestant and Jew having been represented—so was its aim to alleviate the sufferings of rich and poor, of Chinaman and white, knowing no creed nor caste, and working in the name of the great, unclassified Humanity.

The Veil of Illusion

By Donald Kennicott

THE friends of Curtis Malveson were greatly surprised, when at his graduation from the university he entered the service of a large manufacturing company, instead of seeking distinction in the less lucrative profession for which he had seemed so well qualified. Five years afterward, even his intimates were astonished when they learned that almost on the eve of his reception into partnership, he had resigned his position without explanation, and had altogether disappeared.

A few days later, when the long, south-bound train of the Mexican Central came to a stop by the little adobe station at Coloapas, Malveson appeared on the platform of the Pullman, and looked out over the sleepy, palm-shaded city. The drowsy murmur of the wind in the trees and the sound of the distant river, were broken only by the monotonous, sing-song call of an aged fruit peddler, who walked slowly along under the car windows with a tray on his head. A girl with an enormous basket of flowers followed, and she laughed and handed up her entire treasure in exchange for the coin that Malveson tossed to her. There seemed to be only natives about, and he reflected that this place would do as well as any other—just such a place, indeed, as he had dreamed of. He swung down to the ground, ordered his trunks put off after him, and walked slowly up the crooked street toward the plaza. He would find quarters somewhere and allow himself to rest and to sleep for a time, and to forget.

In the plaza he was somewhat disappointed to receive a hearty greeting in English from a red-faced old man with white whiskers, who emerged from under an awning and in one alcoholic breath introduced himself as the United States consul, announced that supper would be ready in about an hour, and advised him to come in out of the sun. He suffered himself to be led through a passage into the patio of a big, century-old adobe, and there presented to a slender, light-haired young man, of a serious and innocent face, who had been leaning back in a long

wicker chair and smoking cigarettes from the pile on the chair arm.

"This," said the consul, "is Mr. Richard Cahill."

Mr. Richard Cahill raised his eyebrows delicately and said in steady monotone that he was very glad to see the newcomer. At dinner, during which he smoked continuously, he also said that in his opinion the rains would break very soon now, and that Josefa's cooking was getting very bad indeed. The meal was served on the wide balcony by the Josefa of whom Cahill spoke, a fat Indian girl with bare feet and frank manners. When the coffee had been brought in, Cahill departed, groaning, to hunt up a third member of the household, who had been missing for a day or so. It had happened before, they explained casually, but still it made them anxious. Cigars were produced and the two smoked for a time in silence, Melveson contentedly watching the slowly swaying shadow of a fan-palm, and the consul observing his guest covertly. He was accustomed to classify the various types of stragglers that drifted into Coloapas by the cause of their downfall. The countenance of this one seemed neither flushed nor sallow, but of a healthy pallor; it was therefore neither drink nor drugs. His manner had nothing of bravado or furtiveness; he was therefore not one of the gentle race of forgers. By process of elimination, then, it was a woman. That was the largest class, at any rate.

"I don't know that I've told you that my name is MacIlhenny," the old man said, finally, in a slow, expressionless voice, after he had started his second cigar and taken his fifth whiskey—"Clifford MacIlhenny—not that it's important, only it's convenient to know. And I want to tell you that we're mighty glad to have you come—some one new, you know—even if you ain't going to stay but a month. There was a German drummer come along here in February, but he wasn't much good and didn't stay but a week, anyway; and you won't stay here for a month—people never do. They

either get out pretty damned quick or else they don't go for a mighty long time."

Malveson looked up and smiled in acknowledgment, but made no comment, and the gates of speech being loosened, the consul went on with a transient flicker of enthusiasm, to expound the joys of expatriate life.

"Sometimes we can play whist now, can't we? It will be a whole lot better; three-handed games aren't ever any good, and it's mostly too hot for chess. You see there have always been three of us here—myself and two others. Just now it's Cahill and Gus Farley—real names. Before Gus, it was Johnny Dow, and before him there was O'Bannon, the forger man. Johnny Dow was one of the Rough Riders, and he was a mighty good fellow, too, only he wouldn't ever talk any except when he was prettv well loaded up with tequila. Then he'd tell all about the charge up San Juan, until you lay awake remembering it, and he'd scare Josefa half to death with breaking up the dishes—one by one. He's gone down to Columbia now. Dicky Cahill here is a good deal like him. He come down quite a while ago to run the new electric light plant they put in, and after the company broke up he stayed anyway. It was him that got up the new drink we have got—about a month ago it was. And h's taught old Antonio how to make it, and we've given it a name. 'Cosa Caliente,' we call it; perhaps we'll go over to Las Dos Banderas after a while, and then I'll show you."

The old man's voice drifted off into a silence that lasted for a long time, and then he went on in a dull, lifeless way:

"Oh, yes, Dicky's all right. I reckon he'll be back pretty soon now. Most likely he'll find Gus asleep in the back room of a sort of Dago place he goes to. You mustn't be too hard on him—Farley, I mean. He'll go under pretty soon now, I guess—he drinks so. He used to be an artist, and came down here to do landscapes, he said, but he don't ever paint much of any—just drinks and sulks. Some woman back in the States, I reckon. He's a good sort, though. He's got a tame squirrel that he keeps out in the patio in the shade, and a big old *guacamayo* parrot that's a jim-dandy. Up

and down the floor it'll march, lifting its legs solemn as a drum-major, and holler-ing back just like a person when you tease it. Josefa hates it, though, because it'll watch its chance and then sneak up behind her and claw at her legs, so as to hear her screech.

"But it's not so bad here after you get used to it. You'll like it all right, I reckon. Thursdays the band plays, and we all go and walk around the plaza and watch the girls. And then there's *tandas* on at the opera house sometimes, and on Sundays there's bull-fights. I used to be great on bull-fights—knew all about the men, same as you do about prize-fighters at home, but I've sort of gotten out of the way of it now. We don't ever get up very early in the morning. After breakfast I go down and get the papers from the Ciudad, and talk with old Anton for a while, and then I come home and fix up the accounts all straight with Josefa; she steals a good deal, I guess, but you get to like her stuff after a while, and I'd hate to fire her anyway. After dinner we all take a siesta the same as the Mexicans, and then we go watch the train come in. And in the evening, sometimes we walk out to the top of the canyon and sit where we can look down and watch the lanterns of the fish-peddlers coming through the trees up the trail from the river. You can just see the lights way off down there through the haze—nothing else anywhere; and it's cool and so still you can hear the noise of the river at the bottom of the canyon—two thousand feet down, they say it is. But usually we just go over to Las Dos Banderas and play dominoes and listen to the talk. Always, just before we go home, Gus shouts over to Anton, and says: 'Tonio! *tres!*' And old Anton grins and mixes them up with the green stuff on top, and then we all drink them together and go home to bed. Lord, no, it's none so bad, if there's nothing to take you away."

The consul knew whereof he spoke. Malveson stayed for a week, and then a month; and when the year had passed, all desire of departure had slipped away with it. There was, indeed, no reason why he should go elsewhere. "Back in the States," when he had had something to work for, he had acquired enough to

give him the income which now allowed him to do as he chose. It pleased him best to dream away the long days; to lie in his hammock all morning and watch the burro trains come in from the mountains; to doze during the long, hot afternoons in the shade of a disreputable palm near the leaky little fountain in the patio; and in the evening to go out to the top of the canyon and watch the lanterns of the fish-peddlers coming along the winding trail through the trees from the river below.

There was a niche in the wall of his room where former dwellers had kept a crucifix, or perhaps some plaster image of a saint. Here Malveson placed a photograph of the Woman—the woman for whom he had given over his chosen career that he might acquire a sufficient fortune to make him her social equal; for whom he labored with the passionate devotion of a zealot; and who had cast him aside almost in the hour of his success. His courage had forsaken him, and he had fled away from the world he had known, but his devotion was in no wise diminished. Sometimes at night he would shut himself up in his room and then, lighting the candle in the little socket before the niche, would do reverence at his shrine, burning incense of much tobacco, while a dozen giddy little yucca moths would flutter through the open window and dance gayly about the candle flame. The portrait thereby illumined was of a woman almost worthy of worship—a regal head, with a dark wave of hair curving low on a forehead whose shadow seemed only to augment the glory of the fine, wide eyes. Yet the man lying in the chair before it, looked most at the mouth—the line of the lips almost level in the picture, with a little deepening at the corners that brought back to him the thousand subtle shadings of mood to which they would respond. Very soon some infatuated moth would put out the candle, but that was no great matter; he could see her only too clearly without it, and the immolation of the moth served to remind him of a line from Shelley concerning the desire of a moth for a star, which he thought very fine and fitting, and would repeat to himself with a degree of satisfaction. Indeed, after a time he gave

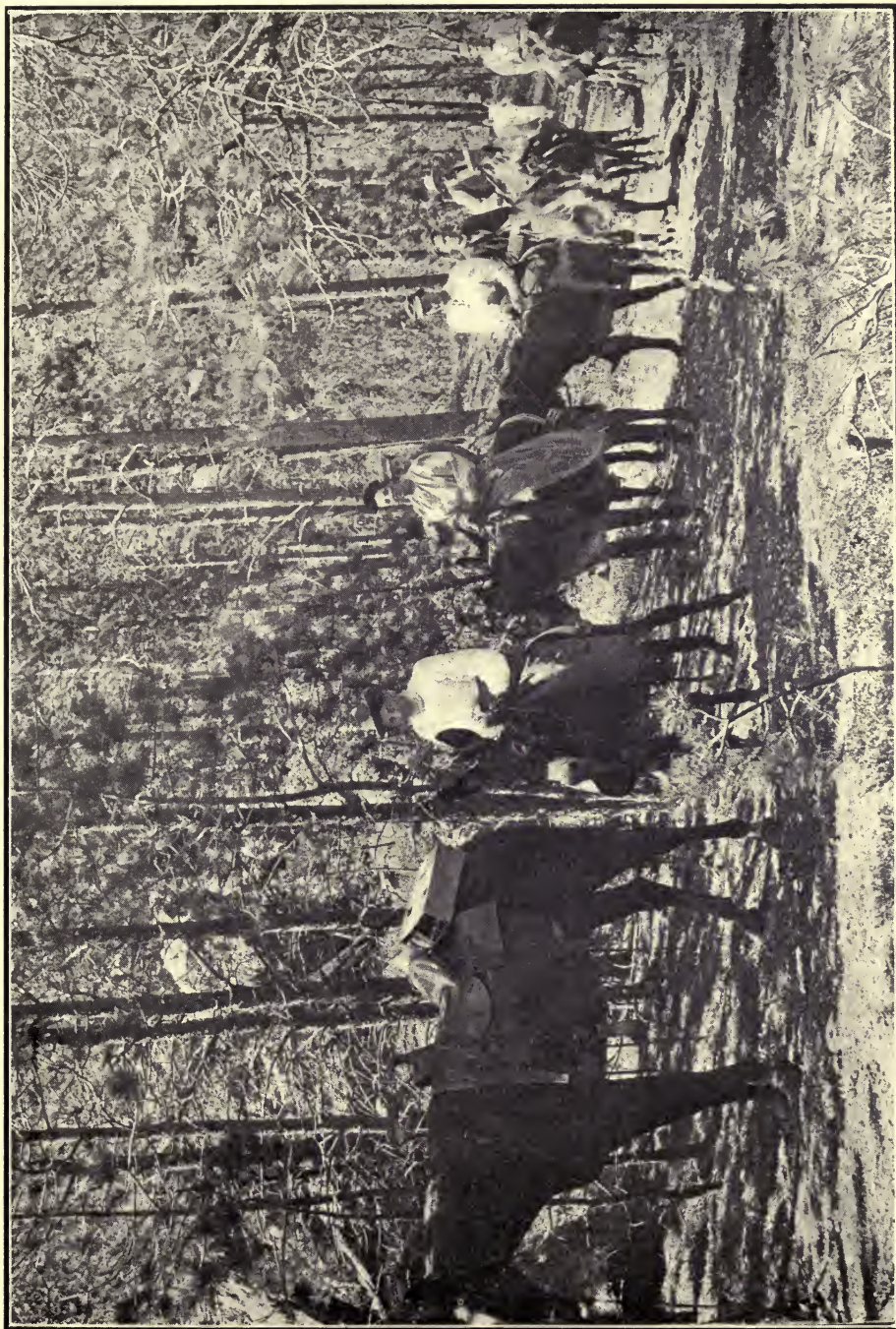
over his formal service altogether. He found it best, after all, merely to lie back on the long cane chair in the darkness of his room, where he could bring her image to mind in whatever guise he chose. She would speak to him sometimes then, and the dream would be very nearly true. Late in the evening, he would stumble somewhat sleepily off to bed, repeating defiantly to himself Dowson's "Cynara":

"And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea I was desolate and hung my head—
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in
my fashion."

No doubt he behaved very foolishly, but his folly was no uncommon one. The good fortune which later befell him is less often met with.

It was over three years after his arrival at Coloapas that Malveson, clad daintily in dirty pink pajamas, sat one afternoon in the shadow of the pulque stand near the railway station, and looked listlessly down the sun-distorted line of rails at the approaching smoke of the locomotive. The long wail of a whistle came presently, and as the train pulled in, a little crowd of women with flowers, and beggars with sores, and men with trays of cinnamon flavored sweetmeats gathered about the cars with strident cries. At the rear of the train was attached the special car of the annual "Personally-Conducted Tours of the Sister Republic," and Malveson observed with a faint quaver of interest that it was being uncoupled and shunted onto the siding. A last frantic clamor from the beggars at the car windows, and the train moved away, leaving behind an anxious little band of tourists, herded by the Personal Conductor into a compact group in the shade of their be-bannered car.

Within five minutes this little flock was being shepherded across the tracks and past the pulque stand to the street that leads into the plaza, for they must before nightfall take in the Cathedral de la Purissima Concepcion, the Palacio Municipal, the statue of the Liberator and the fish market, in order that they might be free the next day to journey



“The journey on mule-back to see the ruins of the Coloapalan temple.”

on mule-back to see the ruins of the Coloapalan temple, the falls of the Rio Ondo and the Great Stone Idol of Coloapas—and get back to their car in time to be attached to the evening train and whirled southward to the sight of new wonders. At first, as they trooped by him, Malveson watched them with entire indifference; then he started suddenly to his feet, staring with wide eyes. He dropped quickly back into the shadow, pulling his hat down over his face; but there was no need, for the woman who had roused him was looking neither to right nor left, but clinging wearily to the arm of her husband and complaining ceaselessly of the heat, the dust, and the noisomely importunate beggars.

Malveson waited until the group had turned a corner, and then hurried by a side street to his room, where he shaved and clothed himself in such civilized garb as he could find. He stole out of the house to the plaza, and waited there until he saw the band of sight-seers come down the steps of the Palacio and proceed up the Avenida to the cathedral. At a safe distance he followed, and entering the ancient building by a little door in the massive gate, took up a position by a great granite pillar opposite the shrine of Santa Ines, whence he could watch the visitors as they were shown about.

The noisy scrape of their footsteps, the raucously uplifted voice of the guide, and the hum of their comment echoed stridently down the great dim aisle, and seemed to Malveson the great profanation that it was. For even Dicky Cahill, who referred to his Creator as "an uncommonly secretive chap," would doff his hat when he passed by that edifice—built over three hundred years before on the old Coloapalan hill of sacrifice, by the ten-years' labor of the missionary priests and their native converts. It had been twice stained deeply with the blood of massacre; its sombre chapel had been the last refuge of beaten patriots, and the little crypt beneath the main altar, the hiding place of a hunted leader of revolution; the stones of the floor were worn deep by the feet of reverent multitudes in curious pathways between door and shrine and altar. The presence of the Woman in that vulgar company of idle

curiosity seekers, seemed to Malveson a strange thing, also, but he must see her face, and he waited anxiously while the visitors made the circuit of the curiously adorned walls. They had turned from their inspection of the great south altar, and were coming toward him along the east aisle, when the door opened and a native girl stole in, carrying a mimosa in an earthenware pot. Awe-stricken by the grandeur of the place, she crept timidly to the shrine of Santa Ines, and kneeling, placed the sensitive plant before her. Then, with a pitiful confusion of pagan and Christian ceremony, she touched the leaves one by one, the while making her supplication to Santa Ines that even as the tender leaves of the mimosa closed at her touch, so she might be given strength to close her heart to the importunities of her lover.

The tourists came at last to the image of Santa Ines, and the girl on her knees before it shrank frightened into the shadow. The guide finished his long harrangue, and held open the door that his flock might pass out; and there, standing in the bar of daylight, Malveson saw the woman clearly, and there it was that the veil of illusion dropped away. She was handsomely gowned, and had not grown old or unlovely, but as she stood looking back with a smile of half-contemptuous curiosity at the girl by the shrine, there came to pass what her ill-treatment of him had failed to accomplish. The eyes which had seemed to him wells of great light had grown bleak and meaningless; the lips whose kiss would have once been worth the balance of the world, were become barren of any allurements; all in a moment she had become less to him than that poor Indian girl, who could pray before her shrine.

She turned to follow her chattering companions, and Malveson, careless of further concealment, strode out past her and down the crooked street to his room. There he stood for a moment in front of the mirror, and surveyed himself; he had still long years ahead of him. He dragged out a trunk and began to collect his belongings from about the room. When he came to the niche in the wall, he took down the picture, and without glancing at it, tore it into a number of small pieces and dropped them out of

the window. The wind blew part of these into a puddle of water at the bottom of an irrigating ditch, and the rest were devoured by a wood-peddler's burro.

That night at dinner, when Malveson announced to his compatriots that he was next day to leave them, the consul dropped his fork with a clatter:

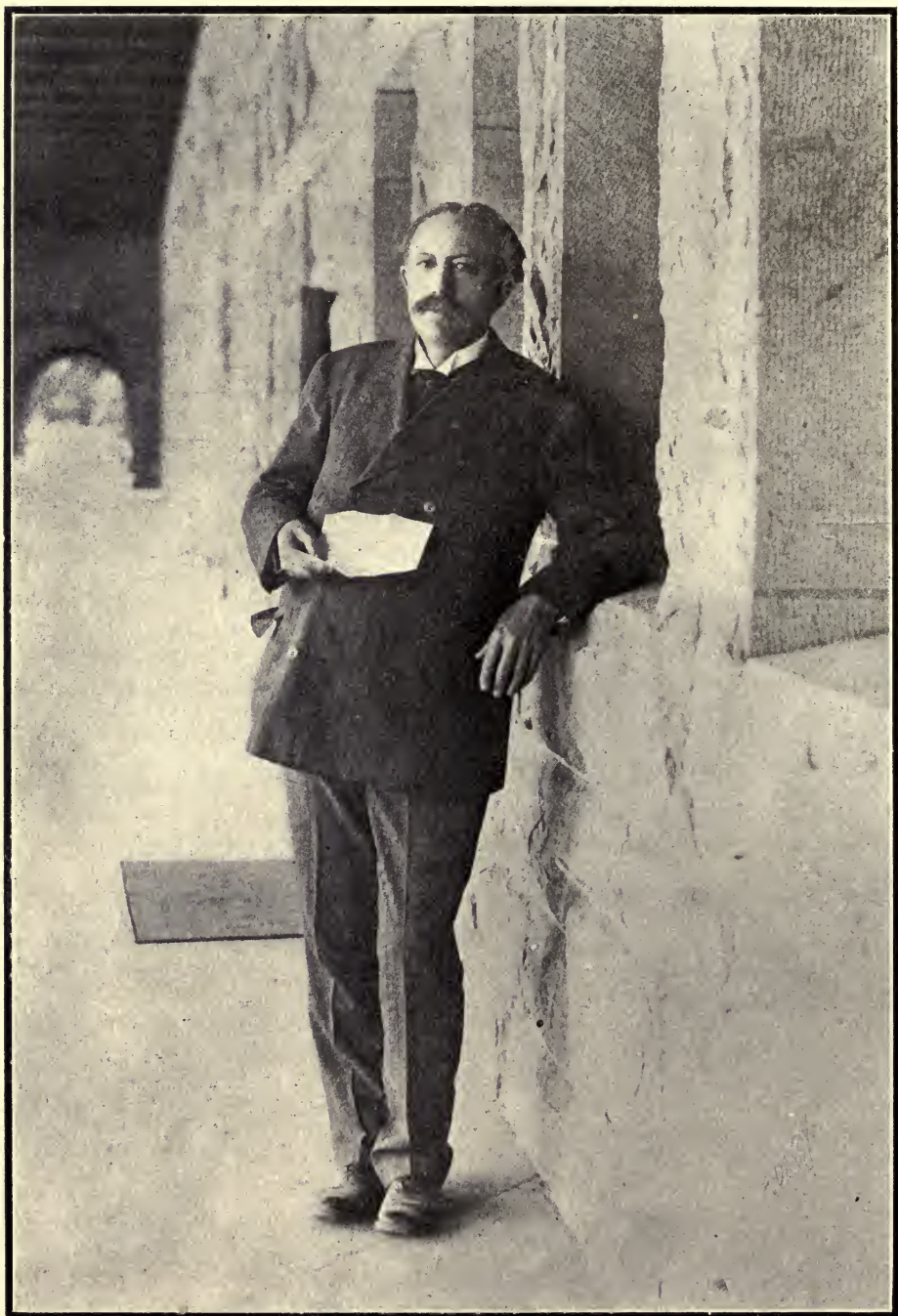
"The devil," he said. "You haven't got any mail lately. And where are you going?"

"Oh, back home, I guess," he answered, "or maybe to Montana. Yes, I guess Montana. I own part of a mine up in that country—and there's apt to be lots doing up there, too." And so he departed without further comment.

To Pleasure

By Charles S. Ross

AND thou didst think because I
 feasted at thy board, drank of thy
 wine, and walked with thee be-
 neath the palms, to hold me bound a cap-
 tive in the chains of Sense! To hold me
 till that day when thou wouldst lead me
 to the cavern deep where dwells thy sis-
 ter, Dark Despair! Aye, call me faith-
 less if thou wilt; full freely I confess that
 all the nights I reveled in thy halls, and
 all the days I courted thee amid the flow-
 ers, I held tryst with the Soul—scarce
 half my heart thou hadst. I own that
 thou wert fair to see, yet ever o'er thy
 shoulder peered a spectre grim—above
 the strains thy golden harps didst sweetly
 play, I heard a moan. Beside the paths
 that led from out thy bowers I beheld the
 skulls of those who served thee all their
 lives; no headstones marked their resting
 beds, and all among the flaunting weeds
 they lay, by sons of men forgot. Some
 dost thou blind, but with clear eyes I saw
 afar, and underneath the stars the great
 Soul guided me. I take my leave of thee
 and thou mayst go thy ways, whilst I
 must answer to the Soul, and to its fair
 white altars bring the offering of an un-
 seared heart.



David Starr Jordan. (Latest photo, by Frank Davey.)

Dr. Jordan and the Future of Stanford

By Henry Meade Bland

“IT is only an incident in the day’s work, and does not change the development of the institution in the slightest degree.” This is the latest word from Dr. Jordan concerning the effect of the earthquake upon the University of which he is the head. It is characteristic of the man—optimistic, intense, determined, abounding in the spirit of the Argonaut who made the school possible in the first place. This is a good omen for the University.

Two elements have entered into the making of Leland Stanford Junior University: the benevolent Governor; and Dr. Jordan and his faculty.

The story of the founding begins in 1868 with the birth of Leland Stanford, Jr. Before that date Governor Stanford’s attention had been chiefly turned towards politics, financial problems, and the building of transcontinental railways; but with the advent of the child his interests took a strongly human turn. This new activity revealed itself in the problem of educating Leland, Jr. The kindergarten nature-stories told by the teacher, Miss Mary Frazer McDonald (now Mrs. David McRoberts) to her children, among them the boy, filtered as a matter of course into the Stanford home and first set the Governor to thinking along scientific and educational lines. This intellectual impetus and the strong friendships with Louis Agassiz, the scientist, and Andrew D. White, president of Cornell University, are to be counted among important factors forming Governor Stanford’s school theories.

The two men, Agassiz and White, contributed fundamentally to the formation of Stanford’s educational ideals. From Agassiz he conceived that the possibilities in growth of scientific knowledge are limitless, and that man’s intellectual hunger to be satisfied by this knowledge is also boundless. Hence he thought out as a practical scheme for education a school based upon the pursuit of science,—one that should lead students straight to the heart of kindly western nature.

The Governor’s own ideas of freedom and democracy led him also to enunciate basic principles of individuality and unlimited choice for students to use in the pursuance of their courses. “The winds of freedom are blowing” was his favorite motto.

The services of the best teachers in Europe and America were sought by the parents in the education of their son Leland. In addition to this instruction he was given every advantage of travel and sightseeing. Andrew D. White speaks of having met and conversed with him in Italy where the youngster was sojourning. This was in 1882, two years before the boy’s death. He is spoken of by Dr. White as “one of the brightest, noblest, and most promising youths.” Leland was exceptionally serious-minded, and ambitious to become a successful student. One bent in his nature was toward science. In one corner of the shattered Museum at the University is a small cabinet containing a number of natural objects collected by him. This collection is a mute evidence of thoughts early nurtured in his mind. His mother said that it was one of his childish ambitions to found a school which might be especially for the training of California boys and girls. It is a pleasing fact that it was the sentiment of a boy that gave California her scientific university. When the parents were plunged into grief by his death it was but natural they should think of building a school. “Henceforth,” said the Senator, “the children of California shall be our children.” And again he says: “A generous education should be the birthright of every man and woman in America”—words now printed upon every official publication of the University.

Leland Stanford went at the work of building the school with the earnestness and frankness which characterized his every effort. He visited the great colleges of Europe and America, and consulted with the best minds of the age in securing plans. Dr. White gives



Panoramic view of the great quadrangle of Stanford University



Leland Stanford, Jr.

Jane Lathrop Stanford.

Leland Stanford.



Mausoleum of Leland Stanford University.

the following interesting account of the beginning of the work: "Early in the formative period of Stanford University Governor and Mrs. Stanford did me the honor to consult me regarding the proposed institution. My first suggestion was the creation of a University at Washington as the center of the nation, and I drew up at some length a general plan for it. To this Governor Stanford replied, as nearly as I can remember, that his son's wish was that something should be done for the advantage especially of

the Pacific Coast, and that therefore a plan for a university in any other part of the country was out of the question. The result of this was that, in sundry conferences afterward, all our discussions had reference to an institution in California."

Dr. White also later played an important role in aiding Senator Stanford to secure the distinguished David Starr Jordan as president of the University. The Senator had offered the presidency to Dr. White, then the executive officer of Cornell, New York. President White



Interior quadrangle Stanford University.

Photo, J. O. Tucker, San Jose

informed the Governor that he had grown weary of the work of administration but would accept on condition that one of his students, naming Dr. Jordan, be made vice-president, and put in charge of executive work.

"Why not make this young man president?" suggested the Senator.

The up shot of the matter was that Mr.

the selection of David Starr Jordan as president of the California School.

Dr. Jordan was fitted both by instinct and training to undertake the work outlined by Senator Stanford. Himself a specialist in science, he had sat at the feet of Agassiz, and was full of the lore and wisdom of Huxley and Darwin. He was wholly in sympathy with Stanford's



The Memorial Church, erected in honor of Leland Stanford, Jr.

Stanford proceeded directly to the University of Indiana, of which Dr. Jordan was then the head, for an interview, Dr. White having in the meantime by telegram urged the young specialist in fishes not to decline any California offer that might come to him without first consulting Dr. White. The outcome was

propositions of early specialization and of teaching young men success in life. "The training which does not disclose the secret of power is not worthy of the name of education" was his basal rule.

In selecting his first faculty, Dr. Jordan adhered to a fundamental principle. He chose young men who gave rich

promise of fruitful scholastic lives, who had their names yet to make in the world of science and letters. These were selected with a view to permitting them to do their great work while in the service of the University; thus ensuring strong

of the west were, however, present in force.

Once having decided to build a school it was no small task to transfer thirty millions of wealth, intact, to a Board of Trustees, in a way to insure for all time



The altar--- Memorial Church.

intellectual traditions for the school. Strange to say, among those who came that first year, Harvard had no representative, Yale but one and Princeton but one. The alumni of the younger colleges

a use for its given purpose. There was but one way to begin—to invoke the aid of the State of California. Here Mr. Stanford's experience as a law-maker came into good play.

It was with his own hand that he drew the law passed by the California legislature in 1885 which made general provision for such gifts as he proposed to make. The "Grant of Endowment" was drawn too by him with clear-headed care. The selection of a board of trustees was another difficult task, but performed with unerring skill. From the venerable sea-captain Charles Goodall to Judge Sawyer they were men worthy of the trust.

Governor Stanford's educational ideas and Dr. Jordan's plans for carrying them out dove-tailed apparently to perfection. There was to be full democracy of studies. Greek or Latin was to have no advantage in the curriculum over Civil

ter, the first year showed an attendance of five hundred and fifty with a strong group of graduate students. There has been a gradual increase in attendance to the present year when fifteen hundred strenuous-minded men and women from all parts of the globe thronged its Romanesque-Mission corridors.

There are now approximately one hundred and forty-five in the faculty and many of the members rank high in the domain of science and letters. There are strong departments in literature, law, the sciences, art, the languages, and engineering.

No more beautiful location for a school than Palo Alto could have



The arches, quadrangle of Stanford.

Engineering or Chemistry. Every student was encouraged to work from the date of his matriculation upon his chosen vocation. The general aim was effectiveness. The work in applied science was to be carried on "side by side with that in the pure sciences and the humanities," and so far as could be, "all lines of work included in the plan of the University" were to be "equally fostered." It was a recognized principle that, again quoting the president, "The value of knowledge lies in the use we make of it."

Thus untrammelled by tradition the great school was opened. From the first there was a rush to its doors. The regis-

been found by Governor Stanford. Outdoor science can be pursued every day in the year with no discomfort. Just back of the University, in the Coast Range, scarce a half day's walk, lie the ancient forests which come down to us with the spirit of the pleiocene age breathing from every brake and redwood,—to say nothing of the ozone-laden waters of the bay which gently surges at the very foot of the campus.

The entire coloring of the location is Californian, and that which is most Californian in spirit, the famous quadrangle, built in Mission style, survived the earthquake, when more stately



"The Annunciation." One of the windows of the Memorial Church.

buildings crumbled; and remains to body forth for time the soul of early California.

The tragedy of the earthquake of last April centered in the ruin of the Memorial Church—ruin not so great as was at first suspected; for it is in Dr. Jordan's plans to rebuild. But in this ruin is deep tragedy; for in the grace and beauty of the Memorial Church, Mrs. Stanford

blazoned forth all the intensity of love and affection she had for her husband, the late Senator; yet it was all blurred in the splendor of a moment.

The art of the quadrangle culminates in the Memorial Church. This was built by Mrs. Stanford and dedicated in honor of the Governor. No money, no labor was spared to perfect the richness and beauty of its design. The chime of bells, the fresco on the outer front, the organ, the ornamented windows, the statuary, the altar, the profuse richness of the dome, the walls storied and pictured from the drama of Holy Writ—the effect of it all brings one to know that the Leland Stanford Junior University is, taken as a whole, "the finest monument ever dedicated by parents to a child."

It may now be said that the first period of the University has passed. The founders both rest in the simple marble Mausoleum in the Arboretum; hard fought battles of administration have been fairly won; and even the great earthquake has been pregnant with lessons which, when carried out, will better prepare the University to do its work of the coming centuries. And after all, to use President Jordan's words, "it is the soul of men and women and not buildings" that must be sought in the moulding of a school of power. The vision is now of the future.

With reference to the reconstruction of buildings Dr. Jordan says: "Whatever is not earthquake-proof already must be made so—the classrooms this fall. The Church will be rebuilt in due time and essentially along the same lines. The Gymnasium and the Library will be in time rebuilt; but on a different plan and in harmony with the Spanish Mission motif of the Quadrangles. This costs money and money spent in one way cannot be spent in another."

We are assured that, of the University's enormous endowment of thirty millions, the principal is being held intact, and will continue to be so kept; yet the interest and income fund is sufficient to work all out that we are now with great interest looking forward to.

The President's words on the future are striking and satisfying: "Stanford University will not be one of the largest universities, but one of the most intense. It will be a straight-forward, honest, in-

stitution in which exceptional men and women will find exceptional opportunities. It will not undertake all kinds of work, but it will guarantee that what it does will be done by the best men in the best way."

"It will be a democratic institution, as befits one with a serious purpose, which must go directly to the point in whatever it has in hand. The ideals of the past

will guide its future, and its means are ample to see these ideals are fulfilled."

With these words in his ears a member of Stanford's pioneer class may, in coming years, when he visits his "gentle mother," stroll down from Palo Alto through the memory-crowded Arboretum and know in his heart that, while marble and mortar are unstable, the soul of the scholar is there.

Mount Shasta.

Helen Fitzgerald Sanders.

Child of the dark, primeval seas,
Cloaked in the ages' mysteries,
To-day thy kindly bulk doth rise
To face the over-arching skies,
Whence by a Power we do not know
Is wrought thy diadem of snow,
Lord of the Lordly Mountain Range.

In centuries long passed to nought,
Volcanic fires that raved and fought
Have rent and rended thy deep breast,
Where now serenity and rest,
Where conquered Force and conscious Power
Combine to form Time's mighty dower,
Lord of the Lordly Mountain Range.

Keeper of Nature's archives vast,
Into thy awful form is cast
The record of the æons gone;
Though they have passed, thou livest on,
In deep communion with the skies,
While Races fall and Races rise,
Lord of the Lordly Mountain Range.

The heart of Man falls fainting low
Before thy chastened crown of snow;
The clouds trail white along thy crest
Like angel's wings that droop and rest—
A fair embrace in sanction giv'n
Of thy relationship with heav'n—
Lord of the Lordly Mountain Range.

Alone, supreme, a Lord of Lords,
Ruling the sweeping mountain hordes,
Until the earth shall fade away
Unchallenged shalt thou hold thy sway,
Lord of the Lordly Mountain Range.



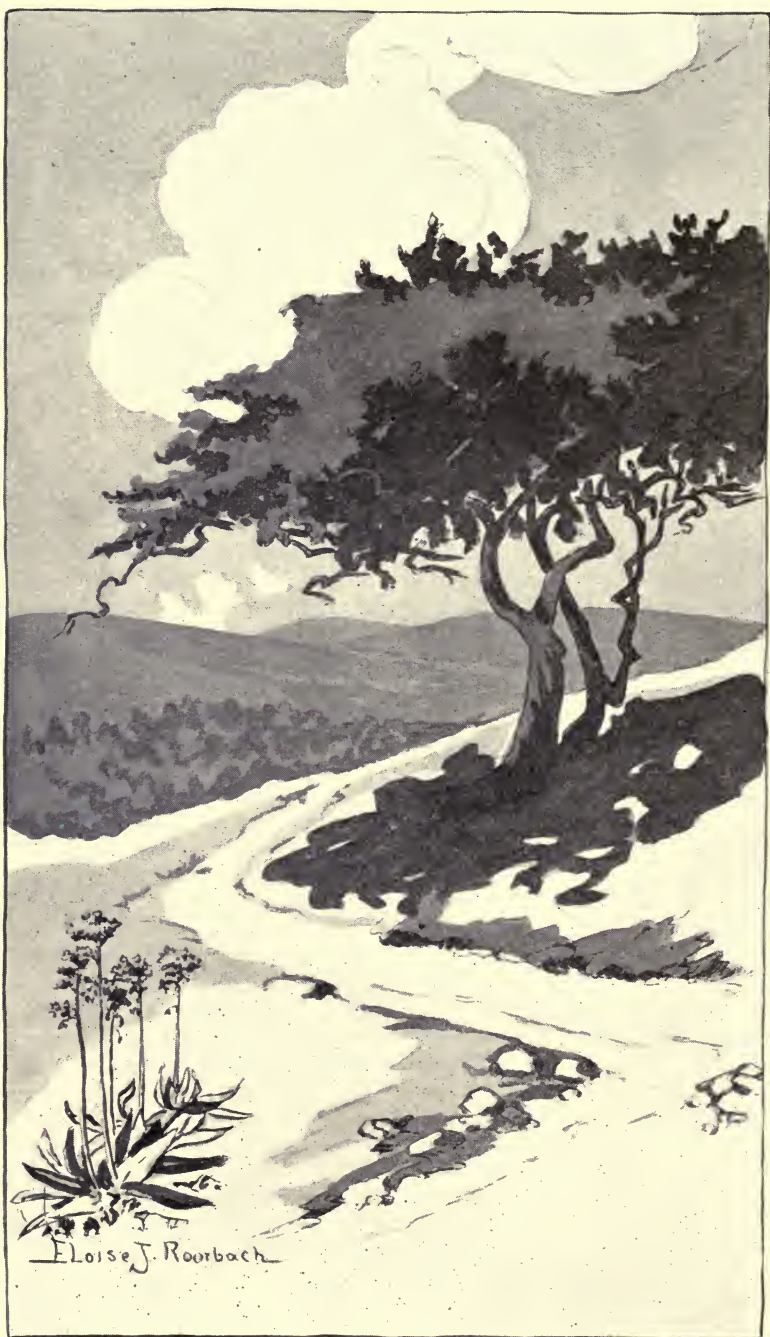
THERE is always something covered in the even expanse of the manzanita thicket. When the young manzanita bushes stand apart, we see easily the openness of the shining, wine red branches, but this simplicity of standing is not long with them; the movement is always to mass together, to intertwine, to hide, to shut out, to live in the world of its own.

Become thoroughly acquainted with this bunched monotone of dun-green and the odd, interesting world of its undergrowth is soon perceived. One of those wonderful, teeming underworlds whose secrets remain unsolved, unsought.

A whimsical shrub it is, virile, prankish. Its matted grip holds stubbornly, tenaciously to the soil; its stiff, vertical-growing leaves are cactus-like in their power to withhold evaporation, in heat scorched places, while under kinder skies it raises its attitude and throws out more supple branches. Many trees and plants adapt themselves readily enough to extremes of climate, to the struggle against great heat or cold, to scanty soil, to wind-harassed exposure; but their changed aspect is mostly out of the normal. We pity these and wish them back in more favorable locations. But never the manzanita. Over precarious, rocky footing it bunches itself securely, on storm-beaten inclines, in rich, deep hollows, or crumbling hillsides, it climbs with the same thick, matted monotone of even, dun-green; undisturbed, always triumphing; composed in any standing.

A masquerader it sometimes is but never a mendicant; it never goes a-begging for the best places; it revels in the opportunity to change and turn and twist, all under the outward, even expanse of woven leaves. With what freakish joy it clings and climbs, stands upright or crouches low. The manzanita lives a life odd in its queer covered posturing; eccentric, vigorous, beautiful, in bark, blossom and leaf.

Late in the Autumn when the yellow of the goldenrod is past, when its ranks droop, dusty, seedy, ragged; when the aster stems are scant in faded purple; when the pale panicked glory of those flowers loved of the wind,—all the waving, plummy grasses—is at its full and feathery height, what new flower is this gleaming red in the chapparal? In an Autumn-painted world, when leaves are flushed, drooping, loosening to their fall the manzanita takes the time to send a fresh scarlet young sprig of leaves, bright above its old foliage, like some tropic flower. Untouched by the Fall's fire haze is this spray of leaves, tight and trim and fresh. The long, burning Summer hours have put on layer upon layer of deepening, changing hues from green to red upon it. From somewhere in the whimsical centre of the manzanita has this tongue of red leaves sprung, asking not the brush of Autumn, but brilliant of itself at first unfolding. We gather it exultingly, striking its blood red spikes among various fluffy, ethereal,



"A whimsical shrub it is, virile, prankish."

neutral-tinted grasses. Can summertime outshow this gathering?

In the days of the New Year, the wet, raw, promising days, the manzanita has a daintier marvel bedecking its grey-green. The woods and the waysides are moist, dripping; the air is earthy-odored, sweet. From the layered infusion of soaked winter leaves a steaming breath arises, mouldy, yet wholesome. The swift rain has whipped out the pungency of the mints and sages, the balsam of the pines is beaten down to our level. What is this sudden-coming, springtime, flower perfume floating elusive past our face? One moment heavy, honey-sweet; the next trailed out thin, lost on the air. The breeze takes it, tosses it, whirls it high, sweeps it down a canon, lets it fall, goes back to it again, lifts it, wafts it before us. Pace it keeps thereafter with our seeking feet. At last we find them, the first pink manzanita blooms, translucent, rain-thinned, drops of perfume which shake off at a touch are scattered beneath the brush, baptizing the damp, stirring earth. No after surprise of the blossoming year is quite so poignant-sweet as this first wafted breath of the manzanita coming when the earth is soaked and sodden under a wet moon.

A few sunny days will bring the wild bees, then the manzanita brush is a brimming, humming fullness of life. The waxen bells hang out faster and faster. A time of joy for the bees; a joyous time for the manzanita. The intertwining branches hug each other ecstatically, the stiff, grey leaves are more erect than ever in pride, all the pink globules tremble in ecstasy, the joy of giving and receiving permeates this music-droning, fragrant harmony of blossom and bee.

Under its firm leaf covering the most realistic expression of the manzanita exists. Study the queer roots and branches; what quaint shapes, are here; what odd, distorted contouring. A leering face, a crouching form, an uplifted threatening arm. Disjointed fragments of birds, animals, dwarfs. Here the red roots seem to claw the earth with long talons; there a bent figure goes marching off under the leaves. A dead branch thrown

out on the open will always assume the mimicking of some crawling, creeping or springing animal. As you peer into the shadows about the brush something impish seems to emanate from the shrub. when the beautiful, smooth, Indian-red branches lie on your hearth-stone, cut for your firewood, they seem to turn and twist intelligently from your hand. The grain of the wood is so beautiful in its warm, orange-yellow sections; the bark is polished by the masterhand of the elements. Just this short stick of manzanita wood is a thing of beauty in itself; I sigh as it goes to the burning.

After the blossom time, soon the miniature apples form. As the big seeds grow they push into thinness the sweet, astringent, powdery skin. The brown, tortuous, weather polished branches are strangely like those other brown, weather beaten ones who come to strip off the berries for food. A meager, astringent food which the Indians rub into a meal; thankful if the crop be large, uncomplaining if their Brother of the twisted branch is that year scant in his bounty.

When the rains descend another provender is spread beneath the manzanita shade. The great edible Boletti mushroom scatters itself like numerous big, round, brown pincushions in the rich layer of leaves. The delectable little purple *Russula* finds here also a bed for its liking, and the *Chantarelle* a lodgment too. Enough to feed an army, and an army these feed; Italians, Indians, squirrels, woodpeckers, coyotes, bears, ants, beetles and flies.

The manzanita it is, with other chaparral, which conserves the running moisture on the watersheds, when a tree-destroying country prays in vain for rain. Where cloud calling forests are lowered and ruined, the manzanita springs up right sturdily, covering the barrenness that Man has made, holding the precious escaping rivulets a little longer on the hillsides and hollows.

As you push your way through a manzanita thicket the brush springs against you in evident good will, upholding your stumbling feet, letting go at the right moment. You emerge from a chemical

or ceanothus thicket with scratches, but the manzanita is almost caressing as it closes about you. Once make friends with it and you have friends of a hundred more. Drop down in the underbrush, you have disappeared from the face of the earth. The thick branches will not stir to betray you, the winds hurry over, baffled, unable to move its rigid overgrowth. Here comes the pretty grey squirrel, climbing a whole mountainside under the safe cover of leaves. Up and down his thoroughfare he runs and his enemies not aware. The wild doves descend to feed, the noise of their coming cuts the air like a musical rocket. Fewer and fewer they come, however, year by year. Soon these pretty, quivering necked, iridescent visitors will come no more. The chapparal wren is too curious to stay away from your proximity long; there she is bobbing and tilting in the brush, examining you with bright, amber-colored eyes. The regard of the chapparal wren is much to be prized. You have dropped down into another world and you settle yourself on the warm carpet of fine bark shavings and leaves, peering into the shadows where points of light waver and dance. The sunlight flickers through on the brown earth; mottled flecks of color

are about you; you find that you are looking directly on the earthy wood-brown wings of a night hawk, almost indistinguishable from the ground. The instant your eyes perceive it, it flies to other cover. You lean back and a big, heavy moth, disturbed, flutters sleepily on to your lap, crawls with whirring, vibrating wings up a branch to settle itself again. Through this mighty forest, to them, beetles and ants come and go right over you if you will not get out of the way. The horned toad scuttles into the dry leaves; the owl rests here by day. A snake glides past, entering the brush with the grace of many changing, merging, following lines. He is a harmless snake, but as he pauses in the shadows, jeweled eyes lifted, defensive, furtive, against the shining smooth bark, he is a bit disturbing, but a friend also if you choose. For you must not intrude into a manzanita world in fear, but in restful assurance that you will be accepted, welcomed by its people.

A varied life leads the manzanita. The coming and the going of its visitors, seen and unseen; its tragedies and its comedies; its beauty and its oddity are pregnant with picturesque, virile interests, a phase of that same virile, picturesque California.



Some Facts About the Packing House

By Edward P. Irwin

HUGE, squat piles of rambling buildings of brick and stone, dull red or gray, smeared with soot, gloomy, forbidding, spreading over acres of ground like some great spider crouching for a spring; tall chimneys belching into the air rolling clouds of inky pollution that rise and spread over the surrounding country like some threatening portent of destruction; a never ceasing wail that ascends to the unheeding, smoke-blackened heavens, the cry of living beings condemned to speedy death; and rising from it all, enveloping all, spreading away from it in sickening breaths, the reek of corruption, a stench indescribable, vile, all-permeating, that wraps itself around one and clings to him, to his clothing, his hair, his skin. that creeps in through the pores and seems to become part of one's very being, sickening, nauseating, disgusting. Such is Packingtown externally. It is like a great sausage machine, into the hopper of which pours a steady stream of hoofed animals, and from the other side of which issues dressed beef, pork, mutton, canned meats—and filth.

The stench is, to a certain extent, an inseparable part of the packing business. But not entirely so. For now there has arisen a new stench that has been wafted to the nostrils of the nations, and has sickened them, for the moment, of packing house products. It is the smell of corruption that has been stirred up by the "muck-raker", the breath from the filth that he has uncovered. Possibly part of it is imagined, but there is foundation enough in truth. Conditions in the great meat packing houses now are no worse than they have been for many years in the past. Indeed, since the exposure of the state of affairs prevailing, things have changed much for the better, and there is a ludicrous effort on the part of the packers to remedy some of the evils complained of, lest their business suffer. For years we have eaten the output of the packing house with relish, without any thought but that it was pure and

wholesome, and in all respects fit for human consumption. It is true that at the time of the Spanish-American war the "enbalméd beef" episode caused a temporary slackening in the consumption of packing house dressed meats, but this did not last long. The memory of the people is short. The present agitation, caused by a novelist who dared to tell what he had seen, and by a President who was not afraid to give to the world the results of investigations which he had ordered made, will probably be about as short-lived as are most of such movements. Yet permanent good will result. The old go-as-you-please days of the packing house are past. The packers know they no longer dare to disregard the ordinary decencies in their preparation of the world's food. Their short-sighted policy has reacted upon their heads, and through their misguided efforts to squeeze out of the people too many of the almighty dollars, they have lost millions in trade.

The meat packing business, at least in its present proportions and volume of business transacted, is of comparatively recent growth. It is not so many years since the greater part of the meat consumed in this country was either raised and butchered by the consumers themselves, or was killed by the small retail butcher in his own slaughter house. Today about fifty per cent of the dressed meat sold in the United States, and all of that exported to foreign countries, is the output of the packing house. The volume of business done each year by the half dozen of the larger packing companies runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars. The number of animals that daily yield up their lives for the feeding of the people of the world runs into countless thousands. In the larger establishments, it is not unusual for as many as 5,000 hogs to be killed in a day. Often the figure runs up to twice that number. The slaughter of 3,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep on the killing floors of a single packing house is no extraordi-

nary event. Poultry increase the total number sacrificed to many thousand more.

The magnitude of the business is demonstrated by the fact that the exports of meats and meat products from the United States during the eleven months ending with May of this year, according to the figures of the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its Bureau of Statistics, amounted to over \$8,000,000. The value of the lard exportations alone, for the ten months ending with April, 1906, was \$28,500,000. Fresh beef exportations amounted to practically \$20,000,000, hams, \$16,500,000, oleo oil and oleomargarine practically \$20,000,000, salted pork about \$10,000,000. The value of canned beef exports was \$6,750,000; of bacon practically \$29,000,000.

And just there is where the trouble, to a great extent, lies. It is the magnitude of the business that is responsible for many of the evils connected with it. In a small establishment it is easier to keep conditions healthful and sanitary. In the great packing houses, with their thousands of employees, their endless departments and uncounted rooms, it is easy to see how neglect and carelessness may prevail, even where there is no attempt to evade the law or the requirements of decency and health. Every man has his equation of irresponsibility, and in the class of men and women employed to do much of the work, it is a pretty big equation. Mistakes constantly occur, and many practices not openly permitted by the big operators are tacitly sanctioned. The one object is to make as much out of every animal killed as is possible.

The packing house industry is one of the most completely systematized in existence. The larger companies having establishments in several cities have one general superintendent, while each of the subordinate packing houses has a superintendent of its own. Under him are the heads of the various departments, such as the beef, hog and sheep killing floors, the lard department, the tank houses, the fertilizer, the sweet and dry salt pickle departments, etc. These men have under them their various foremen and straw-bosses. Each man is held

rigidly accountable for his department. His main object is to keep down expenses and make a showing of profits, and upon this alone does his value to the company depend. He is there to make money for the company. If he can't do it, there are other men who can—and they will very soon be given a chance to try what they can do. The packing companies are always on the lookout for men who can make or save money for them. The man who can find a means of cutting down the expenses of his department, or of making more out of the material used, stands in high favor, and his promotion is usually rapid.

This accounts in large part for many of the conditions that are so greatly—and justly—criticised. The men know that they must make a good showing in order to hold their positions, and that the better showing they make in the way of profits, the more certain they are of promotion. The result is obvious. Nothing must be allowed to go to waste, whether it be fit for human food or not. And nothing does go to waste. In the packing house nothing is lost but the squeal.

The charge has been made that animals condemned by the Government inspectors as diseased, and therefore unfit for human consumption, and ordered to be destroyed, are secretly used in the making of the various edible products of the packing house. Diseased animals that have been slaughtered are supposed to go only into fertilizer or soap grease or some such product not designed to be eaten. Some of the recent writers on the subject have charged that these orders are evaded, the carcasses being hidden and dressed at night. In some instances this charge may be justified, but the writer, who has spent several years in some of the bigger packing houses, is unable to substantiate it from his own experience. There are constant rumors about the packing house that such disposition is frequently made of diseased animals, but the writer has only seen them dumped into the sealed tanks used for the purpose. This is not to say positively that this is always done. It is only the experience of one man.

But there are indubitably many things done around a packing house which are

not prohibited by law, but which should be. Much of the beef killed, for instance, while not afflicted by any disease in particular, is not fit for food.

In some of the packing houses, particularly those of the more Western cities, there are killed thousands of "canners," as they are called—that is, cattle which are to be used for canning purposes. These cattle are generally old cows whose period of usefulness for other purposes has long passed, or cattle which have barely withstood the severe storms of the winter on some Western range, and have hardly enough life left in them to last them until they reach the packing house. To fatten these animals would be an expensive proceeding, even if, as is most usually the case, it were not an absolute impossibility. Often they reach the stockyards so weak that they are unable to stand, and it is not unusual for the killer to be obliged to knock an animal on the head while it is lying on the ground, because of its inability to stand up and be driven into the killing pen. In fact, the writer has seen cattle that, if not actually dead, as they probably were, were at all events gasping their last, knocked in the head, shackled by the hind feet and swung over onto the killing floor to be dressed. They had not died of disease—simply of starvation and exhaustion. The quality of the meat can be imagined. Not very good porterhouse steak, perhaps, but excellent potted chicken or corned beef. And what delicious potted veal they make.

One of the most remarkable sights of modern industry is the killing floor of a large packing house. It is a practical exemplification of the degree to which the labors of a large number of men can be systematized. There is no loss of time, no waste of energy. Each man has just one thing to do, and he devotes all his endeavors to doing it. A live steer can be transformed into dressed beef in a time so short that it would seem incredible to one who has not seen it done.

There is blood everywhere. The floors are slippery with it. It runs in little rivulets into drains, and flows in a steady stream into great tanks. The clothing of the workmen is stained with it. Their arms are bathed in it to the shoulders. It bespatters their faces; their sodden feet

slosh about in pools of blood. They look like the last terrible survivors of some desperate struggle—a resemblance which the huge cleavers and dangerous-looking knives in their crimsoned hands goes to complete.

The cattle, hurried in crowding thousands from the wide plains of the West or the farms of the Middle-West, are unloaded at the immense stockyards, where they go through a more or less careful inspection by the Government men. Such inspection can at best be but superficial, for an animal may have diseases which it is difficult or impossible to detect in any such wholesale inspection. After being purchased by the buyers for the packers, they are driven to the waiting pens of the packing house. As they are wanted, they are hurried in smaller bunches into smaller pens and then driven by much shouting and prodding into the killing boxes, just large enough to hold two animals each. Standing here not knowing what is to befall them, the round point of a long-handled hammer suddenly descends with crushing force upon the least resistant part of the skull, directly over the brain. The animal sinks gasping to its knees, mercifully unconscious as a rule; a door is raised, the bottom of the pen tilted up, and the steer rolls out onto the killing floor. Instantly it is shackled by the hind feet and raised from the floor head down. A butcher plunges a long knife into the throat, to let out the blood; the skin is stripped from the head and the head cut off. The chain by which the animal is hung up is attached to an overhead roller, working on the principle of an endless chain, and by this means the animal is kept moving down a long line of men, each of whom has some certain duty to perform. One drops the carcass to the floor and removes the hide, another takes out the entrails; another, again, draws the stripped carcass up to the moving roller. Here a man with a huge cleaver divides the carcass into halves. Each of these halves is then washed and afterward wiped with a more or less—generally less—clean cloth, after which the dressed halves are ready to be run back into the cooler to be frozen. The whole process has taken hardly more time than the describing of it.

Rather more gruesome, on account of

the more obstinate and vociferous nature of the animal, is the butchering of the hogs. The hog declines to be turned into pork without making a strenuous and noisy protest, and he voices his indignation with a fervor that makes the packer shed tears at the thought that the energy thus expended cannot be utilized and turned into money.

The pig sticker of a modern packing house might with appropriateness pose for a picture of Murder. Killing is his whole business, and he does it expertly, quickly, accurately, if bloodily. He appears as if engaged in a desperate, unceasing struggle for life. He is crimson with blood from head to foot. It spurts upon him at every death dealing blow. He stands in it ankle deep.

There is no wasted effort on his part. Each thrust of his arm with the keen-edged knife clasped in the closed hand lets out the life of an animal. The pig is seized by two men and shackled by the hind feet, then swung up onto an endless chain that bears him down to where the killer stands. The latter seizes him by one front leg, there is a quick thrust, a blood-choked squeal, and the hog, a knife thrust through his throat and deep into his heart, passes on to give way to one of his fellows. So the long line passes, hour after hour, until thousands have been killed.

Each hog, as it passes from the hands of the killer, continues on on the endless chain to a long tank filled with boiling lye-water into which it is plunged and dragged through before the breath is fairly out of its body. This, of course, is to loosen the hair. Emerging from this tank, it is dropped into the scraper, a cunningly arranged device by means of which the greater part of the bristles are removed mechanically. Those that remain, about the feet, head and in rare spots on the body, are scraped off by a line of men with knives. Here again system rules. Each man has just one place to examine, and he is responsible for all the bristles being removed from that place. One takes care of the right front foot or shoulder, another of the left; one man scrapes one side of the head, one the right side of the body, one the left side, and so on. One operator rips open the body and removes the viscera; an-

other takes out the leaf, that part of the fat surrounding the kidneys, and which is regarded as the choicest and most valuable. When at the end of the line, the hog is stretched out on spanners he is cleaned and ready to be run into the coolers, if designed for fresh pork, or to go to the cutting room if he is to be cut up into hams, sides, etc.

The heads, viscera, etc., that have been removed are not wasted. There is a use for everything. The heads, guts, scraps of fat, go into one of the huge lard tanks, where the grease is tried out by steam heat under pressure. The hair is sold as hog hair, or, when it is of poor quality, goes into fertilizer, being rich in nitrogen—although the nitrogen in hog hair is not available, and is of little value as a fertilizing material. Still, it shows up in the chemical analysis, and raises the percentage of nitrogen, on which the price of the substance depends.

There are many people who think that lard is not fit for use. They would be more than ever convinced of this if they could see how it is made in the packing house. Not that the process in the lard refinery is not clean enough. On the contrary, the lard refinery is one of the cleanest places about the establishment. It has to be, for lard very easily takes on the odor of whatever surrounds it. But it is in the tank house that the trouble occurs. "Pure leaf lard" is very rarely made from "leaf fat." The fat from the leaf obtained in all the packing houses in the country would not make half the pure leaf lard manufactured by any one of them. Many other things go into it—the back fat, which is of very good quality, "killing fat," as it is called—that is, the lard tried out from the head, scraps from about the neck, etc., and "gut" fat, which comes from about everything, including those portions of the body from which it takes its name. Some writers have charged that dead rats—there are always thousands of rats about a packing house—are thrown into the lard tanks. So far as the writer's experience goes, there is little foundation for any such charge. It would be practically impossible to make any such use of them. Too many men would know of it, and such knowledge would be a dangerous thing to the packer, as the proof

of the charge would practically ruin his lard business.

There is a story in the packing houses, however, of a superintendent of past years who issued an order to his foreman to have all rats dumped into the tank, meaning, of course, the fertilizer tank. Unfortunately, the written order was so worded as to mean the lard tank. This written order, so the story goes, was retained by the foreman to whom it was sent. He at once resigned and sent word to the company that he was ready to return to them the order for the sum of \$10,000—and he got it.

The different grades of raw lard, that is, the lard as it comes from the tank houses, are mixed in the refinery according to the quality of the refined product which it is desired to make. In addition, a certain amount of beef stearin is added for the sake of making the product stand up—that is, not melt at too low a temperature. The color and certain impurities are removed by mixing the lard in huge tanks with fillers earth and straining it through presses. After being refined, it is put into cans, ready for the market.

Most of the larger packing houses manufacture oleomargarine, and the factory where this product is made is generally one of the show places of the packing house. The packers pride themselves on the cleanliness of the process—and with right. Everything about this department shines with cleanliness. The floors are scrubbed until they are white; the wooden tanks and vats are constantly washed, and streams of fresh water are everywhere in evidence. On account of the strenuous efforts of certain other interests, which for once showed themselves stronger than the packers, Congress some time ago enacted a law imposing a tax of 10 cents a pound on oleomargarine, which is colored to resemble butter. At the time this matter was before Congress, samples of the two products were shown to the committee which had the matter in charge, and so closely did the oleomargarine resemble the butter that the members of the committee were unable to tell one from the other by looks, taste or smell.

As to the justice of the tax, it is useless to talk now. But the fact remains

that oleomargarine, properly made, is in all respects as healthful as butter, and in many instances the process of manufacture admits of less criticism on the score of uncleanness. Oleomargarine is made from oleo oil; that is, beef oil from which the stearin or harder constituents have been extracted by cold and pressure. To this oleo oil is added a percentage of butter, a certain amount of cream and milk, and some cotton-seed oil. There is nothing, therefore, that goes into the better grades of oleomargarine that is in any sense deleterious to health. If all the packing house products were as pure and manufactured in as cleanly a manner, there would be no ground for criticism.

But there are various grades of oleomargarine. Some of the cheaper grades are very different from the better grades.

Generally there is in the packing house a laundry in which are washed out the frocks, aprons and overalls worn by the laborers. There is, of course, a large amount of grease in these clothes. The clothes are first boiled out, and the grease, rising to the top of the boiling vats, is skimmed off. *This grease is used in some establishments as a constituent of the poorer grades of oleomargarine.* And yet the packers claim, in reply to the charges made against them, that all their processes are perfectly clean and sanitary.

Lack of cleanliness is the worst fault that can be found with meat packing house methods. The truth of the matter seems to be that the packers and their employees do not know the meaning of the word cleanliness. All their lives they have been accustomed to dirt and filth, and it conveys no feeling of repulsion to them. In some respects, parts of the packing houses are as clean as could be desired. In other respects they are simply unspeakable. The latter is especially true as regards the habits of the laborers. From the very nature of their work, handling dirty and greasy products and tools, their hands become covered with grease and filth. There are very limited facilities for washing them, and the process of cleaning them generally consists in wiping them on a still more filthy rag or on their overalls or aprons, from which they get a renewed supply of ancient filth.

The use of preservatives in cured meats,

such as hams, pickled meats, etc., has come in for general and severe criticism. The truth of the matter is, that much of this criticism is misdirected. Preservatives are not so generally used as might be supposed, and it is an open question as to whether the use of certain harmless preservatives in reasonable amounts is not greatly preferable to the danger of the product spoiling for lack of them. The most commonly used preservative, so far as meats are concerned, is salt petre, a substance which, unless used to excess, is practically harmless. The use of borax, boracic acid, salicylic acid and some other preservatives, however, is undoubtedly a menace to health. Large amounts of these substances are used, despite all assertions to the contrary.

Sausage making, according to the assertions of the packers, is an entirely sanitary process and nothing but clean, wholesome meat is used. But the writer, after seeing the product manufactured every day for some years, has no desire to eat packing house sausage. It bears too great a resemblance to boarding house hash. Everything goes into it, and the condiments and flavors used can make appetizing the most unwholesome messes. As before stated, nothing must be thrown away—and nothing must go into a cheap product which can be used in a higher priced one. Consequently scraps of all kinds find their way into sausage, bologna and similar products. Cheek meat, trimmings from the cutting rooms, scraps which have fallen to the floor and been trodden on, spit upon, mingled with sawdust, shoveled up with unclean shovels and dumped into greasy, unclean trucks, make excellent sausage when rightly treated.

Government inspection in the packing house, as at present conducted is the veriest farce. Under the present provisions of the law it could hardly be otherwise. The appropriations for its carrying on are ludicrously inadequate and do not allow of the employment of enough men to make even the most superficial examination in many cases. The inspectors employed are—or are supposed to be—veterinarians. But the most skilled animal expert could not be sure of detecting the presence of disease by the methods employed by the inspectors.

When an animal has been killed, the inspector rakes over the viscera, lungs, etc., with a hooked stick, often without so much as stooping down and frequently in an ill lighted room. If by this method he detects the presence of disease, the carcass is tagged with a Government tag, as condemned, and is supposed to be taken away to the Government tank and turned into a fertilizer. But it is easy to see how a diseased animal may pass inspection. Indeed, the wonder is that the number rejected is as large as it is. In the case of an especially conscientious inspector the work may be fairly well done, considering the amount of it he has to do and the inadequate facilities for a thorough examination. But where the inspector is inclined to be lazy or careless, as many of them undoubtedly are, the inspection is merely perfunctory. For Government inspection to be anywhere near effective, not only each carcass should be carefully examined, but there should be an inspector stationed in every department of the packing house and every separate process should be under his supervision, subjected to the closest scrutiny.

Since the publication of Upton Sinclair's book, the "Jungle," and the exposure of the conditions prevailing in the packing houses by the publication of the Reynolds-McNeill report made to the President, there has been, according to newspaper reports, a vigorous cleaning up. Washrooms and dressing rooms are being installed and sanitary precautions taken which would never have been thought of had not the public been awakened as it has been recently by the campaign for cleanliness and proper methods in the preparation of the people's food. The packers are awake to the knowledge that they must find means of restoring confidence in their products or their business will be ruined. The Government inspection bill now under consideration by Congress promises to abate many of the nuisances and work a permanent improvement in conditions. The present outcry against the packers will be as shortlived as are all such agitations. But permanent good will ensue. Never in the future will the packers dare allow the packing houses to go back to the old disgusting state.

With all the cleaning up that is going on, it is a pity that there can not be some moral rejuvenation of packing house conditions. For in this regard there is as great room for improvement as in material things. There is something in the atmosphere of the packing house, with its necessarily vile odors, its filthy conditions, the hard work connected with it and the onerous conditions under which the work is done, that seems to react upon the moral sensibilities of the people employed. Naturally, many of these are of the very lowest class, many of them foreigners whose ideas of life have never been any too high, and whose sensibilities have been still more blunted by the conditions of their existence as packing house laborers. There are hundreds of girls and women employed in all

of the larger establishments, and being thrown into daily contact with men who are in many cases little better than animals, the result can be imagined. Immorality and uncleanness go hand in hand. By this it is not meant that everybody employed in the packing house falls under the spell of the poison that pervades the atmosphere. But too many of them do.

It is possible—even probable—that the enforcement of sanitary rules and conditions, the letting in of the light, actually as well as metaphorically, the separation of the men and women, may result in a moral regeneration of the packing house. Certainly there is much reason to believe that such may be the case.

Sonnet

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

Where's Samarcand, where Tyre and Babylon,
 Queen cities, beautiful and vain and great?
 Their places know them not, and desolate
 Their palaces lie parching in the sun.
 I stood last night in such another one,
 A young, proud city, burned and thrown prostrate
 And infinitely aged as had the weight
 And wheels of epochs o'er the ruins run.

Not Babylon or Tyre or Samarcand
 Was builded as this city. Like a block
 Of granite stood her courage, neither shock
 Could shiver it nor rage of flaming brand.
 To-day she builds afresh upon this rock.
"For here I stood, and greater here shall stand."

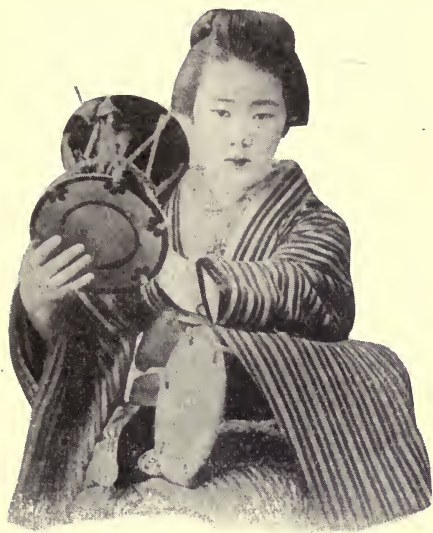


B 1221 BEGGAR (GOZENORO)

Geisha girl playing shamisen.

Music in the Orient: the Old, the New

By Lauren T. Tuttle



THE ancient Orient has become the new battle-ground of progress.

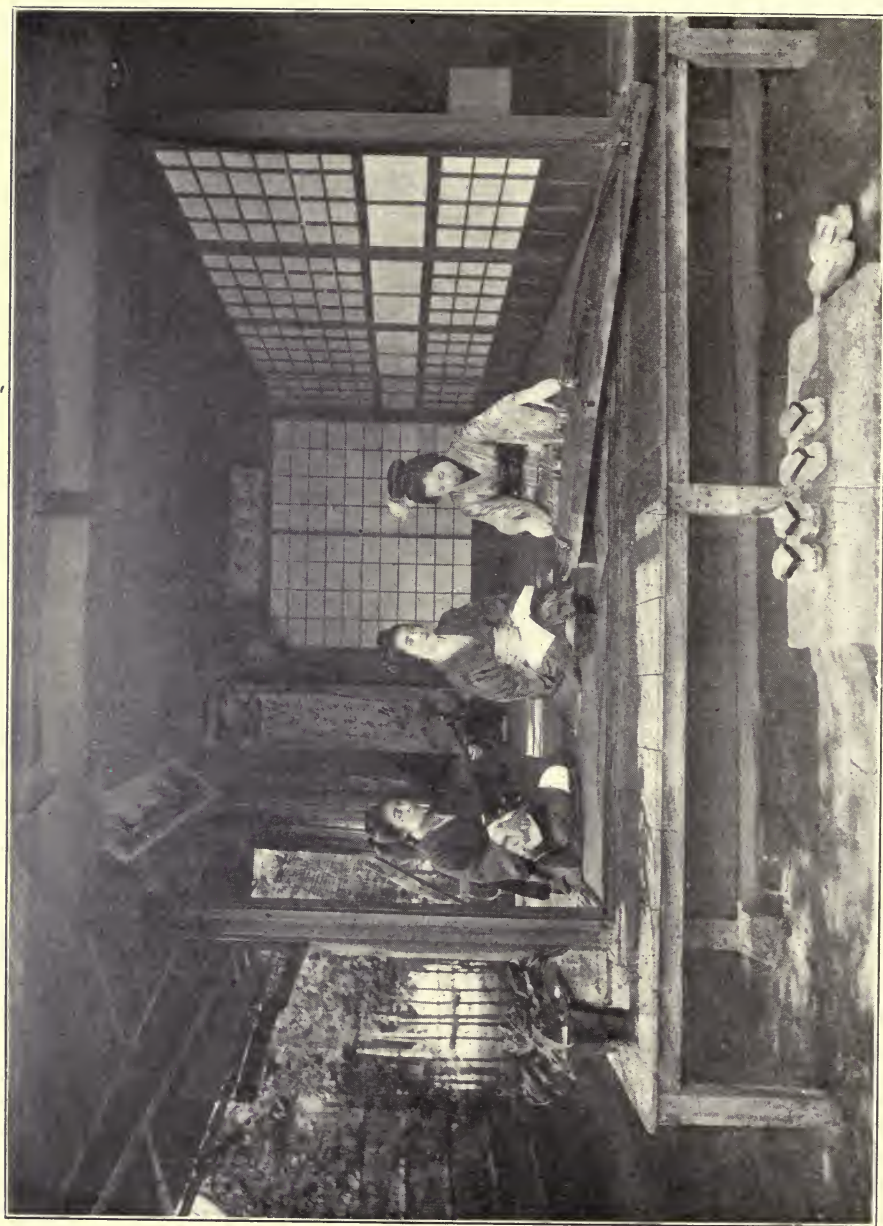
The militant, pioneering Occident, following the star of empire ever westward, across Europe, across America, has leaped the imaginary line in the Pacific which has so long divided East from West. China and Japan, mysterious, semi-barbarous, have felt the electric shock of a mighty progress that is encircling the globe. They are merging into the one great world-civilization; and music, that beautiful, universal language, is playing its part to interpret and to teach.

However, few of us know the native music of China and Japan, or of the advance Western music is making in those countries. We talk much of our "trade with the Orient," and concerning the Chinese boycott on our lumber and lard we read whole columns; on the murder of missionaries there is a paragraph or two; about our music in the Orient nothing is said. Yet the teachers of ethics and culture are pioneers of our civilization. They are the ones that are planting the desire for higher and better living in the breasts of benighted millions; that desire means increased demand for the material comforts

which the enlightened and commercial West is eager to supply. Viewed, then, altruistically or selfishly, the native arts of China and Japan and the progress of Western culture in those lands are of vital interest.

One who is particularly enthusiastic about the musical capabilities of the two nationalities is Baroness Anna von Meyerinck, of San Francisco, who, at the request of prominent foreign residents of Shanghai, China, visited that city some months ago with a view to establishing a branch of her school of music. While there, she became imbued with the idea of teaching our music to the higher-class Chinese women. In reply to the query: "Will the Chinese adopt our musical system?" she has the following to say: "While it is going to be slow and uphill work, there seems to be no reason why the Chinese should not adopt our musical system. After a visit to the Orient, I became convinced that it is possible and probable. Since the meaning of the Chinese language depends upon the varying pitch of from four to eleven different tones, according to the parts of the country, four in the Pekinese and eleven in the Cantonese, one might well conclude that such a language is the best ear training. I may add that the Chinese language as spoken in Shanghai and Peking was a revelation to me. It sounded very much like a blending of French and Italian. So much for the ear. The better-class Chinese are already studying European languages. The next step is music.

As for the Japanese capacity for music, a well-known authority speaks of hearing forty Japanese women at the Tokyo Academy of Music render a Brahms part song in faultless harmony. The Japanese voice, though not great in lyric qualities. Many have injured vocal range, is often possessed of a florid and organs due to the mistaken practice of causing children showing good voices to cultivate them by screaming until, in many cases, they have ruptured delicate blood vessels in the throat and nose. The



A rehearsal by a Japanese female orchestra of three.

language is full of vowels, has few accents, and syllables are all of about the same value—qualities which are favorable to singing. As to "ear for music," the boys and girls have considerable difficulty in recognizing tones and in learning the Western scale, with its tone-intervals so different to their own five-note system born in them through the usage of centuries. The Japanese are nationally filled with poetic feeling so closely akin to the musical.

Even their alphabet is an exquisite psalm breathing their stoic philosophy. Translated, it runs thus: "Though their hues are gay, the blossoms flutter down; and so in this world of ours, who may continue forever? Having to-day crossed the mountain fastness of existence, I have seen but a fleeting dream with which I am not intoxicated." Certainly, the musical ability of the yellow and brown races cannot be doubted.

China, like Babylon, Egypt, Arabia and Greece, had anciently a highly developed musical system which has been lost. According to Chinese legend, as early as B. C. 2600, in the time of Noah, the Emperor Hwangti commanded twelve tubes to be prepared from bamboo to make twelve "lu" or pitch pipes reproducing the twelve semi-tones of the fabulous bird, Fung huang, or Phoenix. The male and female sang alternately six notes apiece, a sort of call and response.

Thus it would appear that the feathered songsters have been the world's first musicians, as even the Chinese acknowledge that their first scale did not originate with them, but was in imitation of a bird. Music in China was much esteemed in the earliest times of which we have any record. Long before Confucius there were national teachers of music, and it was one of the six arts to be learned. The great philosopher himself accompanied his songs with musical instruments; and was a great lover of the art. It is said of him that once when he chanced to hear the "king," a sort of harmonicon of sounding slabs of stone, played upon by Kouei, the Orpheus of the Chinese, he was so overcome with rapturous delight that for three months thereafter he would not partake of food. Like the Greek Or-

pheus, this wonderful musician drew wild animals about him, and subdued them to his will by the magic of sweet sounds. At the present time, many bands of troubadours wander about the country and play while some of their number sing in recitative. Blind musicians are common, as there are no schools for the blind except musical ones. For singing, the five notes of the ancient Pentatonic scale are used.

The first song in the Chinese classical poetry is:

The Song of the Ospreys.

I.

Where from islands in the river
Ospreys rise and sing apart,
Sweet and fair, a modest maiden
Met to win our prince's heart.

II.

Where the water lilies waver
In the stream from dark to dawn
To the maid to win her favor,
Sweet and fair his thoughts are drawn.
For he seeks her, seeks her vainly,
Day and night his fancies go
Seeking her; the night is sleepless,
Full of tossings to and fro.

III.

Pluck the water lilies gladly!
Sweet and fair, she comes at last!
Lute and harp, lend us your music!
Sweet and fair, the lilies cast
Sacrificial to her welcome,
Usher in the glad to be!
Join, ye people all your voices
With the merry minstrelsy."

The ancient music of China, however, was almost totally destroyed at "the burning of the books," about B. C. 200, when the Emperor Tsin Shih Hwangti caused most of the recorded knowledge of his realm to be destroyed, in order that his people might be less bound by precedent. For a dozen centuries music in China was practically a lost art. Then, about A. D. 1100, the musical system, kung-cheh, of the Northern Liao dynasty, was introduced, which is equivalent to our sol-fa, having the seven notes, with semi-tones between the 3rd, 4th, 7th and 8th. The kung-cheh notation is distressingly deficient in time

marks, so that the musician must hear a tune before he can play it from the notes. In the matter of mathematical determination of lengths of strings and tubes for production of certain tones they have long had surprisingly accurate knowledge, while the idea of harmony is in a most rudimentary state. Part singing is unknown in China, and such instruments are used together as sound well to Chinese ears, or are appropriate to be employed for the particular ceremony.

Yet, crude, even semi-barbarous, as the Chinese musical art may seem in theory, in practice it is unspeakably worse. An Occidental who has attended one of their theatrical performances and been assailed by the wild pandemonium of variously hideous sounds—squeally violins, nasal flutes, raucous drums, ear-jarring cymbals, and vigorously pounded gong—will agree that according to our standards, Chinese music is extremely unmusical. But there is no accounting for taste in this regard, as in others. After all, it may be largely a matter of cultivation. It is a well-known fact that the Celestials at first seem absolutely insensible to the beauties of Western music, and at the same time profess to feel greatly their own. Having listened unmoved to some excellent European band music, a Chinese once said: "Our melodies go from the ear to the heart and from the heart to the mind; we feel them; we understand them; but the music which you have just played we neither feel nor understand; it does not move us. Music is the language of feeling; all our passions have their corresponding tones and proper language, and therefore music, to be good, must accord with the passions it pretends to express." Very well said, but what the Chinese passions must be! So much for the native music of old Cathay. Next should be considered the tonal art of picturesque Nippon, which is fast becoming the business-like Japan.

Japanese music, like Japanese literature, owes its origin to China, from whence it was brought about 1400 years ago (A. D. 500), during the reign of the Mikado Kinmai. Since that time there have been independent developments, but still the notation, composi-

tion and instruments are very similar in both countries.

The musical characters, or notes, of a song, are written about the various word signs, just over or next each syllable. As for harmony, there is none. They never play chords nor even bass notes. For them, harmony is an obstruction, a base distraction from the beauty of the melody. At a public celebration of the Mikado's birthday, the writer recently heard two thousand enthusiastic little brown people sing their national anthem. They all sang the air and kept well together; their voices showed a hoarseness; and the tune, though not unmelodious, employed small range and was rather monotonous. Herewith are the Japanese words and a translation:

KIMI GA YO.

"Ki-mi-ga-a-yo wa.

Chi-yo ni-i-i ya-chi-yo ni sa-za-ri

I-shi no

I-wa o to na-ri-te

Ko-ke no

Mu-u su-u ma-a-a-de!"

"May our gracious Sovereign reign a thousand years, reign ten thousand years, reign till the little stone shall grow into a mighty rock thick-velveted with ancient moss!"

There are four great divisions of music in Japan—sacred, high-class or classical, comic and vulgar. The sacred is used in the Shinto temples. Minstrels, generally three, sing to their own accompaniment on the harp, flute, drum and cymbals, while a girl, dressed in red with white kimona, a rattle of brass rings in one hand and a fan in the other, dances to the music before the altar.

The classical music is mostly employed in Buddhist temples or at imperial ceremonies. The chantings of the priests are accompanied by instruments. These are many—larger and smaller drums (tai ko), mouth organ (sho) composed of bamboo pipes of varying lengths, flute (hishiriki) an harmonicon consisting of bamboo sticks of same length ranged side by side over which a light hammer is quickly drawn, and, of course, the gongs of various sizes.

In the comic music the same instruments are used, only in different manner

and with different effect. There are many funny songs for heightening the jollity of festive occasions. The forepart of a public entertainment is usually very grave and sedate, but when warmed with eating and drinking, the people break forth into jest and comic song, even as we in our own United States.

Japan, "respectable" Japan, or conventional, classes as "vulgar music" the songs of the geisha. Even the samisen, three-stringed, banjo-like, and played with a plectrum, the instrument to which the geisha sing, having become associated with them, have been discredited by other classes. These young women are carefully trained and are the musical entertainers in the homes of the well-to-do on festal occasions. Their selections are mostly amorous, fitting battle songs for that veteran archer, Dan Cupid. The writer once listened to a duet played on a flute and a samisen by two Japanese, a young man and a girl, the latter occasionally breaking forth into song. The flute notes were weak and those of the samisen were thin, both of which adjectives fit the voice of the singer, which lacked the qualities which we demand in vocal music.

The noble instrument of the family, occupying about the same position as our piano, is the koto, usually played by women. The body is of wood and hollowed so as to afford resonance, and is about six feet long. There are thirteen strings with a range of approximately three octaves. In playing it, rings placed on the fingers of one hand are used to pluck the strings, while with the other hand the tones are modulated. The kokin is fiddle-like, with hollow body, covered with skin, and played by means of a bow. Then there is the shaku hadchi, literally one foot and eight inches. It is a flute made of the very useful bamboo. Of such is the kingdom of ancient, native music in Nippon and Cathay, but its dynasty is doomed, the irresistible invasion of Western progress, including Western music, has begun.

A concert given by Baroness Von Meyerinck at Shanghai was attended not only by foreign residents, but very largely by Chinese, a good indication of the awakening interest in the music of the "foreign devils." The whole pro-

gramme was first-class, and such songs by the Baroness as "The Gipsy Girl," by Donizetti, and Schubert's "Serenade," were received with marked appreciation. The number contributed by the two Misses Wu, daughters of the ex-Minister to Paris, was a significant feature. Concerning it, the Shanghai Times has this to say: "A Greek dance from Massenet's 'Les Errinnyes,' by the Misses Wu was a revelation of the wonderful progress of Western ideas in China. It hardly seemed possible that two Chinese girls should appear on the stage of a foreign theatre, and, attired in the robes of ancient Greece, go through the graceful evolutions of a languorous dance. It must have formed a strange object lesson to the Chinese present, and doubtless the native papers will ably discuss the problem of the 'new woman.'"

The Wu Pen School at the West Gate, Shanghai, a large Chinese girl's school, is planning to exchange the present Japanese instructors in music for Western teachers. As in Shanghai, so throughout the country, China is beginning to reach out for her share of the highest musical culture.

Japan, so much more progressive in war and commerce than her cousin, is outstripping her in the arts. Our music is rapidly spreading. As long ago as 1860 the Japanese Government sent for Mr. Luther Whiting Mason of Boston to introduce Western music. For ten years he was the "musical pope" of Japan. He translated American school song books into the language, and taught an exact copy of American methods, in so far as bands with Japanese players are to be found in all the open seaport cities, and in Tokyo, Hiogo and Osaka. In the army, the buglers have discarded the ancient shell horn for the European military trumpet. Baroness von Meyerinck speaks interestingly of the Tokyo Academy of Music. "The greatest musical surprise during my recent trip to the Orient was the Academy of Music in Tokyo, Japan. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. T. Tomiogi, head professor of the school, who teaches musical history and ethics, and the elder Miss Koda, teacher of the piano and the violin. I learned that the institution had existed twenty years, and is sup-

ported by the Government; that there are two divisions to the school, the principal one consisting of two hundred pupils, and the other devoted to special lessons given from three to five o'clock to ladies, and from five to seven o'clock to gentlemen, having an attendance of three hundred pupils. I heard a rehearsal of a Brahms part song by forty Japanese women in most perfect form, under the direction of Professor Junker. All pupils of the school, whether studying vocal or instrumental music, are obliged to attend chorus rehearsals. There is also a mixed chorus of about one hundred and twenty, and an excellent orchestra. As soon as the country has picked up after the war, I am to send a teacher to the academy for voice-placing." The missionaries have industriously trained young women to play the cabinet organ and with considerable success. Moody and Sankey hymns are in much favor with the natives, also stirring secular tunes like "Marching Through Georgia." On one occasion the writer heard four little maids and a wee boy in sailor costume, all looking as if they had just jumped from a Japanese fan, sing lustily, in perfect tune and in English, "Always in the Wav" and "My Oriental Lady."

The folk songs of Japan breathe the very soul of poetry. Their melodies, too precious to lose, are being arranged for the piano and printed according to our notation. Following are two of these songs, written by Isawa Shiji:

THE ANT.

"Consider the ants,
look, ye children!
for the sake of a comrade
even their lives
stake they bravely.
This indeed is heroism!
Consider the ants,
look, ye children!"

GAZE UPWARDS.

"Gaze upwards!
As of Fuji the lofty crest
Towers above all others,
So the Empire of the Rising Sun
towers above all lands of the earth.
"Gaze upwards, ye children!
In the cherry blossom
Scenting the dawn
Is reflected Japan's true spirit."

A people may be known by its songs. Out of the fullness of the heart the notes spring, an exalted language of thought and feeling. Music among the Christian nations has excelled in beauty and grandeur—it is the mighty oratorio of a transcendent philosophy of life leading on to the highest civilization, one which shall be for all lands. Then the whole world in the inspired strains of Handel may sing: "Glory to God, Glory to God, Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth."



Arthur Hill, Photo.

Apotheosis of the Ass

By John L. Cowan

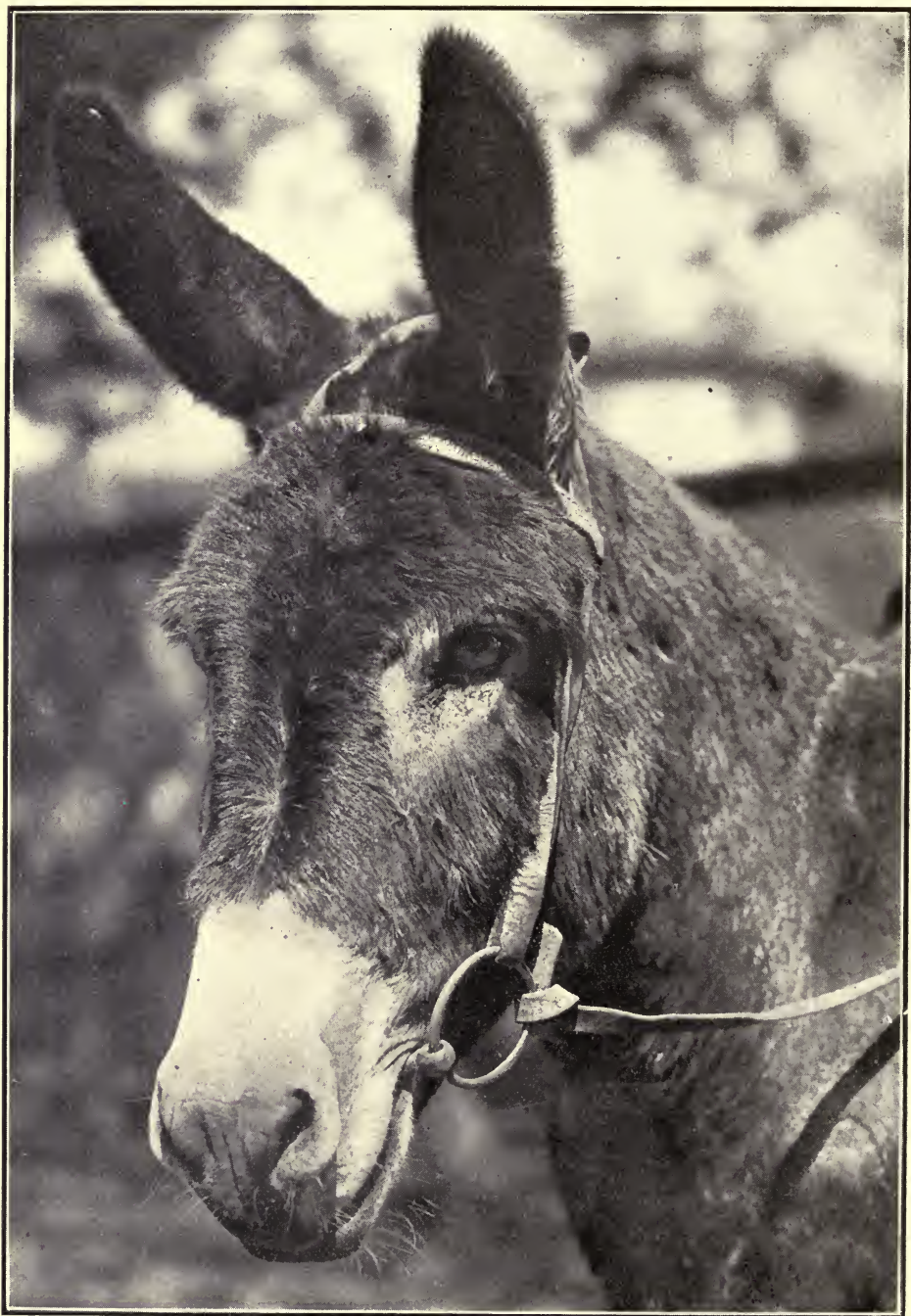
OF man's four-footed friends, the only one that has not received its due meed of praise is the ungraceful ass. The faithful dog has been sung by poets, praised by philosophers, painted by artists, and carved in enduring granite. The horse gallops across many a stirring page of history; it has been immortalized in epic strain; and poses in bronze and marble in all the world's great galleries. The cow and the cat were both worshipped as divine in ancient Egypt; and had altars, priests, virgins and temples consecrated to their service. The uncleanly hog, next to the American heiress, is the object of the most profound homage from the coroneted noblemen of foreign lands, who see in it the embodied divinity of plutocratic fathers-in-law; and even in our own beloved country it is oft the model of manners and its conduct the ultimate standard of good breeding and good form. The elephant is worshipped in Siam, fed on peanuts at the American circus and deified by the Republican party; and the camel's seven stomachs have long endeared it to the imagination of those who suffer from perennial thirst. Even the mule comes down from immemorial antiquity with a halo of borrowed glory, due to an oracular utterance that coupled its name with that of no less renowned a personage than Cyrus the Great; while the part it played in the Boer War will live in the memory of posterity as the least inglorious episode of that most inglorious conflict.

By whatsoever title it is known, however, whether ass, donkey, burro, "Rocky Mountain canary," or "Colorado Mocking Bird," this long-eared friend of man has long been the butt of ridicule, an object of amused contempt. True, it has now attained the cheap and tawdry immortality of the Comic Supplement and the fleeting glory of the souvenir post card; but these are poor compensations for centuries of abuse and calumny. Ever since Baalam's ass turned aside from the path in which its master wished it to go and opened its wide mouth in an

unwelcome bray on the sun-kissed hills of Asia Minor, its descendants have lacked that spirit of compromise and conciliation that might have saved their tough hides many a resounding blow, and have been held up to unmerited reprobation. The Greeks gave utterance to their scorn of the Attic burro in many pithy proverbs. "An ass sits," was their disgusted exclamation when anyone gave up in supine despair. "An ass gets wet," was their laconic equivalent of the modern saying concerning the individual who has not enough sense to go in when it rains; and Aristophanes' simile for one who gets into trouble by his own clumsiness was, "He falls from an ass." The fables of Aesop have done much to create and confirm popular prejudice against the unhappy donkey; and Homer, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and a host of minor scribblers have added their straws to the burden of contempt piled upon its over-laden back. True, Silenus the Satyr went on his expedition against Enceladus, and Don Sancho Panza followed the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, each mounted on an ass; but the beasts of burden received but scanty glory therefrom.

But, whatever may be said or thought of the asses of scripture, poesy, fable and romance, the dispassionate student of life and affairs must admit that the unsung burro of the West possesses characteristics that should make the adjective "asinine" an epithet of honorable praise. Those who know the creature best will think the saying, "He is an ass," too highly flattering for just application to the average man. The ass is abstemious, strong, self-contained, forgiving, industrious, willing and content. The most that can be alleged against it is that it is not over-brilliant, and that it is at times superlatively stubborn. The first is but a negative failing; and as for the last, has not determination always been recognized as essential to greatness, or to even moderate success?

It is but giving to the humble burro its due to say that but for it the exploration,



The "Rocky Mountain Canary."

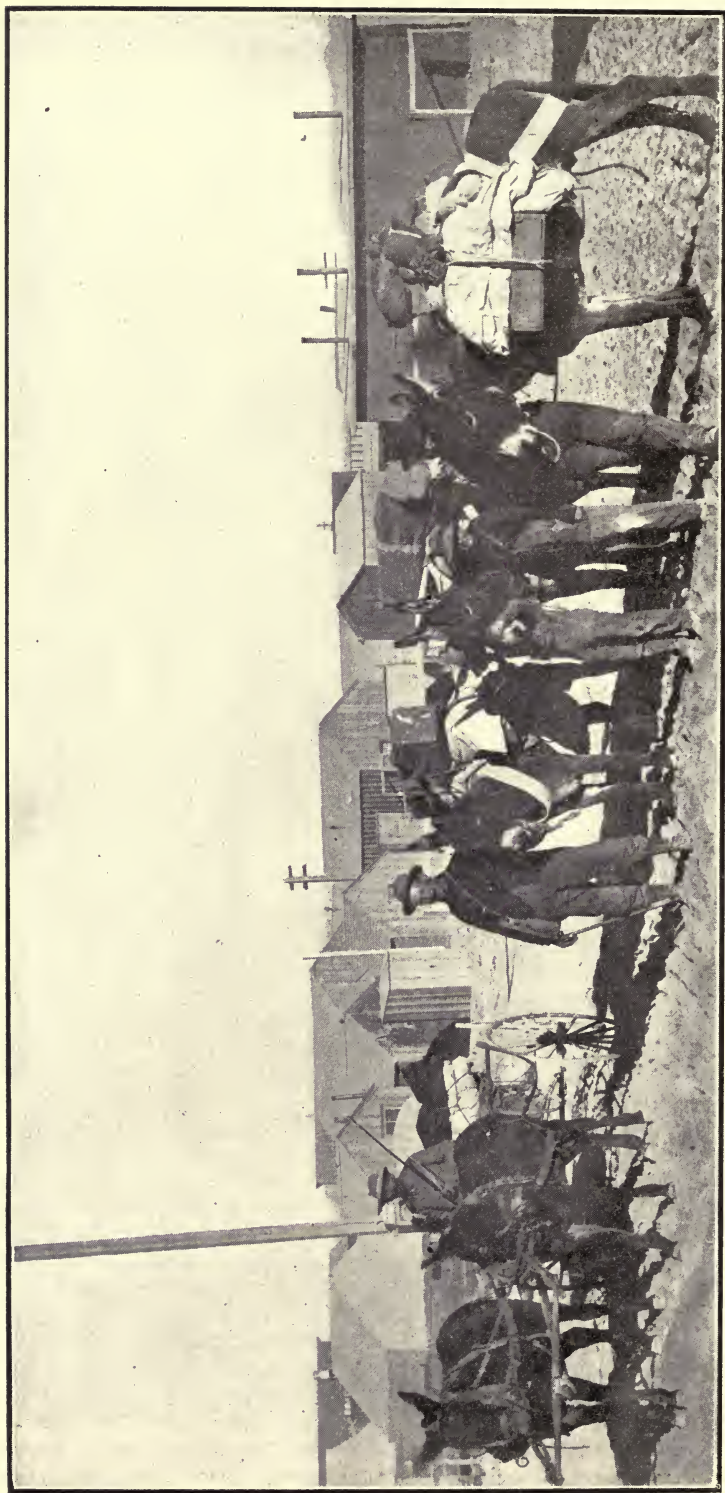
conquest and final settlement of the great West would have been indefinitely postponed. For four hundred years it has led the van of progress on the American hemisphere. This is the Empire Builder that planted the standard of civilization in the heart of the desert, in mountain fastnesses, in places remote and almost inaccessible. It made the paths that are now followed by the locomotive, winding in and out of narrow canons, through forbidding mountain passes, and over trackless stretches of shifting sand. It carries wood and water, machinery and mine supplies, merchandise and people, and almost everything else under the sun. In the cities of the Southwest, it takes the place of street car, automobile, cab and carriage. In the Pueblo communities it is the universal burden-bearer. It is the Mexican's half-brother and confidant. On the Indian Reservations it serves in all capacities, from that of playmate for the children to that of freight car for the tribe.

To-day some thousands of overworked, underfed and wholly unappreciated burros are toiling over the sage and sand of the Mojave and Colorado deserts. What the camel is to the deserts of the Orient, the burro is to the deserts of the Southwest. It can live longer without water and can scent it further than any other beast of burden, with the single exception of the camel. For this reason it is the only companion the prospector takes with him when he ventures into the sinks and flats of Death Valley and other regions scarcely less inhospitable. For this reason, too, it has fallen to the lot of the burro to pioneer the way to those amazing gold fields that now lure men by tens of thousands to the alkaline wastes of Nevada, Goldfield, Tonopah, Bullfrog, Manhattan, Silver Peak, Searchlight, Rhyolite, Fairview and a score more new mining camps in the wonderful Southwest could never have come into existence but for the aid of this patient animal which man has seen fit to despise, but which the Savior of mankind selected to bear Him in triumph into Jerusalem.

A balky horse or a stubborn mule is sure to give trouble at the most inopportune moment. Not so with the burro. It possesses quite enough discrimination

to indulge in its semi-occasional fits of obstinacy at the widest, safest and easiest point on the trail. It will crawl along the edge of shuddering precipices, scale beetling cliffs, and toil over jagged boulders with more than human carefulness. Then, when it reaches the valley and all semblance of danger is past, if affects an overwhelming fear of the rippling streamlet that laughs and sparkles in the sunlight. A burro's fear of water reminds one of a woman's fear of a mouse, although it is probably not one-half as genuine. If there was a chair or a table at hand, it is quite certain that the hysterical creature would mount it. As there isn't, however, it will scurry up stream, down stream, back up the trail, or in any direction save by the easiest path straight across. When hauled up short by the irate burro-puncher, it plants its forelegs as firmly as the granite of the everlasting mountains, lays back its ears, and prepares to fight it out on that line if it takes all summer. Clubs, stones, whips and cowhide boots avail as little as prayers, tears and honeyed words. To reason with a burro is as vain as to argue with one's mother-in-law. When one has kicked, cuffed, coaxed and pounded until he has worked himself up to the proper state of mental and spiritual exaltation, the only thing remaining to be done is to cuss. A smooth, fluent and unlabored flow of red-hot profanity will make a properly trained burro travel when nothing else will, unless it be a stick of dynamite or a keg of giant powder. Its antipathy to water is suddenly forgotten, and it ambles joyfully across the stream as if that was the one thing on earth it best loved.

In spite of its faults and caprices, however, the burro has led the procession in America almost ever since the white man first set foot on this hemisphere. The Spaniards brought it over before they attempted the Conquest. It carried the accoutrements of Cortez to the capital of the Montezumas. It was at Balboa's elbow when he caught the first sight of the Pacific. It journeyed with Ponce de Leon when he sought the fountain of youth, and with De Soto when he discovered the Mississippi. Pizarro took it with him to the capital of the Incas; and grave and learned historians tell us



"The Burro in the new gold fields of Southern Nevada."

that 3,000 donkeys were engaged for years transporting the treasures of Peru across the Isthmus of Darien. With Alvarado it trudged the trails of Central America, and with Coronado it made the most astonishing land journey of exploration that history has ever recorded—from the City of Mexico to the Gulf of California, the Grand Canon of the Colorado, the Seven Cities of Cibola, the Pueblo towns of Arizona and New Mexico, and across the great Buffalo Plains almost to the spot on which Kansas City now stands. It was the sole burden-bearer for the padres when they reared the walls of the Alamo, of San Xavier del Bac, of all those wonderful missions in the parched and arid lands of New Mexico and Arizona. By its aid, Juan de Onate, the millionaire colonizer of the Southwest, built the City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis—the name of which is now irreverently curtailed to “Santa Fe.” Upon its assistance the Franciscan fathers relied (and were not disappointed) when they builded their chain of lordly and enduring missions along the coast of California.

The burro is the companion, friend, scapegoat and half-brother of the prospector; the sharer of his toils and hardships, the partner of his joys, the helper in his successes, the equal sufferer by his failures. Over the crest of the Rocky mountains, up and down the rim rock of the Mogollons, through the canons and gulches of the Wahsatch, around the peaks and crags of the Sierra Nevadas, through the gray ash heaps and sparkling soda and borax crystals of the Funeral Range and Telescope Mountains, across the sage and sand of the Mojave desert, the prospector has trudged with his burro at his elbow, carrying his “crub” and outfit, without which even existence would have been impossible. The horse has never been created that could sustain the hardships of these mountain and desert journeivings; and the mule would have died of wrath and discouragement before the prospector got out of sight of his base of supplies. Little wonder, then, that the miners and prospectors who have scarred the Cordilleras of two continents with their little pits and drifts and tunnels; who have pioneered the way for the forward

march of civilization from the equator to the poles; who have traced the elusive but magnetic “streak of yellow” from Patagonia to the Klondike, and back again; who have opened every great mining camp in the three Americas, are wont to speak of dead and gone burros as they might speak of dearly loved but wayward children, who have gone to a better and less laborious land.

But it is not alone to the Mexican and the Indian, or to the prospector and the miner that the burro is a necessity and an ever present help. The burro pack trains that may be seen in Hageman Pass, at Ouray, on Aspen Mountain, on the Gold Belt Train, on the Funeral Range, the Calico and Telescope and Panamint Mountains, at Bullfrog, Manhattan, Fairview and a hundred other places, tell the story of isolated camps far up in the mountains or away out on the inhospitable desert that depend wholly or in part upon the unlovely, but not entirely unlovable burro, for communication with the great world outside, even in these rushing days of railroads, telegraphs and airships. Their burdens may consist of food and clothing for the toilers in the treasure vaults of nature, or of lumber for the cabins of the miners, or for the dance halls, gambling joints and saloons that belong inseparably to the mining camps; or they may be ore bound for the smelters, or gold dust for the mint or the lifeless form of some poor devil who has “cashed in,” leaving money or dust enough to secure respect for his last wish that he be buried “back home.” It is all the same to the patient little animal that picks its way so gingerly along dizzy ledges, around and among tottering boulders, over scorching sands, or across sliding snows that need only an incautious footstep to transform them into an avalanche. A strange and anachronic mode of transportation, this—in these swift days of steam and electricity—but a method that must survive along the backbone of the continent and in the arid lands of the Southwest for years or centuries to come.

The most melancholy and disheartening sight to be seen in all the West—marking the decay of the stern and rugged virtues that have given to the work of Empire building West of the

Missouri its touch of epic grandeur—is the prostitution of this austere and virile soul to base, ignoble and effeminate uses. Surely to fill the grand Canon of the Colorado, the basin of the Yellowstone, the Valley of the Yosemite, and other corners of God's great Western picture gallery with guides, photographers, lunch counters, paper bags and peanut shells, were sacrilege enough. To take the laborious and long-suffering donkey, however, and treat it as a lay figure, or a portable appendage to the scenery; to break its gait to suit the unsteady seat of the simpering miss from High School, "seeing the West(!)" by Pullman and trolley car; to teach it to pose in self-conscious awkwardness before the camera of the "official photographer" or of the ambitious amateur; to attune its elongated ears to the silly twaddle of courting couples, the artful gush of angling spinsters, or the "soulful" inanities of the newly wed, in lieu of the

manly oaths which pre-natal instinct and life long custom have taught it to love—these are flagrant wrongs which mean-minded men have perpetrated through sordid love of the dimes and quarters of the summer tourists. Though cast in an ignoble mould, the soul of the burro aspires to higher things. Like the stern-faced, iron-framed frontiersmen who are taming the West, it loves the life that is both simple and strenuous. The solitude of untrodden paths, the wide outlook of snow-covered peaks, a bed upon the naked rocks, canopied by diamond-spangled skies, an anchorite's feast upon a wisp of sun-cured hay and a deep draught from some snow-born rivulet—these suit its hardy frame and simple soul better than all the refinements and effeminacies of over-civilization. Were this not absolutely true, the burro would be of as little use in the real work of the West as a lady's lap dog on the wind-swept range.



Wood Dealer of Santa Fe, New Mexico.



In Quest of Bohemia

By Edwin P. Irwin

ON these latter days, when so much of life is made up of work and care and responsibility, it is not to be wondered at that all the world is ever ready to reach out eagerly for anything that seems to promise even momentary relief from the weary burden that it is the part of all the human race to bear. What wonder that so many people living in the land of the Everyday, where the sun shines but occasionally and the heavy fog of monotony hangs with dreary persistency, look across with hungry eyes toward that mysterious country where every day appears bright and cheerful and the warm sun of San Souci shines alike upon the just and the unjust?

And so, like children chasing the ever vanishing end of the rainbow, weary mortals, straining at the leashes of ennui, struggling to escape from the deadly monotony of life-emptiness, set forth in search of the fair land of Bohemia. In that land, they have been told, care and responsibility are unknown, freedom and pleasure reign. In the land of the Everyday, that which one would he must not, and that which he would not, that he must do. In Bohemia, May and Must are unknown, and the dwellers in that happy country are guided only by their own wishes and impulses.

Toward it, then, do the world-weary turn their longing eyes, and they set out to gain it, little dreaming that once they have reached its boundaries they may not be permitted to enter. For it is not every one to whom the gates of Bohemia open, nor do the dwellers within those gates stretch out their arms in welcome except to the chosen few who have the password. There are certain requirements to be fulfilled, certain qualities necessary.

This many of the seekers after Bohemia know, but few know what they are. Some think they know, but do not. And there are those who, having, like Moses, had a glimpse of the promised land, think they are already entered therein, and proceed to conduct themselves in strange and peculiar ways. They believe that if they are not natives of the country, they are at least citizens by adoption, not knowing that the exclusion laws are rigid and strictly enforced.

The prevailing idea concerning the nature of Bohemianism seems to be that it is essentially unconventionality. Those who think thus believe that if they dare to violate to a mild extent the unwritten laws laid down by society, they are Bohemians. And it is so delightful to do things that seem just a little wicked, especially if one can shock one's friends mildly by telling of it afterward. How delightfully Bohemian it is to visit the Latin Quarter, don't you know, and dine at one of the funny little restaurants, and perhaps smoke a cigarette. All true Bohemians smoke cigarettes. And it's so awfully jolly and unconventional.

Those who think thus fail to recognize one of the cardinal laws of Bohemia. Conventions are the unwritten laws laid down by society for the guidance of its members. They may be wise or otherwise, but they are laws, and those who violate the conventionalities are transgressors of the law. Where conventionalities are recognized, they must be obeyed. There are those who fail to conform to them because they are reckless or want to be a little odd. And there are others for whom certain conventions of general society do not exist. Conventionalities are not the same in all lands. Bohemia has its own laws, the same as

any other country, and its inhabitants must live in accordance with those laws. But the foreigner fails to understand that the laws of Bohemia are not the same as those of his native country, and so he believes that Bohemians are of necessity unconventional, when the fact is that the Bohemian is merely living in accordance with the laws of his own country. Bohemianism is not unconventionality.

Not long ago, at one of the foreign restaurants, of which there used to be so many in the San Francisco Latin Quarter, before the Quarter was destroyed, a party of four, two men and two women, all of whom bore the indefinable but unmistakable air which stamps the real Bohemian, were seated at a table together. They seemed to be having a good time, laughing and joking, sipping their wine and telling stories. At an adjoining table were seated two women, evidently not of the class peculiar to that section of the city, and still more evidently not Bohemians. They were tasting their food gingerly, as if it were more of a curiosity than something to be eaten, while their amused examination of the place itself and of the others present, showed that they were there for the first time. Their stares had all the supercilious insolence of those of the members of a slumming party.

At the first table a dispute arose over some question, and finally one of the men turned to the two ladies and asked their opinion on the matter. They stared at him coldly, and believing that they had not understood, he repeated his question.

"Sir," said one of them, frigidly, "I did not come down here to be addressed by men whom I do not know."

The man hastily apologized, and turned away, but the outraged feelings of the woman were not to be thus easily satisfied. They called the proprietor and complained that they had been insulted. "It's a shame," said one of them, "that we can't come down here to study these queer people without being spoken to by strange men."

The proprietor tried to explain that it was taken for granted by all his patrons that any one who came there was all right, and that no insult had been intended; it was merely the custom of the

place for those who frequented it to feel at liberty to speak to any one else there without the formality of an introduction. But the two women arose in chilly dignity and swept out with the crushing remark that it was the last time they would ever come to such a place—a remark which was accepted as a crumb of hope by the other diners.

The women did not consider themselves rude. They were merely seekers after the land of Bohemia—but they could not talk the language of that country.

There was in San Francisco, before it was destroyed by the fire, a certain restaurant which was widely known as being "very Bohemian." No tourist could feel that he had really taken in all the sights of the city until he had sat at one of its tables and eaten of the very indifferent fare served there, and dropped his cigar ashes on the sawdust covered floor. And the women, when they wanted to do something just a little shocking, were sure to wish to go there to dine. They thought that they were getting a peep into Bohemia. They were confident that all of the other diners must be real Bohemians. The chances are that most of them were merely other sight-seers cherishing the same delusion. But when one is in Bohemia, one must do as the Bohemians do—which sometimes gives rise to amusing incidents.

On a Saturday night when the place was filled, mostly with searchers after Bohemia, a young lady lighted a cigarette. Instantly every woman in the room looked at her—and promptly ordered cigarettes, and in five minutes all of them were puffing. Many of them evidently had never done so before, as could easily be told by the way they went at it, but they concluded it was the thing to do, and they must be Bohemian if it killed them.

To the desire to attain that state of bliss which is so undoubtedly the part of all true Bohemians must be attributed much of the poor art and poorer literary productions which decorate the walls of many homes and burden the editorial waste basket. For all artists and writers, good, bad and indifferent, are commonly supposed to be dwellers in the pleasant land and to live a life of happy carelessness and irresponsibility. And so Ag-

nes takes a few lessons in drawing and painting and sets up a studio in the attic—fearfully and wonderfully decorated with ham-and-egg sunsets and pale pink cows and burnt leather sofa pillows—and pesters father and Uncle Ben into sitting for her. And she invites her friends up to drink chocolate and eat Welch rare-bits in her den, and they all say that Agnes is “so Bohemian in her ways, and isn’t it jolly?” And Mary rushes into spring poetry and delightful negligee, and assumes pensive ways and pink thoughts, and a carelessness as to whether or not her hat is on straight, and Aunt Margaret asks mother why she doesn’t “break that girl of her Bohemian ways. It’s simply spoiling her.” Clarence lets his hair grow, and wears a velveteen jacket and flowing tie, and speaks mysteriously of his ideals—and mother fears that he has fallen in love.

All these people are searchers after Bohemia. Some of them may find it—but not until they have found themselves. For Bohemia is not what they think it is. Bohemianism does not consist in wearing long hair and unusual costume, eating unsavory foreign messes in dirty or disreputable restaurants, or drinking strange and wonderful drinks. The man who acquires a jag on absinthe or Punci alla Tuscano is not any more necessarily Bohemian than the one who gets drunk on steam beer or straight whisky. The artist who can paint a wonderful picture may be less of a Bohemian than the clerk behind the ribbon

counter.

For Bohemia is not a place nor a condition. It is rather a state—not of being, but of feeling. It is not necessary to go in search of it. It exists within one—if it exists for him at all. No man or woman can be a true Bohemian in whose soul the spirit of Bohemia is not.

Bohemianism is the ability to get the most out of life—and to take life as it comes, the good with the bad, the bitter with the sweet, brushing aside the unpleasant things and cherishing those that are better.

The Bohemian is not, as popularly supposed, partial to two-bit table d’hôte dinners and Dago red. He would prefer to dine at the best place in town, and would get more satisfaction out of doing so than would another. But when he can’t get what he wants, he takes the next best thing, and is just as happy. It is chiefly a matter of temperament.

Responsibilities rest upon the shoulders of the Bohemian as they do upon other men’s, but he possesses the ability to do his work without appearing to be crushed beneath it. He looks on the sunny side of life, shrugs his shoulders cheerfully when things do not go to suit him, and is sure that everything will be all right to-morrow.

If you would go in quest of Bohemia, search your own soul. You need look no further, for if you do not find it there, it does not exist for you. But if you do find it, then you are to be counted among the blessed.



Arthur Hill, Photo.



Teeming with the vivid local color of the "old San Francisco," is Will Irwin's latest book, brought out by B. W. Huebsch, of New York. His descriptions of the "sea-grey city" are so true to what has been, and is no more, that instinctively we re-live the old life, and forget the heart-breaking changes that have come about.

We see again "the orange colored dawn which always comes through the mists of the bay, the fishing fleet crawling in, under triangular lateen sails;" the "greatest beauty show on the continent, the Saturday afternoon matinee parade;" the "old Hotel de France on California St. where Louis, the proprietor, throwing out familiar jokes to right and left as he mixed salads and carried dishes, was the head and front;" and the rest of the restaurants and cafes, "for which San Francisco was famous;" Telegraph Hill, where the shanties of the tenants clung to the side of the hill, or hung on the very edge of the precipice overlooking the bay, on the verge of which a wall kept their babies from falling." "The bonny, merry city,—the good, gray city—O that one who has mingled the wine of her bounding life with the wine of his youth should live to write the obituary of Old San Francisco!"

The author was once a member and a leading spirit in the famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. In the Summer of 1904, he wrote the "Midsummer Jinks," the annual, out-of-door performance for which this club is noted. Irwin's "Jinks" was a dramatic poem of 1,000 lines; and in its prologue are these lines, which have become a prophecy:

"It is a dream; yet is it all a dream?
Your cities, and your grim, gaunt giants
of steel.

Your wisdom and your striving—they are dreams.

As vanished Babylon and goodly Tyre
So shall they vanish; but the willing rose
Blows on the broken battlements of Tyre
And mosses rent the stones of Babylon;
For beauty is eternal; and I sing
Of beauty everlasting—"

"The City That Was," by Will Irwin, B. W. Huebsch, publisher, New York.

A book of similar nature to the "Doomed City" reviewed last month in the Overland Monthly, minus reading matter, excepting some lines under each picture, is "Glimpses of the San Francisco Disaster," consisting of "116 realistic views." One picture is especially noticeable, the "View across Fourth Street, after the earthquake." Here is photographed an extensive area taken *after the fire*. Another:—"General View after the Earthquake," which was also taken *after the conflagration*.

Fissures in the streets, blocks of pavement upturned, are enlarged, and the camera is made to coincide with the lies of the writer.

"Glimpses of the San Francisco Disaster." Laird & Lee, publishers, Chicago

This dainty little volume, "The Czar's Gift" by William Ordway Partridge, is practically a book for youngsters, and yet we "children of a larger growth" will read it with interest.

It is written simply, but "between the lines," covertly, half-hidden, lies the tragedy of an oppressed, persecuted people.

"The Czar's Gift" by William Ordway Partridge. Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, New York & London; 40c.



An Alliterative Affair

Acting Arrangement.

Actors—Arthur Allstar, an automobilist. Alphonse, automobile assistant. Art gallery attendant.

Actress—Alicia Aimworthy, an archeologist.

Act I.—An arbor. An Arbor.

Alicia approaches, artistically attired. Arrives at an ancient arch, arranges an ankle-tie, and assumes an attentive attitude.

All about Alicia are architectural antiquities. Alicia appreciates architecture.

As afternoon approaches, Alicia ambles arborward. Arthur Allstar appears adorning an automobile. An assistant animates auto and automatically anchors at arbor. Alicia appears anxious. Arthur alights and asks Alicia: "Are angels always about arbors?"

"Almost always," Alicia answers adding: "Angels apparently attract antithesis."

Arthur appears annoyed and announces: "Antithesis attempted absence and—alas, advances and asks affliction."

Alicia, arrogantly angry, arises. Arthur approaches Alicia and attempts an amorous argument.

Alicia anxious and alarmed!

Automobile assistant alights, agilely approaches and assists angry Alicia automobileward, ascends and assumes authority.

Arthur amazed at abduction.

Assistant autoist and Alicia are autoing afar.

Act A A—An art gallery alcove. Albany.

Alphonse (auto assistant) and Alicia

appear. Alicia acutely admiring Art and Alphonse. Alphonse admiring Alicia alone. Abandoned Arthur adroitly advances and ambushes at an armorial array athwart alcove. Alicia's affectionate aspect angers and annoys Arthur.

After a while, Alicia asks angelically, "Alphonse, account again Alicia's abduction."

Alphonse, appropriately admonished, articulates audibly: "Alphonse always admired Alicia. Arthur Allstar always an awkward adjunct. Alphonse always alert, always anticipating an appropriate avenge."

"Alphonse asked Arthur's allowance as auto assistant. Arthur admitted Alphonse's ability and arranged apprenticeship."

"Alicia awfully annoyed at Arthur's amorous adhesion."

"At Ann Arbor affairs assumed an abominable attitude."

"Alphonse anxiously anticipating affairs, acted accordingly, appropriated Alicia, abandoned Ann Arbor and annexed Alicia at Albany."

At Alphonse's affecting announcement Alicia appears amicably affectionate and approaches auto assistant's arm area.

Arthur, angry and abusive, appears and attempts alienation. Alphonse arises and attacks Arthur! Alicia advocates arbitration! Alarming activity. Alicia arouses attendants. Arthur arrested! Arthur asserts: "Ah-a-a, armisticed again!"

Alphonse and Alicia assume applause-assuring attitudes.

Attendant assists Arthur away as ambulance alarms approach.

Adieu.

Policeman—Here, man, did you know there was a price on your head?

Man—No, sir; you surely must be mistaken.

Policeman—No, I'm not. That tag on your cap says "Price 75c."

"Give me a box of matches," said the farmer, as he tossed a five-cent piece over the counter.

"What?" queried the matrimonial agent, looking at the farmer curiously.

"A box of matches, please," repeated the farmer.

"But, my dear sir, we don't keep matches," said the agent.

"Then why have you got that sign out there saying: 'Matches Made Here,'" asked the husbandman.

The defendant, an old negro, had stoutly denied ever stealing chickens.

"But," asked the judge, "did you not steal a spring chicken as the plaintiff alleges?"

"No, sir, jedge; let me tell you," said the old negro, forgetting himself. "Dat chicken wot I stole wuz so ol' dat, honest, jedge, I had to cook it fo' mo' than two hours. Now, jedge, why an' not de plaintiff guilty ub perjury?"

A prominent man had failed and failure was the chief subject of conversation in the little town.

"Wot am de extent ub his liabilities?" inquired one old colored man of another.

"De extent of his liabilities?" repeated the man addressed in amazement. "Well, sah, dat man has de greatest ability fo' lyin' ub any one I ebber knowed."

—Will H. Henrickson.

HER AVERSION.

The Oyster I cannot respect

He is a lazy oaf,

His life he spends in oyster beds

And ends in oyster loaf.

ON EXAMPLE SET THE YOUNG.

How can Sea-urchins be brought up

To act by laws and rules?

Their Grampus swim on Sabbath day

Their Porpoise play in schools.

C. L. EDHOLM.

SINCE MOTHER TOOK UP CHARITY.

Since Mother took up charity, the house don't seem the same,

The meat ain't done, the bread is burned,

—but o' course Ma ain't to blame,

She's workin' for the Heathen an' a-savin' of his soul,

While sister cooks the vittles and Pa packs up the coal.

The baby's got the colic, an' he kicks and squalls and yells;

I think he needs Ma most as bad as them poor, black infidels.

Of course I ain't complainin', but I'm just a-tellin' you,

Ma's savin' of the heathen an' it's a noble thing to do.

My shirt ain't got no buttons, an' sister's dress is old,

An' Pa's pants need a-patchin' for the weather's awful cold,

An' Ma, she's buyin' bibles an' makin' quilts an' stuff,

Till I begin to wonder why them blacks ain't got enough.

I'm hungry for some doughnuts an' ginger cookies, too,

An' I'm tired o' soup an' water, an' a dish of Irish stew.

Oh! Ma, she is a wonder, an' the work is grand, I know,

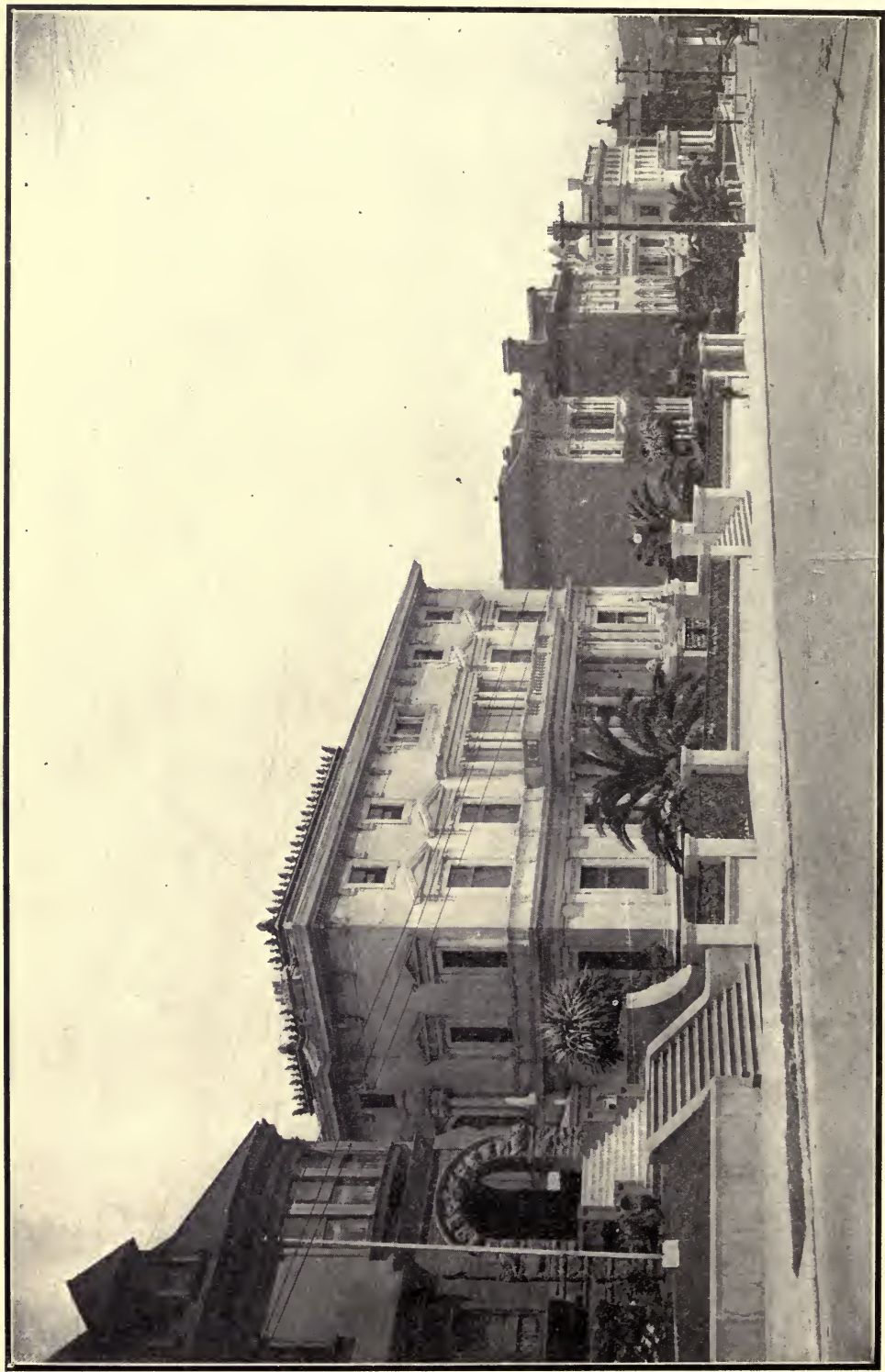
But them durned old heathen critters gets converted mighty slow.

Helen Fitzgerald Sanders.

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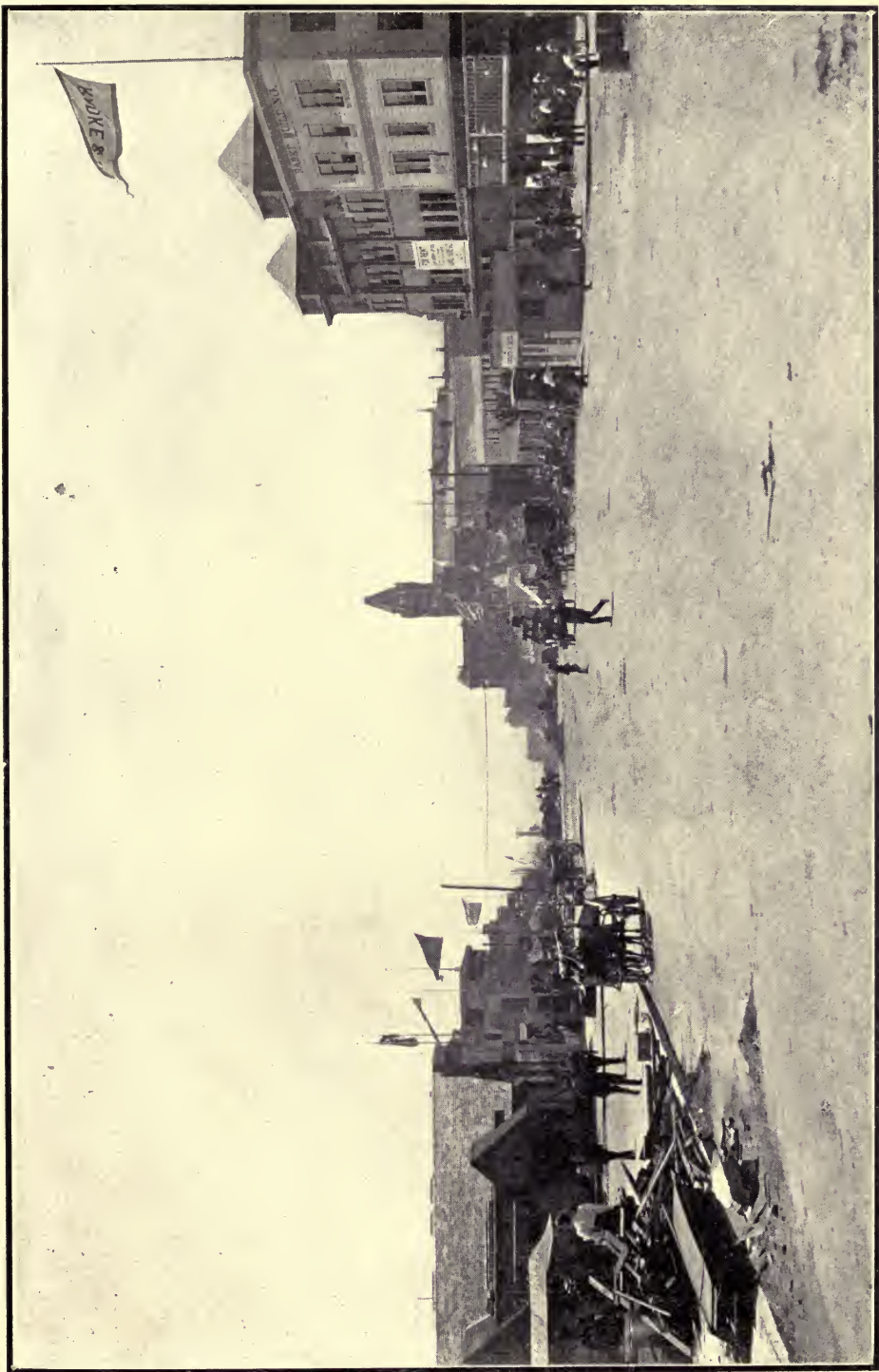
What San Francisco has to Start With. Broadway, looking east from Buchanan. James Flood residence in foreground.



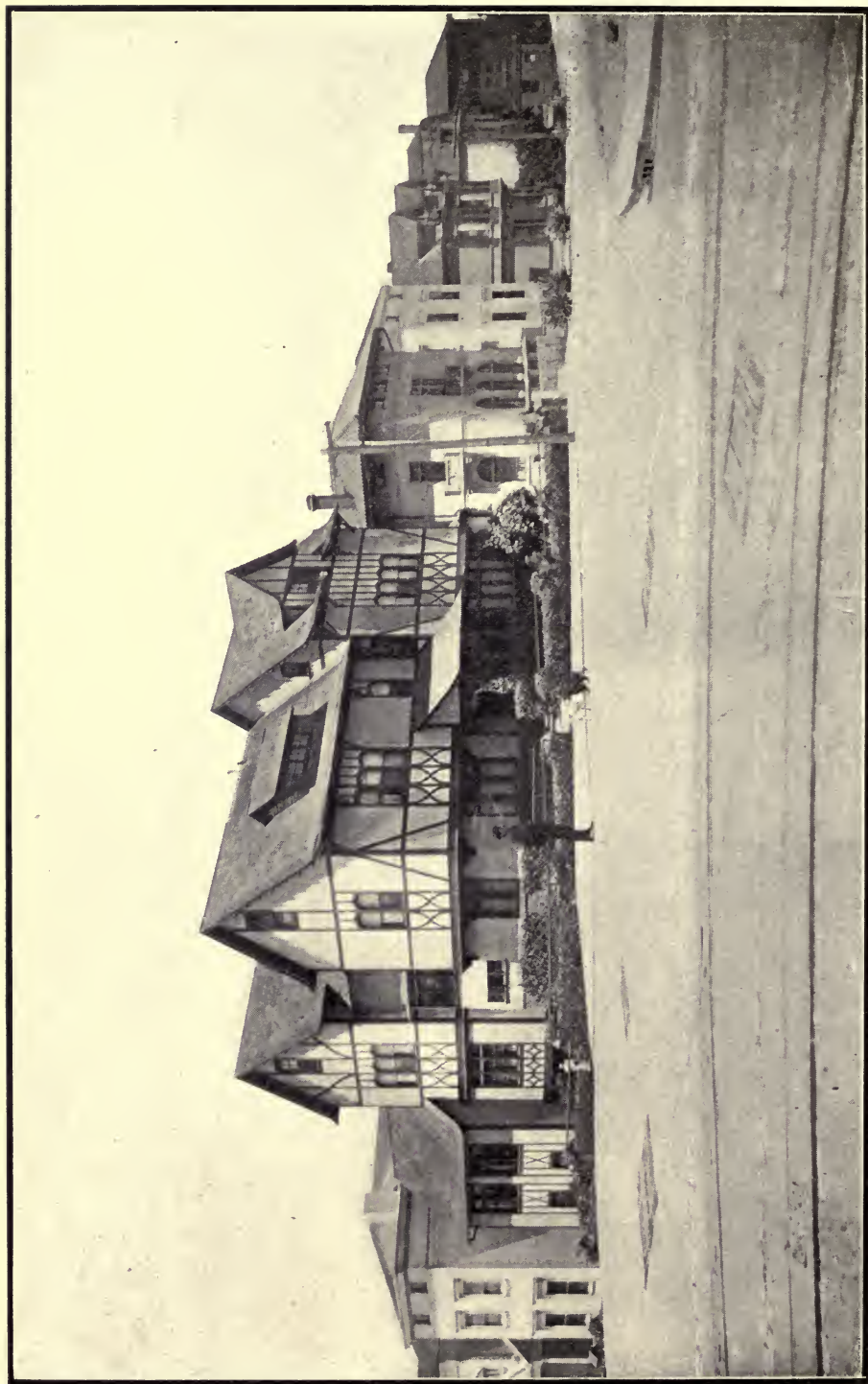
What San Francisco has to Start With. Looking west from Clay and Locust streets.



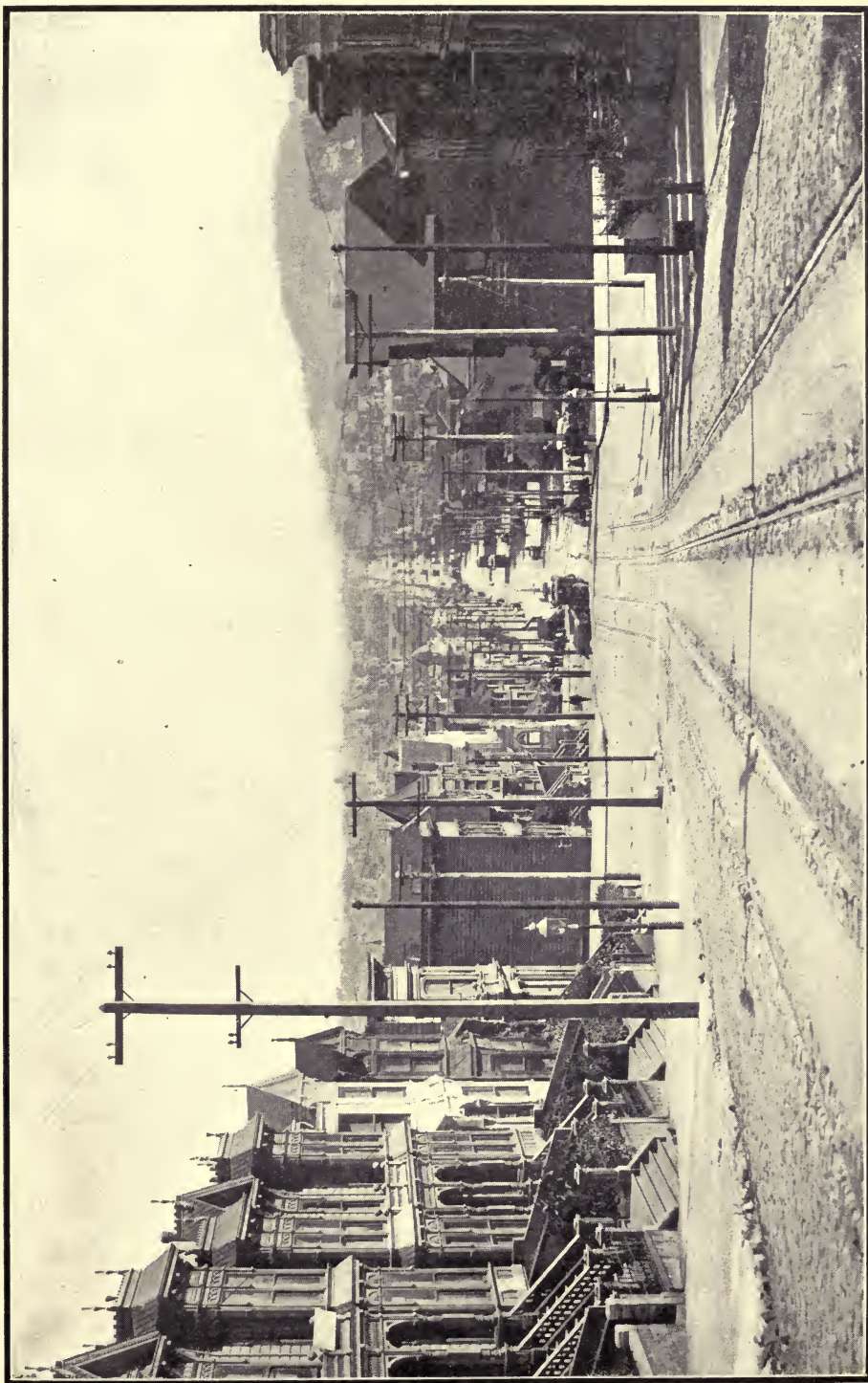
What San Francisco has to Start With. Henry J. Crocker's house.



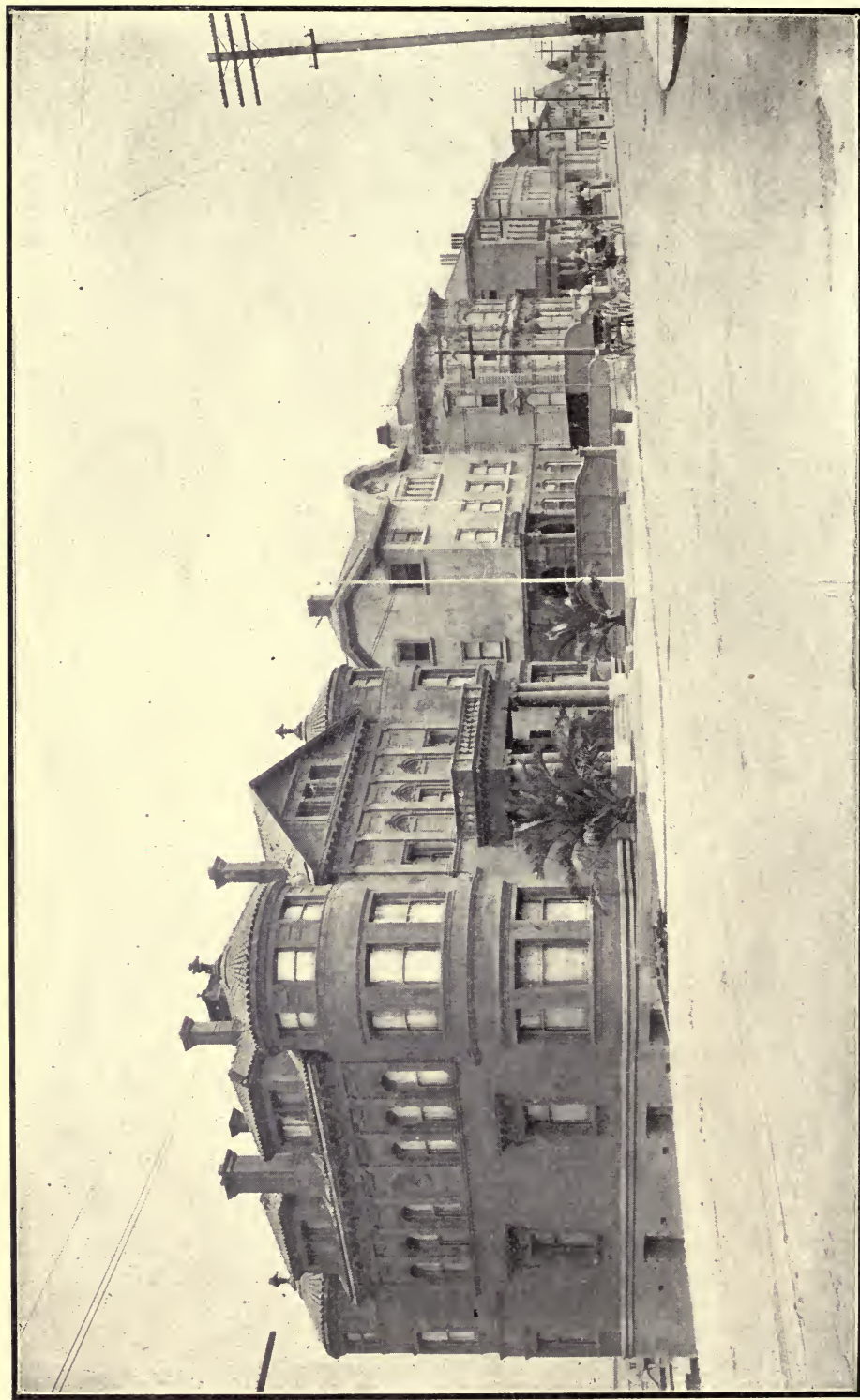
What San Francisco has to Start With. Looking south on Van Ness avenue from Pine street.



What San Francisco has to Start With. Presidio avenue, corner of Jackson street.



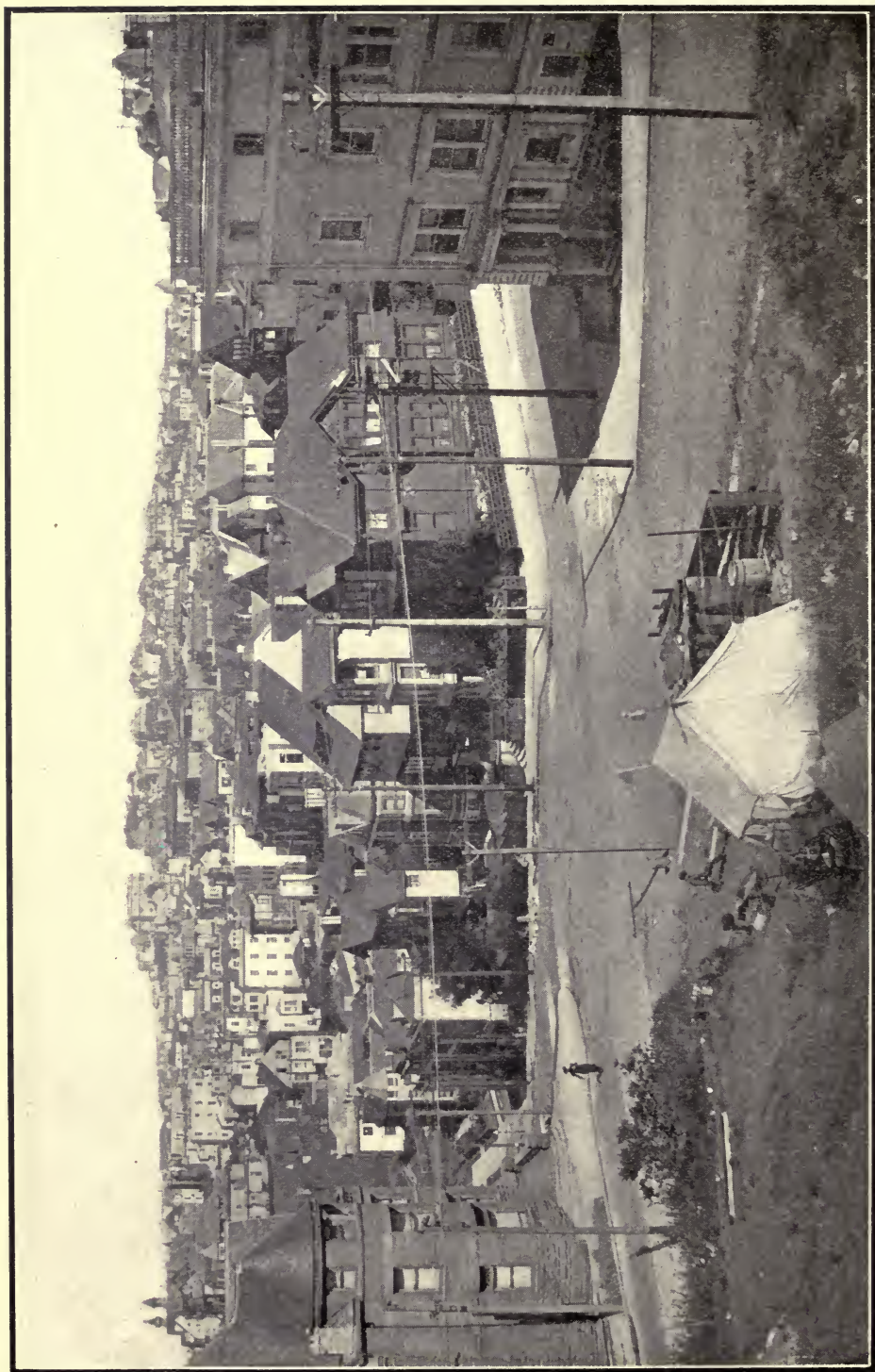
What San Francisco has to Start With. Looking south on Devisadero street, from Washington street.



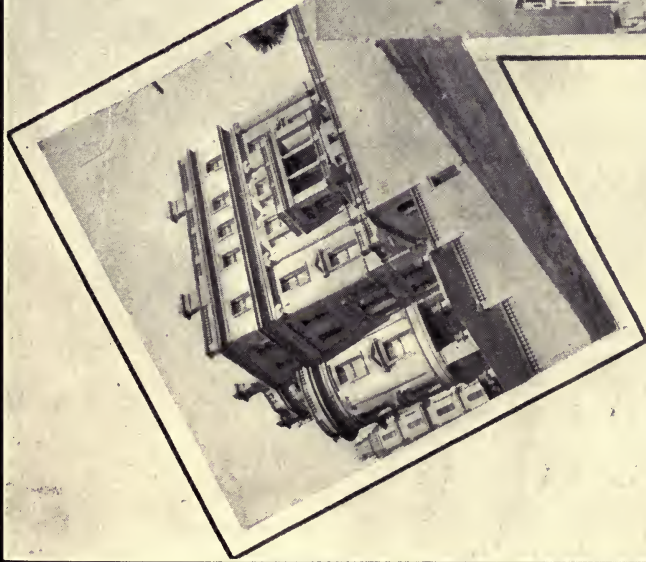
What San Francisco has to Start With. Jackson street, looking east from Laguna street.



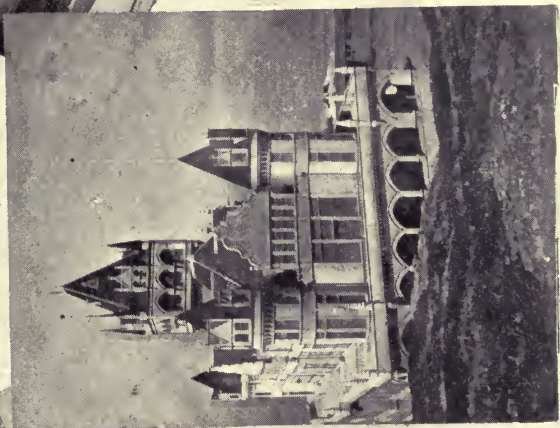
What San Francisco has to Start With. Looking east from Washington and Spruce streets.



What San Francisco has to Start With. Looking east from Broadway and Devisadero streets.



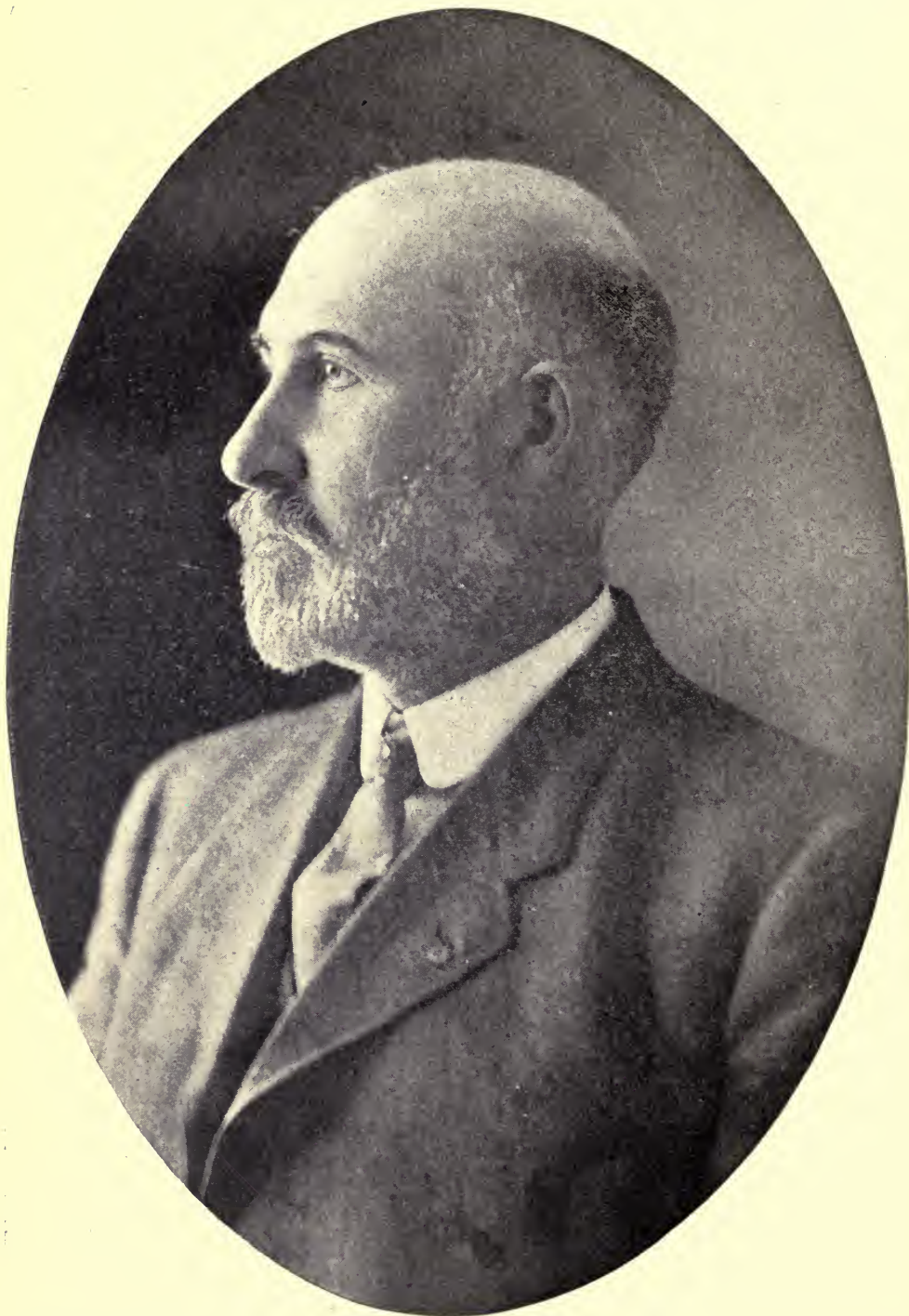
What San Francisco has to Start With.
The Irwin home.



Cliff House.



Home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.



EDWIN DURYEA, JR., Chief Engineer Bay Cities Water Company.

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A Better City

The Great Opportunity Now Before San Francisco

BY EDWIN DURYEA, JR., C. E., Member American Society of Civil Engineers

AS a member of the Committee of Forty on the Reconstruction of San Francisco and of the Sub-Committees on Street Widening and Water Supply, I have been asked by the Overland Monthly to contribute an article on the rebuilding of the city.

That San Francisco will be re-built, and that quickly, has been a foregone conclusion ever since the fire, and is daily becoming more apparent. The task is an immense one, and its difficulties should not be underestimated. A portion of the residence section and the entire business section were destroyed, and no one who has not seen the city since the fire can realize the severity of the damage. Notwithstanding the extent of the calamity, reconstruction will proceed rapidly.

Two causes insure the quick renewal of San Francisco, its importance to the rest of the country, and the strong belief of its inhabitants in its growth and success. It is the chief city of the Pacific Coast—the greatest port, the greatest railroad center and the financial center of all industries, mining, agricultural and stock raising. While immensely less important than New York City, its relative importance on the Pacific Coast is greater than that of New York on the Atlantic. The acquisition of Hawaii and the Philippines by the United States greatly increased the importance of San Francisco to the country at large, and with the completion of the Panama Canal, a few years hence, its national importance will be still further increased.

The importance of San Francisco be-

ing national, as well as local, a considerable portion of its financial interests are controlled in the far East. These interests are in the aggregate very large, and include much improved real estate, and also many transportation companies, both land and water, and transcontinental and local systems. Even had the consequences of the earthquake been far more serious than they are, these Eastern investors have such large interests already involved that they would still have increased their outlay to restore their property to use. However, the prospects on this coast are very bright, and Eastern financiers are not forced to the choice of taking great risks by further investments or of losing those already made.

San Francisco will be rebuilt because the commerce and the financial interests of the country cannot afford to do without it. Its people have the courage and the energy necessary to rebuild it, and will be aided in their efforts by the sympathy of the nation. Only one thing can prevent a speedy restoration—a general financial depression throughout the country—and of this there is no present probability.

While San Francisco will be rebuilt and outside interests will aid local interests to do so, the decision of how it will be rebuilt, of the quality of the rebuilt city, rests entirely with its inhabitants. In a large way, and looking some years into the future, the fire will be found to have been a benefit to the city instead of an injury. To one who has lived in New York and Chicago, the principal streets

of San Francisco had not yet acquired the marks of a great city, and the height and character of most of its buildings were far behind Eastern standards. The fire has removed in three days hundreds of poor buildings which would otherwise have been replaced by modern buildings only very slowly, and building ordinances and fire limits make it impossible that the burned district be rebuilt without a great and general improvement. Therefore, in quality of buildings, the new San Francisco cannot choose but be a better city than the old, and the only choice is, whether it shall be as little better as the building and fire ordinances will permit, or as much better as it can practicably be made.

In alluding to the destruction of San Francisco, fire only has been mentioned. It is well recognized that the earthquake did but little damage to San Francisco, *except to start the fire*, and also to so cripple the water system as to destroy its usefulness for fire protection. If water had been available in usual quantities, while the fire would still have been a bad one, no such great conflagration would have occurred.

At some portions of the territory affected by the earthquake, considerable damage was done to buildings, notably at Stanford University and at Santa Rosa. The damage at Stanford is chiefly of interest because it was due to the earthquake alone, no fire having ensued. Some persons claim that the buildings were injured because of the great severity of the shock, while the truth (well recognized by most architects and engineers) is that the damage is chargeable rather to poor design and construction. In only a few instances were well-designed and well-constructed buildings of any form of construction—wood, brick, concrete or steel—seriously damaged by the earthquake.

Since buildings were actually ruined, what caused their ruin may seem at first thought an academic question only. This, however, is not the case, and it is of great practical importance to determine the cause of such failures. If they were due to a convulsion of nature so severe that human constructions were unable to cope with it, then it is of little use to consider the rebuilding of San Francisco, for such earthquakes may again occur—



Looking from Fillmore street and Broadway.



Van Ness avenue and Ellis street.

though probably not in many years with such severity, as the recent one must have relieved the tension which had been accumulating at the fault line for years past. Buildings did not, however, fail because of an irresistible shock, but because of defects which can be and should be remedied in the reconstruction. Hence the rebuilt city can be made safer against the recurrence of such a shock, and rebuilding cannot be regarded as foolhardy or as a dangerous risk to investors. No greater mistake can be made than to excuse the failures of structures by the severity of the shock. It is known that fire can be effectively guarded against by proper methods of protection. The great lesson of the earthquake is that the great weaknesses which were thus shown to exist in buildings and in the water system are such as can be and must be excluded in the future; and that it is practicable to so rebuild the city that it will be safe, in a very great degree, from the effects of future earthquakes and the risks of future fires.

The buildings of the new San Francisco cannot fail to be better than those of the old. The public utilities of the

new city, however—the streets, the street railways, the sewers, and the water and lighting systems—will be only as much better as the people of San Francisco earnestly desire. It is in regard to the improvement of these public utilities that the people should be aroused and made to realize both their present great opportunity and that the maximum practicable degree of improvement is advisable. Should advantage not be taken of this opportunity, San Francisco will feel the harmful effects of her neglect for a hundred years to come—or until the time when, at great expense, she repairs her error.

The chief objections made to improving the street system of San Francisco are the great cost of such improvements and the impoverished condition of the city since the fire. It is said that the streets have always been sufficient for practical needs, and hence that the advocates of improvement are impractical and mere seekers after beauty. This view is a false and narrow one, however, and the most earnest advocates of improvement are among engineers and business men, whose purposes are necessarily utilitarian.

As to the cost of such improvements and the present poverty of the city, such men know that (whatever difficulties) the action which the city can least afford to take is to shirk these improvements, and that any present savings thus made will result in greater and continuing losses in the near and the far future.

The street improvements needed come under three heads—a widening of some of the streets to afford fire-breaks, some new diagonal streets to give more direct traffic communication between different parts of the city, and an avoidance of some of the steep grades by winding streets. The widened streets will also necessarily help traffic, and the diagonal and the winding streets will serve as fire-breaks, but the essential purposes are as given. That wide streets are an important element in fire protection is well recognized by insurance experts. The National Board of Fire Underwriters, in their report on San Francisco, issued only last October, advise

“That prompt measures be taken to relieve hazardous conditions in narrow streets by widening the streets * * * ”

The report also states that

“San Francisco has violated all underwriting traditions and precedent by not burning up. That it has not done so is largely due to the vigilance of the fire department, which cannot be relied upon indefinitely to stave off the inevitable.”

The termination of the San Francisco fire in itself affords most convincing proof of the value of wide streets as fire-barriers. Without other effective means to control it, the fire was finally stopped by Van Ness avenue, one of the few wide streets of the city. Market street, the principal wide street, held the fire in check and prevented it from crossing; and the final burning of the section north of Market was from original fires to the north of it, spreading westward from the bay shore.

Of the specific plan recommended by the sub-committee on Widening Streets, only this need be said: After long and careful consideration of the street problem, the Burnham Plan, modified slightly to meet the changed conditions after the fire, was adopted by the sub-committee as more practical and as offering greater benefits than any plan they could devise. This conclusion is not to be wondered at,



Residence of A. B. Hammond, Broadway, between Fillmore and Webster streets.



Van Ness avenue and Eddy street.

as the Burnham Plan is the result of a year's work by the foremost specialist in that field. The only mistake in connection with the plan has been the frequent reference to it as for the "beautification" of San Francisco. The term *improvement* would have been a truer one, and as a practical end would have met with less objection by the newspapers and by tax-payers. The street changes recommended cannot help but beautify the city, but their primary effect will be to improve it. As fast as carried out, they will reduce the cost of street traffic (and no one can realize without study the immense cost of city street traffic and the savings which can be made by proper street arrangements), and they will greatly decrease the danger to the city from fires. They need be carried out only gradually, instead of all at once—but

they should be carried out *without fail* and as soon as practicable.

Street traffic includes pedestrians, vehicles and street cars. Good pavements and sidewalks are, besides well-chosen routes and good widths, the only improvements possible for vehicles and pedestrians. An additional consideration with street cars is the method of propulsion. At the present time, only one form of motive power, electricity, deserves serious consideration for street railways in general, and the only choice is between the ways in which electricity may be applied, the overhead trolley, the conduit trolley or the third rail. The last is inadmissible for city surface lines because of its danger. The conduit trolley is an accomplished fact in New York City, where conditions require its use; and the long use of the cable conduit in San

Francisco, with its comparatively small damage by the earthquake and the fire, shows the conduit trolley can be successfully used here also. The principal objection to its use is its great cost of construction. The remaining form, the overhead trolley, is that used generally throughout the whole country and in most cities. Its chief advantages are low first cost, low cost of operation and maintenance, low cost of repair after disaster, and great flexibility in operation; and these qualities are so important as to entitle the overhead trolley to use as a matter of course, unless in any particular instance real and serious discomforts will arise from it. Its long and successful use in San Francisco, on streets of such great traffic as Third street, shows that no serious objection exists to it here; and, as an engineer, I can see no valid objection to a well designed overhead trolley even on Market street. From the incomplete versions of his report published in the newspapers, Mr. Wm. Barclay Parsons also seems of this opinion. Mr. Parsons was late Chief Engineer of the New York Rapid Transit Railroad, is Consulting Engineer for some of the London transit systems, and is a recognized leader in city rapid transit. The fearlessness and honesty of his

reports are beyond question, and his opinion is entitled to many times the weight of the adverse criticisms of his report by some of the San Francisco papers.

The remaining public utilities are sewers, lights and water supply. Sewers have to do with health alone, and without them, healthful cities would be impossible. Since no revenue results from them, they offer no attraction to private capital, and are always built and operated by public funds. Improvements to the sewers of San Francisco were planned several years ago, and bonds have already been sold for part of them. The projected sewer improvements, modified to meet the new conditions since the fire, and the new street changes, should be carried to completion without delay.

Electric lights and water supply are already in the hands of private corporations. The opinion of the whole country seems to be that for some time to come municipal ownership, at least in large cities, should be restricted to water-supply. There are few large cities in the country which do not now own and operate their water-supplies—and also few or none which own and operate any other public utilities except sewers and streets. The operation of lighting systems and street railways by large



Van Ness avenue and Sutter street.



Van Ness avenue and Ellis street.

American cities is as yet almost untried, and the present does not seem a propitious time for San Francisco to enter upon such experiments, even if the choice were offered.

As to the acquisition and operation by San Francisco of its own system of water-supply, there can be no reasonable doubt of the wisdom of so doing. San Francisco is almost the only large city in the country which has not already done so, and the experience of other cities has always shown the wisdom of such a course. A notable example is Los Angeles, which acquired her water system from private companies only a few years ago, and has not only had better service since then, but has also been able to reduce the rates below those charged by the private companies, and in addition to pay for large annual extensions from the reduced earnings.

The following extracts from the report (to the Committee of Forty for the Reconstruction of San Francisco) of the Sub-Committee on Water Supply and Fire Protection, show the conclusions formed after careful study of the subject. The report was an unanimous one, being signed by every one of the eight

members of the Sub-Committee, of whom seven were engineers and the eighth a banker:

"Conclusions and Recommendations."

"First—The protection against fires afforded by the system of the Spring Valley Water Company was inadequate, even as it existed before the earthquake-fire, and for the less severe requirements then considered sufficient. The system is in a less efficient state now than before the fire, and as shown by the earthquake, the emergency requirements are much more severe than hitherto realized.

"Second—In order to secure certainty of fire protection it is imperative that the city own or control its own water supply. Definite and stringent legal agreements would better the present conditions of dual control, but if the strained relations continue which have existed between the city and the Spring Valley Water Company for many years, no effective relief can be obtained except by city ownership.

* * *

"Seventh—We endorse the action already taken by the city authorities for the acquisition of a municipal water sup-

ply, and recommend that the * * * * * acquisition of a municipal system be carried out as quickly as possible."

And from another portion of the report:

"The demand for water at the time when the earthquake-fire occurred had reached a point where it was practically equal to the developed supply * * * * * The present consumption is less than that immediately prior to the fire, and the delivery is less than that immediately prior to the fire, and the delivery capacity of the system likewise somewhat reduced * * * * * Consumption, however, will

also, the advisability of municipal ownership would have been still more apparent.

The report of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, already quoted, makes the following recommendation as to municipal ownership:

"That failing a prompt agreement with the Spring Valley Water Company whereby a satisfactory measure of fire protection is reasonably assured, the city acquire absolute control of its water works, through municipal ownership, or other effective means."

Municipal ownership of its water supply by San Francisco may be brought



Ellis street, between Polk street and Van Ness avenue.

rapidly increase, and in a short time the demand will exceed the immediately available supply. The fire, therefore, has not done away with the necessity for taking immediate steps towards securing an increased supply."

The conclusions and recommendations of the Sub-Committee were based only on a consideration of fire protection and household needs, and municipal ownership seemed necessary even from that incomplete view. Had the much smaller cost of municipal water been considered

about either by buying the Spring Valley Water Company, or by the purchase of a new source and the construction of a new system.

The former is the more logical solution and the more just to established interests, *provided that by so doing the city will acquire a pure and ample supply of water and that the cost will not be greater than for an equivalent supply from some other source.*

The quality of the Spring Valley Water, while not exceptionally high, is

(or was until the fire, and probably will soon be again) at least as good as the waters of many other large cities. The developed supply was only just equal to the demand before the fire, and neither the underground nor the surface supplies can be increased from the present sources without protracted litigation with rival claimants to the water. The appraisals of the Spring Valley Water Company in their water-rate suits indicate that the system could be acquired by the city only at a cost much greater than that of a larger and purer supply from some new source. Whatever the relative merits and costs of the Spring Valley and of new supplies, the former must be included in the consideration, as the law requires that no other supply shall be purchased until the Spring Valley has been given an opportunity to name a price for the sale of its system to the city.

Should the city acquire the Spring Valley system, it would immediately have to add to the supply from some new source—and it is therefore unlikely that the present system will be offered at any price so low as to justify its purchase by the city. If the city, instead, purchase a new supply, the Spring Valley will lose its present market for water; and as a matter of fairness, the city should relieve the Spring Valley of its city distributing system if it can be acquired at a reasonable price. The purchase of a new supply by the city would not cause ruin to the Spring Valley, but only a re-distribution of its system to other uses.

The logical redistribution would be the use by the city of the distributing system; the use of all the Spring Valley's Alameda County water in that county, perhaps by the Contra Costa Water Company; the retention of the San Mateo County portion of the system for use in that county, where the officials of the Spring Valley Company say a ready market for the water already exists; and finally, the formation of a real estate company to promote the sale, as city lots, of the valuable lands owned near Lake Merced.

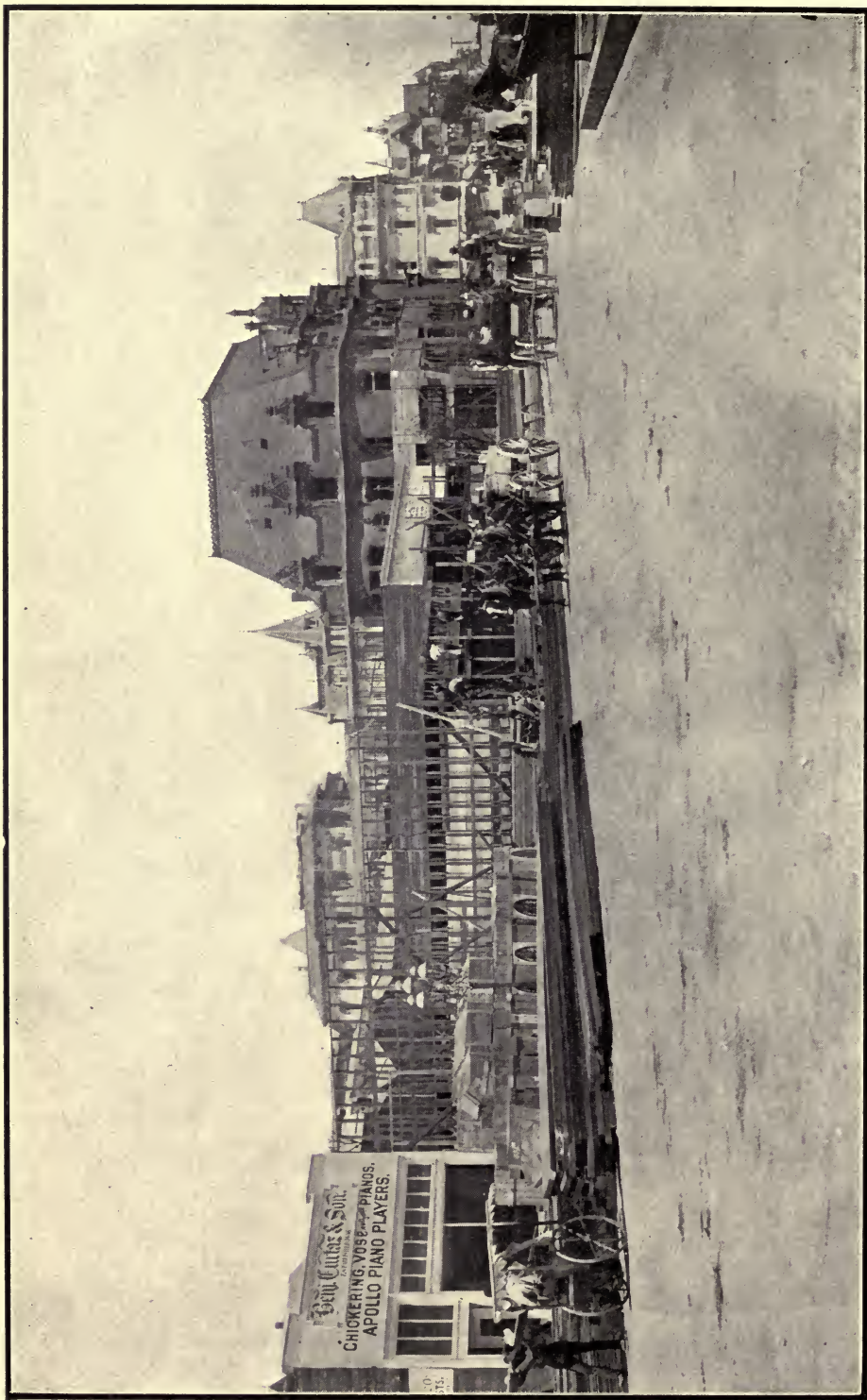
These are the natural uses to which the various parts of the system should be put and are those which would result in the greatest usefulness to the community

at large and in the least loss to the Spring Valley Water Company.

The selection by the city of a new source of supply should not be difficult. Both common sentiment and good engineering call for a supply from the Sierras, where large supplies of very pure water can be secured from a number of sources. On June 21st, in response to a call by the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, eleven proposals for water supplies were received by them. Nine were for Sierra supplies and the sources of the two others were unnamed and may also be in the Sierras. Any Sierra supply will be larger and purer than the Spring Valley and the cost for a new Sierra system complete will be much less than any price which the Spring Valley is likely to ask.

The final question which arises in considering improvements to San Francisco is whether (even granting the necessity of improved streets and sewers and of municipal ownership of an enlarged and improved water supply) the impoverished condition of San Francisco since the fire makes such improvements possible at this time.

In answering this question, the method by which city improvements are paid for must be considered. Cash must of course be paid for them but it is always borrowed cash, obtained by the sale of bonds, and the only expenses which must be met by the city are the yearly interest payments on the bonds and a small annual sinking fund to provide for final redemption. The rate of interest on the bonds would be about 4 per cent and at the same rate of interest, compounded, the annual sinking fund rate necessary to redeem the bonds at the end of forty years would be 1.05 per cent; or, as there will be no taxes, the annual cost to the city of acquiring these improvements would be only 5.05 per cent of their total cost, or only \$50,500 per \$1,000,000 of improvement, with 4 per cent forty years bonds and a true sinking fund. The present state law requires an excessive sinking fund, 2½ per cent for forty years bonds, by which one-fortieth of the whole bond issue will be redeemed each year and yearly reductions made in the interest charges. This causes a first annual payment of 6½ per cent, a final annual payment of 2.6 per cent, and an average annual payment of 4.55 per cent.



What San Francisco has to Start With. Looking north from California street on Van Ness avenue.

The corresponding annual payments per million dollars of improvement would be \$65,000, \$26,000 and an average of \$45,500.

A new bond law has just passed the legislature and will soon be presented to the people for vote as a constitutional amendment. It provides for the issuance of seventy-five years bonds, with no sinking fund contribution for the first eighteen years and a redemption of 1-57th of the total issue (or 1.75 per cent) each year thereafter. If these are 4 per cent bonds, the yearly payments by the city per million dollars improvement will be \$40,000 for each of the first eighteen years, \$57,500 (5.75 per cent) for the nineteenth year and \$18,200 ($1.75 \times 1.75 \times 0.04$ equals 1.82 per cent) for the seventy-fifth year. The average annual payment during the last 57 years will be \$37,900 per million dollars improvement, or 3.79 per cent of the total bond issue. It is evident that any of these methods of redeeming the bonds will place an annual burden on the people which is relatively only a light one. A total improvement of streets, sewers and water supply amounting to even \$100,000,000 will give an annual payment under the existing law of only from \$6,500,000 to \$2,600,000, while with the proposed 75 years bonds, the payments for the first eighteen years will be only \$4,000,000 yearly.

Of course, \$4,000,000 per year is in itself a very large sum. Divided among 400,000 people, however, it averages only \$10 per person per year, or less than \$1 per month. The assessed valuation of the city for 1903 (no information of later assessments is quickly available) was over \$427,000,000, making the \$4,000,000 yearly cost less than 1 per cent of the then assessed valuation. The true value of property is about twice the assessed valuation.

It is a false view of the situation, however, to treat this \$4,000,000 yearly expenditure as all an added expense to the city. While any improvements in streets or in sewers will be entirely additional, there is already a large yearly expenditure for water, which, if expended for municipal water, will in a large degree meet the costs incident to the acquisition of a new and improved supply. The income of the Spring Valley Water Com-

pany from its water is composed of (1) the refunding of its entire operating and maintenance expenses and taxes, and (2) of an allowed profit of 5 per cent per year on the appraised cost of its water system. The operating and maintenance expenses of the water system need not be included in this consideration, as the city would have to meet them under municipal ownership and operation, just as it now does under private ownership. The real comparison is with the profits only. The appraised cost of the Spring Valley's system is at present about \$26,000,000, according to the city's experts, and about \$54,000,000 according to the company's making the allowable yearly profits \$1,300,000 or \$2,700,000 by the city or the company appraisement respectively. The yield of the system is now only large enough for present uses, and the necessary enlargements in the near future would increase the allowable profits much beyond the amounts given above.

The real cost to the city for \$100,000,000 of improved streets, sewers and water-supply would then be the \$4,000,000 per year, decreased by the \$1,300,000 or more—or only \$2,700,000 or less per year. This, with a population of 400,000, would be at the average rate per person of not over \$6.75 per year, or 56 cents per month; or for an assessed valuation of \$427,000,000, less than two-thirds of one per cent of the total assessed value. It is evident, then, that the cost to the city of these improvements will be comparatively small, and within reach even in her present impoverished condition.

Such improvements are still more within the reach of San Francisco, because she is as yet practically free from debt, with an almost negligible bond issue, and with a much lower tax rate than most other large cities. The creation of such great municipal improvements will so increase the value of private property that the burden of the improvements will be materially lightened by the increase in the assessed valuations.

The consideration is not even yet finished. Under the present method of obtaining water, the yearly payments to the Spring Valley Water Company are for *water only*, and will go on year after year, without acquirement of ownership by the city. Under the municipal supply, each



Van Ness avenue and Turk streets.

year's cost is not only for water, but also for a portion of the system itself—and at the expiration of the bond period the city will own the system free from debt, and the cost for water can then be reduced to the cost of operation and maintenance, with a small sinking fund added to provide for renewals and extension. The wisdom of municipal ownership of the water supply is apparent from all points of view, those of economy as well as those of safety.

The carrying out of such great public improvements by San Francisco will in itself be the strongest possible guarantee of her own faith in her future.

* * * *

To conclude, the safety of the city against fire requires occasional wider streets to act as fire-breaks, and an improved and enlarged water supply. The needs of traffic require the widening of some of the streets and the introduction of some diagonal streets. The continued health of the city requires better sewers, a better water supply, and its continued growth requires better sewers, a better and larger water supply, and improved facilities for street traffic.

There is no doubt whatever that all these improvements are badly needed, and will greatly benefit the city. There is doubt in some minds, however, whether it is possible at the present time to incur the cost of such improvements, no matter how badly they may be needed.

The object of this article is to show that not only are these improvements necessary to the city and essential to its continued growth, but that they can be carried out at a cost which will not be a serious burden, even at the present time. No such favorable opportunity for street improvement, with the land free from buildings, is ever likely to occur again. San Francisco should rise to the occasion and exert the courage, faith and self-denial necessary to bring about all these various improvements.

The betterment of the city, if made, will not be a physical one alone; for the mental and moral qualities necessary to carry through such improvements on the heels of a great disaster will result in a stronger and more ethical citizenship. And the better conditions of life in the improved city will attract a high class of citizens, and will effect a decided improve-

ment in the moral tone of the New San Francisco.

Edwin Duryea

*Baltimore--Its Recovery From
the Fire of February 7th
and 8th, 1904*

THE following extracts and condensations are from the San Jose Mercury and Herald, Sunday June 3, 1906, from a signed article by Thomas Wilson. They show well that the quick recovery which is hoped for by San Francisco is an accomplished fact in Baltimore.

"The recovery of Baltimore from the great fire of February 7th and 8th, 1904, which swept over 140 acres of land, including 86 blocks of the richest business section of the city, and destroyed 1,528 buildings and four lumber yards, which with their contents have been variously estimated at from \$70,000,000 to \$100,000,000, has been little short of marvelous, and now, within 30 months, the district

is at least 85 per cent rebuilt, and that portion of the city is covered by blocks of magnificent office and warehouse buildings of the most modern type."

Statistics are given of the number of buildings destroyed, showing that the total number was 1,528, of which 1,470 were brick of one to sixteen stories, and 58 were frame, of one to six stories. Four lumber yards were burned, and also a part of the docks.

"The records of the office of the Building Inspector show that since the great fire six hundred permits to erect structures in the new district have been granted."

These six hundred new buildings are from one to sixteen stories in height, and are said to have a value (fixed by the Appeal Tax Court) of \$18,000,000. The 1,528 buildings destroyed had a value, by the Tax Court, of only \$12,908,300.

"At first glance it would seem that with 1,528 buildings destroyed and but 600 permits issued, the disparage would be great, but many of the new structures cover from 2 to 12 lots, and of the total number of lots about 700 of them



Fillmore and Post streets.

were taken for the widening of the streets, etc. In figuring out the percentage of lots improved, the dock district is not included, though it is figured in the number of buildings destroyed, thus accounting for the difference in the statistics. Those who went through the conflagration will never forget that awful Sunday and the days that followed. There were many who did not think that the city could ever recover, and there were many predictions that it would be five, ten or even twenty years before the city would ever be rebuilt."

A table is given showing the value of 20 office and business buildings which were destroyed by the fire and afterward rebuilt, the aggregate value of the old buildings having been only \$951,400, while that of the *new buildings which replaced them* is given as \$4,710,000.

"At the time the fire was considered an awful calamity, but subsequent developments have demonstrated that the fire was, after all, a blessing in disguise, as it aroused the people from a lethargy and made them an energetic, progressive class, able to realize and grasp the meaning of the word 'hustle.'"

"The business men whose stores were destroyed quickly sought temporary quarters, and in alleys and back rooms they opened their establishments, all the while sending out tons of solicitations for business by mail, assuring their out-of-town patrons that the fire made little difference to them, and that all orders could be filled at short notice.

"That was the spirit that showed itself all over the city, and it was the spirit that won, because during the following six months more business than ever was done, and more money was made."

"For years and years one of the greatest drawbacks to the old business section

had been its narrow streets, and with the steady increase of business the thoroughfares were so crowded that traffic was greatly hampered. Before the fire plans for the widening of some of the streets had been prepared, but there was one obstacle, and that was the great cost, since not only did the land have to be bought, but the warehouses as well."

It is evident that the street improvements which have been made include not only widening, but also straightening, improving grades, and cutting through new and more direct lines of communication. It should be noted that regrets are already felt that still another street, Baltimore street, was not also widened.

"It is really difficult to describe what has been accomplished. Figures and statistics are well enough in their way, and they tell much, but the only way to appreciate the great work is to make a trip through the new district and to see for one's self, and then, and not until then, will the true situation be grasped and the spectator can see and realize that the predictions of two years ago were far from correct, and that within three years at the most, Baltimore will come back to its own, with interest, and the new and greater Baltimore will figure prominently among the great cities of the New World."

* * * *

The lesson to be learned from Baltimore's rebuilding is, that since she was able to practically complete her reconstruction within less than three years, San Francisco should certainly be able to rebuild within five or six; and since Baltimore was able to greatly improve her streets, San Francisco is able to do likewise.

EDWIN DURYEA, JR.

The Sweetest Things of Life

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

Three things cast light upon our way,
Through cross and care and strife:
Old friends, old songs, old memories—
The sweetest things of life.

The Little God in a Grocery

BY F. RONEY WEIR

“SO you are goin’ to try to keep your brother’s store, be you?”

Mrs. Burr eyed the new grocer narrowly, while she stuck an aggressive thumb under the green husks of a “roastin’ ear.”

“I hope you don’t mean to say that you are askin’ twenty-five cents a dozen for such ears as that! You’ll never git it.”

Samuel Alzer moved his feet uneasily and cleared his throat.

“Snyder’s got roastin’ ears in this mornin’, and they’re agin as big as these—every bit of agin as big. He’s closin’ ’em out for fifteen cents. You ought to keep your eye on Snyder as long as you are so new at the business. When did you start in here at the store?”

“Yesterday morning, madam.”

“I thought you was pretty green yet. You are the brother, I guess, that Mary Alzer was tellin’ me about. Ain’t you allers worked with a railroad construction gang ever since you was a young boy?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“You’re the one, of course. Your sister says you was allers deathly afraid of women, and that was the reason you worked with the gang—to keep out of their way. You needn’t blush so; you ain’t afraid of me, be you?”

Samuel made a sweeping denial of his sister’s charge. It was true, but why need Mary have told it, and then forced him into the grocery business as she had done.

“I’ll take a dozen of them roastin’ ears, if you are a-mind to let ’em go at the right price, and a dozen eggs, and—there’s that Riggs boy stealin’ a melon out in front!”

Samuel darted to the front of the store and caught the Riggs boy red-handed. For a moment it was a question whether the Riggs boy’s head would not leave his shoulders and follow the melon into the street. This was very much of a surprise to the Riggs boy. He and his chums had been stealing things from the front of the Alzer grocery store for months. He had not heard of Stephen Alzer’s illness, nor

the arrival of this younger, more agile brother. The “gang” were just around the corner awaiting his arrival with the melons. They peered out as he came staggering towards them empty-handed.

“Gee!” he said, leaning against the fence to recover, “dere’s a new feller in de grocery, an’ he’s Johnnv-on-de-spot! Gee! me rubber neck was all w’at saved me head!”

Samuel Alzer felt sure he could cope with boys or men, but those old women vanquished him. And suppose not only old women, but young ones should come in, and he be obliged to wait upon them! He stopped dead still, and the impulse was strong upon him to run away and rejoin the construction gang far from boys, melons, roastin’ ears, and women.

But he resisted the temptation and returned to his customer, who did not think it necessary to mention the three oranges in her pocket, nor the package of seeded raisins in her shopping bag. Little things like that, she argued, a grocer owed to a regular customer, and if a green hand like this young Alzer did not offer them it was proper to help one’s self.

“Do you like livin’ at your sister Mary’s?” she questioned, as Samuel found the brand of starch which she preferred, and the breakfast food.

“I don’t think your brother is goin’ to last very long. I never knew anybody who was paralyzed in the lower legs that way to last very long. Your sister Mary has certainly got her hands full. She’ll probably go to pieces under the strain. She told me yesterday that Stephen wanted to git Georgie Hooker to help you here in the store, but I says: ‘Mary Alzer, you better git somebody to help you here in the house, or you’ll be down yourself.’”

“I don’t see why Mary should try to engage another boy to help me,” said Samuel. “I have a delivery boy now, and two boys in the store would be too many.”

“My soul! Georgie Hooker ain’t a boy! She’s a married woman; and if

you'll take my advice you'll keep her strictly out of this store. She'll want to run the whole place, just as she did when Stephen was in here."

Samuel fairly gasped. A woman right in the store all the time. What could his sister Mary be thinking of! He should threaten to leave that very night and go back to the construction gang.

A flutter of calico and Mrs. Burr was gone; but no sooner was this agony over for Samuel than a flutter of blue serge announced another more serious than the first.

She was little and plump, with dimples, and rings of brown hair framing her face. Her jacket and gloves were mouse-colored, and Samuel thanked heaven that the delivery boy was still at the back door loading up.

He slipped out and sent the boy in to wait upon her.

"Just—er—tell her we haven't got what she wants," said Samuel hurriedly. "Send her over to Snyder's across the street, or—er—ask her if she hasn't a telephone."

Then he finished getting the load into the wagon, rubbed the horse's nose, and when the boy came out asked easily if she had gone.

"Gone? naw!" responded the boy; "that's Georgie Hooker, and she says she's goin' to stay."

Samuel was completely overcome. He leaned up against the horse until the boy drove off; then he leaned against the back door and thought about going in, and dreaded it.

He was almost sure his sister Mary would cry when he told her that he meant to rejoin the construction gang at once. But he must go. He could not stay in a grocery store with something he was afraid to meet at every turn.

When he had staid out by the back door as long as he dared, he went in. Mrs. Hooker was selling something to a woman who had harried the life out of him the day before without buying anything. He heard money jingle, and knew that Mrs. Hooker had accomplished that which had been too difficult for him. There was a faint odor of violets, and something soft touched Samuel's ear as he hovered inside the wire railing which surrounded the desk. It was the sleeve

of a dove-colored jacket, and Samuel jumped as if it had scorched him. He wondered how he was ever going to stand it!

When Mrs. Hooker came to the back of the store she merely nodded and smiled, and showed all her teeth, which were strong, and even, and good to look at.

"Your sister Mary thought I might be of some use to you for awhile until you get started," she explained. "I kept Mr. Stephen Alzer's books, you know, and am somewhat used to the store," and after that she said no more, but settled down to work.

The next morning she was on time to the minute, smiled, dimpled, hung up her little dove-colored jacket, and began just where she left off the day before.

Samuel spent most of the day out among the barrels in the back yard, and at night had a solemn interview with his sister Mary.

"I won't stand it," he declared. "When you wrote that Stephen was sick, and you wanted me to help in the store I dropped my work and came right away."

"I know you did, and it was awfully good of you, Samuel."

"But I never dreamed of anything like this. I supposed a boy would wait on the customers, and that I should unpack boxes and keep books in the back of the store. Instead of which there is a woman right there in the store all the time."

Mary Alzer smoothed her apron with a knotted hand, and sighed.

"She was a great help to Stephen," she said, "and she has been a wonderful help to me. When she and her husband first came to board with us, he was on the road most of the time. He was traveling for candy and crackers then. Afterwards he went into lard and spices. He was away a good deal, and Georgie took right hold of the work here as though she had been one of the family. She helped Stephen in the store—why, he got so along at the last that he just depended on her—and she nursed me through that spell of rheumatism like an old woman. I always dreaded seeing Hooker come home. He used to find fault with his wife for being in the store. He said it was altogether too cheap—to

have his wife clerking in a grocery store. I can't say that I ever liked Hooker, but Georgie is an awful nice, helpful little woman."

"She may be all that," assented Stephen, "and I don't doubt that she is, but I don't want her in the store!"

Mary Alzer sighed again. "Well, you will have to tell her to go, then."

"Mary, you got her in there; you ought to be the one to get her out."

Mary shook her head obstinately. "I couldn't hurt her feelings that way, Samuel, after all she has done for me. It would be different with you. You ain't under any obligations to her, and if you don't want her, just tell her so kindly and she'll get out. Georgie Hooker ain't the woman to stay where she is a hindrance instead of a help."

Mary Alzer watched her brother out of sight on his way to the grocery, and a wicked smile played round her gentle old mouth.

"He'll tell her to get out—he will—in a horn!"

When Samuel arrived at the back door of the grocery he heard a strident female voice demanding to see him at once. He slipped behind the screen which surrounded the desk. He could have faced a Russian army with more fortitude than he could have confronted a woman in that state of mind.

"I want to see Mr. Alzer!" demanded the voice, which Samuel recognized as belonging to Mrs. Burr.

"I am here to wait upon customers," Mrs. Hooker repeated quietly.

"I won't trade with clerks! I allers trade with the proprietor!"

"But I am here to wait upon lady customers."

"I ain't goin' to pay you no twenty-five cents a dozen for roastin' ears, nor thirty cents a pound for butter!"

"Cheap at that, Mrs. Burr."

"I won't do it, Georgie Hooker, and you needn't think it! Where's Mr. Alzer?"

"Mr. Alzer is busy, and I am here to wait upon lady customers."

"If Mr. Alzer ain't got time to wait on his old customers, then his old customers ain't got time for him! I'm goin' over to Snyder's to git my butter an' roastin' ears!"

"Verv well. Here is your basket, Mrs. Burr. Pleasant day for fall, isn't it?"

Mrs. Burr disdained to express an opinion about the weather. She took her basket with a jerk and marched as far as the front door. She knew that Snyder charged twenty-five cents for roastin' ears, and thirty for butter that tasted like preserved fish.

"See here," she said, with her hand on the latch, "I'll give you fifteen cents a dozen for roastin' ears, an' I won't give you a cent more! Alzer threw in a dozen for nothin' last time I bought 'em."

"Then I ought to charge extra to make up the loss on the dozen which he gave you," said Mrs. Hooker decidedly. "In corn, you know, we have to make both ends meet."

"Say," said Mrs. Burr, "how long you goin' to stay in this store?"

"Always. Is that all you wish this morning? Here is Mrs. Mackintosh; I must wait upon her."

Later both of the ladies left the store with their baskets full of supplies which had been paid for at a rate which left an honest profit for the grocery.

Samuel heaved a sigh of relief, and although he spent most of the day in the back yard, he could not help feeling deeply grateful towards his clerk for the sense of relief he experienced in being able to shift the responsibility of Mrs. Burr and others of her kind to shoulders more able to bear it.

As the assets of the business began steadily to gain upon the liabilities, in spite of himself his gratitude to his clerk grew in proportion. He was still afraid of her, but he began to depend upon her as a child depends upon its mother.

One day she inquired if he had seen a stray glove anywhere about.

"It was a gray glove," she explained, but the description was superfluous. Did he not know the color—those adorable little gray gloves which covered such adorable, dimpled, helpful hands?

Later in the day he found the lost glove in a box of waste papers, and picked it out with reverent fingers. It lay in the palm of his trembling hand, soft, mouse-colored, slightly perfumed. The touch of it thrilled him and chilled him by turns. He stood gazing upon it for fully five minutes, then fearfully, guiltily, he

pressed it to his lips and felt the next moment that he deserved eternal damnation.

"A married woman!" he groaned. "A respectable married woman! It's an insult to her, although she doesn't know it! What a miserable wretch I am! And after all she has done for me!"

"I found my glove under the stool at the desk," announced Mrs. Hooker as she was leaving the store that night. "Queer that I should sweep all round it and never see it. It shows what an expert I am with the broom, doesn't it?"

All the comment Samuel made was, "Humph!"

One day the proprietor of the grocery store discovered that he had contracted a habit. It had been a matter of pride with Samuel that although he had passed a good share of his life among rough men who swore, and drank, and chewed, and smoked, he did none of these things. A man, Samuel argued, who was weak enough to allow a habit to master him was just no man at all. And now, without realizing it, he had contracted a habit on his own account; one which, when he stopped to consider, he knew must become very injurious if allowed to go on. Every morning when he entered the back door of the grocery and skirted the partition which enclosed the desk, he lifted his hand as if by accident and brushed it across the mouse-colored jacket which hung there, and which had scorched his ear with a touch that first day. The feel of the soft material gave him a sensation the like of which he had never experienced before. The faint odor of violet floating out at his touch stimulated him like wine, remaining with him even while he unpacked a keg of smoked herring, or installed a fresh cheese in its wire case.

When Samuel came to realize the hold this cloak habit had obtained upon him he shuddered, and resolved to exercise some of the will power in freeing himself from it which he had recommended to his mates back in the construction-gang days.

For three days he abstained, and then craved an indulgence in the familiar dissipation so strongly that, like other drunkards, he was suddenly swept into a perfect maelstrom of sin.

Mrs. Hooker was out at the front door telling Mrs. Mackintosh the difference between the ten-cent cantaloups and those at fifteen cents. Henry, the boy, was wabbling off with a belated 'phone order. Samuel was alone with the jacket. He slipped an arm beneath and buried his face in its folds.

For one mad moment his soul was drunk with the odor of violet, intermingled with that still more subtle fragrance of femininity common to the garments of dainty women; then he tottered in and climbed upon the stool where Mrs. Hooker found him a moment later frowning darkly over an entry which she had made, and which he pretended he could not understand.

"I must get rid of her," he groaned. "This will never do! Her poor husband who has gone into lard and spices is off on his legitimate business, while another miscreant actually puts his arm around her jacket. Oh, it is devilish! I thought I was an honest man! I sneered at Jake Sanbourne because he said he was too far gone to stop boozing! What were Jake's gentle jags compared to smooching the jacket of another man's wife! Horrors! Sam Alzer! You! Another man's wife! And a mighty heartless woman, too, or why doesn't she ever mention her husband? Why doesn't she ever quote prices on lard and spices—poetry, by jingo—I am in danger! Why doesn't she try to get an order here for her husband? It's awful hard to handle lard—there it is—poetry again—that woman must go!"

He laid a hand heavily upon the desk, and it rested upon something soft and pliant. It was a glove again. One of those dangerous, perfumey, mouse-colored gloves. He crushed it to his lips, to his cheek, to his lips again, then flung it to the floor and ground his heel upon it.

As he stamped out of the enclosure he met Mrs. Hooker coming in.

The meeting was entirely unexpected on both sides. He had not seen her approach, and she was under the impression that he was out.

He stenned hastily to one side with a brow of thunder.

With the usual perversity of inanimate things, the woman's black silk watch cord coiled about the man's coat button,

jerked taut, hauled out the foolish little watch, then snapped free of its mission, allowing the little watch to go bang on the floor where, after the lid had popped open, it rolled away under the remotest corner of the desk.

Alzer went down upon his hands and knees to recover the watch, while Mrs. Hooker stood blushing and tittering, and trembling forth apologies. Mr. Alzer had been so awfully cross of late, and had shown so many symptoms of dissatisfaction with her work that she had begun to be a little afraid of him and was more than half resolved to take herself out of his way for good.

Samuel came up presently, with the watch open in his hand. From the inside of the cover the picture of a man looked out; a man with flabby chops and an Edward-the-Seventh beard.

"Is that your husband's picture?" he demanded sternly of the woman.

She nodded and received the watch, murmuring thanks for its recovery, while Samuel hurried out to the back room where the empty boxes were stored.

Here he sorted out the six boxes which had contained the brand of soap known as "His Majesty's." Upon the side of each box was a cut of the head of the King of England, which resembled the picture in the cover of Mrs. Hooker's watch.

Samuel set the six royal gentlemen up in a row and then deliberately kicked them all to pieces. When he had finished it looked very much as if the back room of the grocery had been struck by lightning.

"I want to speak to you to-night before you go home," he announced to Mrs. Hooker, and his glance was so threatening that the poor plump little woman fairly quailed; after which he went in search of another empty box. The demolition of those Edward-the-Seventh countenances seemed to afford the greatest relief to his pent-up passion and jealousy.

That night, while Henry brought in the orange boxes and proceeded to close store, Samuel mounted the stool in the desk cage and screwed himself up to do the deed upon which he had decided.

Mrs. Hooker put on the offending jacket and adjusted her turban and veil.

Lastly, she drew on those wicked little gloves and stood before Samuel to receive her sentence. There were dark rings about her eyes and a pathetic droop to the corners of her mouth.

Alzer eyed her sternly, almost fiercely. "Mrs. Hooker," he said, "I have decided to get along without you."

Mrs. Hooker bowed, but remained silent, and her lips twitched like those of a child who has been hurt.

Alzer drew a deep, painful breath and thrust her wages towards her. He had computed them with great care, and afterwards added a goodly bank note.

She extended a plump gray glove, and the touch of it as the money changed hands was more disturbing than when it was empty.

She carefully sorted out the bill and laid it on the desk, and as she spoke, her lips still trembled, as did her voice.

"Thank you, Mr. Alzer. Would you mind telling me wherein I have failed to please you? It—it might help me to know what to avoid in case—I am fortunate enough to get another situation."

She met his glance squarely now, but her eyes were brimming with tears, and her lips were pitiful in their pucker of pain.

Up at the front of the store Henry was murdering "Hiawatha," and the discord was dripping in upon Samuel's soul in drops of red hot misery.

"I am a very unfortunate woman, Mr. Alzer. I always try to do my best, but never seem to succeed in pleasing anybody—not even my husband. He admired showy women—good dressers, as he called them, and I never was that. Well, I must try somewhere else, I suppose. I have got to earn my living somewhere. This store seemed like home to me—I got so used to it while your brother was here—and since—"

"Good God, woman, are you so dense? Don't you know that you pleased me too well? Can't you see that I am a fool and a—devil? That I am in love with another man's wife? A man who is off minding his own business in lard and spices? That is what your husband is in, isn't it—lard and spices?"

"I don't know, Mr. Alzer. He has been dead two years and over."

Her mouth still trembled, but with a fetching upward tendency at the corners now. "Well, good-bye, Mr. Alzer. I wish you good luck."

He sat stonily upon the stool, gazing at her.

"Not in lard and spices?" he murmured.

"Not that I know of. Of course in the next world—well, good-bye again, Mr. Alzer. What you have just confessed to me will make me happy wherever I am."

One of the mouse-colored gloves crept

into Alzer's palm, which closed upon it with a vice-like grip. and the jacket was once again in his arms, not limp and lifeless, depending flabbily from a nail, but rounded, full and palpitating with womanly loveliness.

"My darling!" fluttered Samuel. "My wife!" And the imperfect strains of "Hiawatha," broken by the sound of falling apples and oranges as Henry boosted in the boxes for the night, were as the melody of a heavenly choir in the ears of the man who stood holding the woman he loved in his arms.

Two Armies from Seaward

BY GENELLA FITZGERALD NYE

In the shadows of night comes an army from over the sea,
As gray as the ocean in hue and as soundless and slow as the sunrise.
It steals by the Fort at the Gate and past the great guns of the harbor;
In rank upon rank it unrolls on the beach its vast legions,
And rank after rank, irresistible, hasteless and mute,
It creeps through the sand dunes and up the bleak cliffs and the hill-tops,
Files through the streets and stands guard at the doorways and windows—
And the city awakes in the clasp of a ghostly invasion.

The day as it grows brings another great host to the city;
From the sea, too, it comes, but with glitter and music and shouting,
With the waving of banners and singing of sharp-pointed lances.
In wild haste it rushes, in fury increasing, and shrieking like demons;
Like a mob it pursues, never ceasing to buffet and batter,
Even gathering and hurling the pebbles and dust of the highway.
And lo! the gray fog of the night-time is scattered and flying,
And the turbulent trades sweep the city in riotous triumph.

Silverado---Scene of Robert

Louis Stevenson's Honeymoon

BY HAROLD FRENCH

SHORTLY after the silver wedding anniversary of Robert Louis Stevenson, we decided to make a literary pilgrimage to Mt. St. Helena, to visit the places so incomparably described in "The Silverado Squatters," and to see what changes time had wrought in the former realm of the "King and Queen of Silverado." In the summer of 1880, these royal lovers, attended only by "Sam, the Crown Prince" (Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), and "Chuchu, the Grand Duke," began their honeymoon of fifteen devoted years in this romantic retreat, half a mile skyward on the shoulder of this giant of the Napa mountains.

1880-1906. More than a quarter of a century has slipped away, yet the mild California climate has not apparently altered the gorge hallowed by the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, although the vandal hand of man has greatly changed the region roundabout. Still, there is much to be seen in these sequestered high places that will cause the vivid descriptions of that master word-painter to seem as though they were written at this day. Twenty-six years have flown since Stevenson trod its rock trails, and other people and other places, Davos, Hyeres, Saranac and Vailima have learned to love and later deeply to miss the genial Tusi-tala.

In the latter seventies, while making a unique tour along the rivers of France, in a Canadian canoe, gathering material for "The Inland Voyage," Stevenson met Mrs. Osbourne of Oakland, California, who had come to Paris with her son and daughter to study art. Their acquaintance ripened into unfaltering love, which grew stronger with the anxious, though successful, years that followed. Bound together by intellectual affinity, their romance may well be compared to the companionship of the Brownings.

In 1879 Mrs. Osbourne returned to California, followed soon after by Stevenson, who described his journey in

those charming books of travel, "The Amateur Emigrant," and "Across the Plains." He contracted a severe illness in San Francisco, which developed dangerous symptoms of quick consumption, but thanks to the tender nursing of his fiancée, he was restored sufficiently to health to enable him to marry Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne on the nineteenth of May, 1880. In the words of Sidney Colvin, his fidus Achates and biographer, "his friends rejoiced to find in Stevenson's wife a character as strong, interesting and romantic as his own." In a letter to Sidney Colvin, dated San Francisco, May, 1880, he says:

"I am now out of danger; but in a short while, F. and I marry and go up to the hills to look for a place. . . . There, sir, in, I hope, a ranch among the pine trees and hard by a running brook we are to fish, hunt, sketch, study . . . and if possible not quarrel. . . . Whenever I get into the mountains, I trust I shall pick up. Until I get away from these sea-fogs and my imprisonment in the house, I do not hope to do much more than keep from active harm. It is the change I want, and the blessed sun and the gentle air in which I can sit out and see the trees and running water."

Immediately after their marriage, the Stevensons journeyed some sixty miles to the northward of San Francisco to the little town of Calistoga, which backs about the base of Mt. St. Helena. For a few days they lingered among the pleasant environs of that popular watering place, reveling in the pristine freshness of the upper Napa Valley, whose vineyards were then, as he described, "in the experimental stage." Here he learned by proof that California wine is "bottled poetry," and also made the acquaintance of the Lipman family, whom he later immortalized under the cognomen Kelmar.

In another letter to Sydney Colvin he writes:

"Here we are, Fanny and I and a cer-

tain hound, in a lovely valley under Mt. St. Helena, looking around . . . for a house of our own. . . . We hope to get a house at Silverado, a deserted mining camp, eight miles up the mountain, now solely inhabited by a mighty hunter, answering to the name of Rufe Hanson, who slew last year a hundred and fifty deer."

They were taken one Sunday by the Lipmans (Kelmars) to the deserted mining camp of Silverado, where they decided to "squat" in a dilapidated assay office planted under the overhanging, red mouth of a great rocky gorge. Undisturbed in this secluded spot, two months of their honeymoon slipped away, an endless round of "toils and pleasures," as the reader would believe from Stevenson's enchanting account. Yet their joys were marred by the dangerous illness of Mrs. Stevenson and her son, Lloyd Osbourne, who were afflicted with diphtheria.

Surveying sea-fogs from cliffy crags, listening to the tumultuous music of winds in the pine-tops, gazing upward to the clearness of "the starry nights," thus did they rest and recreate. So entrancing is this dreamy story of their honeymoon that the reader will seem delightfully refreshed as well.

Towards the end of July, 1880, the Stevensons left Silverado and returned to Scotland, where, during the following year, "Treasure Island" established his literary reputation. Still seeking health, he spent the winter of 1881-2 at Davos, Switzerland. Amid the inspiration of Alpine snow-peaks he commenced writing "The Silverado Squatters," finishing it at Hyeres in Southern France in the spring of 1883. The story of his honeymoon first appeared in the *Century Magazine* for November and December of that year. In length it exceeded some thirty-five thousand words, for which he gladly accepted the sum of two hundred dollars. The characteristic modesty of the man is evidenced by the following extracts from his letters. Writing from Hyeres in April, 1883, to Edmund Gosse, Stevenson said:

"Gilder, asking me for fiction, I have packed off to him my new work, 'The Silverado Squatters.' I do not for a moment suppose he will take it, but pray say all the good words you can for it. I shall be awfully glad to have it taken.

But if it does not mean dibbs at once, I shall be ruined for life."

Later, he wrote to the same:

"May 20, 1883—The forty pounds was a heavenly thing! The forty pounds has been such a piercing sun-ray as my whole grey life is gilt withal. If these good days of Longman and the *Century* only last, it will be a very green world."

Writing from Hyeres in October, 1883, he tells Sidney Colvin that "Silverado was not written in America, but Switzerland's icy mountains. What you read is the bleeding and disemboweled remains of what I wrote. The good stuff is all to come—so I think. 'The Sea-Fogs,' 'The Hunter Family,' 'Toils and Pleasures'—belles pages . . ."

Again he underestimates his writing when in a letter to his friend, W. H. Low, he says:

"'Silverado' is an example of stuff worried and pawed about, God knows how often in poor health, and you can see for yourself the result—good pages, an imperfect fusion, a certain languor of the whole, not, in short, art."

Calistoga-bound, at last, our train glided over the traffic-warmed rails to Vallejo Junction, one golden September afternoon. A yellow land-haze softened the contours of the Contra Costa hills, blending with fleecy fog-fleets blockading the Golden Gate. Though our eyes were intent upon seeing scenes as Stevenson saw them, many different details winking past the car-windows suggested materially the new order of things. Masses of expanding industries, miles of manufactories, smelters, powder-works and oil refineries stretched along the elongated water-front of what may soon be known as Greater San Francisco. At Vallejo Junction we transferred to the time-honored ferry-boat, *El Capitan*, a craft coeval with the shallop of Charon. In this old-timer we tremblingly stemmed the muddy tides of Carquinez Strait to South Vallejo. In the immediate foreground the same antiquated pier sprawled its ungainly, teredoed length. Above it towered the masts of cargo-waiting ships, and over-topping these loomed the scaly whitewashed walls of Starr's Mill, decrepit with age and more dingy than ever. The identical row of poverty-stricken saloons offended our eyes as they



"The stages swoop down on the toll house."



Main street of "Silverado."



All that remains of Stevenson's home.

did Stevenson's a quarter of a century before. Seated in the train bound for Napa Valley, we looked out of a westward window upon the year 1905. Close at hand stood a monstrous oil-tank, whose ebon cylinder bore the legend, "S. P. Co.—30,000 barrels' capacity." Across "a blink of sea" lay Mare Island, bristling with its busy navy-yard and anchored warships. There the twentieth century obtruded. On the right, where my fancy preferred to linger, I looked back upon the year 1880. Among the same dreary marshes, an old man, bare-legged, delved in the ooze for clams." "Just one thing there was wanting in the picture." In vain I looked for a lineal descendant of the donkey Stevenson saw, "wandering with its shadow on a slope."

Beyond the manufacturing, tide-water town of Napa, the valley gradually narrowed. Reluctantly the afterglow forsook its lingering haunts among jagged ridge-tops to the eastward. Live oaks waltzed by in the darkening night, growing less distinct as orchards and vineyards merged into likeness. Flitting through the pleasant towns of Yountville and St. Helena, we arrived at Calistoga, where Fate led us up Lincoln Avenue to a "two-bit house." There we dined from a pink table cloth that was probably of a brilliant redness when Stevenson sojourned here.

At five the next morning, the crunching of the wheels of freighting wagons over gravel aroused me to the fact that Calistoga was a frontier of railroad communication. A sleepy locomotive grated into a string of freight cars with an apologetic grunt. Stepping out into the gray dawn, I inhaled deep lungfuls of fog-drenched air, for the mists of the Pacific overhung the tree-shaded streets of this picturesque little town. I rejoiced in being beneath this fog-blanket, for it recalled to me that Stevenson had said, "at Calistoga I had arisen and gone abroad in the early morning coughing and sneezing under fathoms and fathoms of gray sea-vapor."

We breakfasted again from the pink table-cloth, then shouldered our haversacks and struck out along the dusty highway over which the Stevensons rode with "the Children of Israel." On the

outskirts of Calistoga we rounded a semi-circle of dilapidated white cottages, fronted by a row of withered palm trees that told a piteous tale of drought and neglect. Quite different a quarter of a century ago were these buildings, one of which sheltered the bride and groom bound for Silverado that balmy May of lang syne. This deserted resort was in its prime fully forty years ago, when the noted pioneer, Samuel Brannan, had invested a fortune in the erection of his hotel and cottages, and the beautifying of the grounds surrounding the noted medicinal springs of Calistoga.

The foggy air reeked with odors from the marshes, out of which rose white vapors from the numerous hot springs. For two miles we marched through a forest of fruit trees alternating with prosperous vineyards, until we reached a massive stone bridge spanning a dry arroyo, whose water-worn cobbles glistening with quartz and stained with iron, told of the mineralized mountain ribs looming above us. Our road turned up this arid water-course and plunged into a vine-rowed valley narrowing into a canyon, walled with pine-crested cliffs. The warm September sun had put to rout the sea-fog, which we beheld above us scudding past shaggy scarps. As our winding way ascended a spiny "hog's back," we caught a glimpse at intervals of secluded mountain ranches set in clearings among the forest. At times its rim poised over the brink of a steep canyon, whose depths disclosed red ore-dumps, half-concealed by new vegetation. Here and there quartzose rocks cropped out, bearing the scars of prospectors. Slowly we neared "the nick, just where the eastern foothills join the mountain," where lay our Mecca, Silverado. Wide-spreading Douglass spruces and spiry pines fringed the gap in the hills where the road reached its height of land. Ever seeming more lofty as we ascended, St. Helena's massive dome towered above us, gray as a friar in its shaggy hood of chaparral.

At length our road, emerging from a madrona thicket, crossed a flat dotted with great yellow pines. Several hundred feet above the bushy uplift we beheld a jagged pinnacle of reddish rock, which we knew to be the monument of the Silverado mine. In the sizzling heat of a



Entrance to the open cut, Silverado mine. "The strata propped apart by wooden wedges."

September noon we crossed the summit of the grade at an elevation of 2200 feet, and dipping gently into a sheltered cup-like dell, we saw the toll-house, a low, rambling structure nestling under the overhanging evergreens. On its vine-embowered veranda we met our good host, Daniel Patten, a pioneer of seventy springs. He led us into his office, which resembled a laboratory, being filled with mineral specimens, surveying and other instruments, and volumes of mining and meteorological data. We found him finishing a report to Professor MacAdie of the Weather Bureau, in which we saw these pithy words: "A heavy crop of hoppers hereabouts this month—temperature 85 degrees in the shade, and going up."

We were indulging our scientific tastes in testing a liquid, qualitatively and quantitatively, when we were greeted by our genial hostess, Dan Patten's hale and hearty helpmeet. She regaled her interested listeners with the history of Silverado, the coming and going of the Stevensons, whom she well and pleasantly remembered.

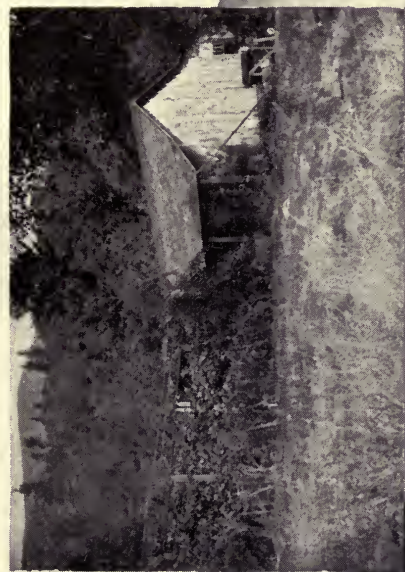
Her father, a well known pioneer named Lawley, had built the toll-road over Mt. St. Helena, in 1867, and has ever since realized the profits of a miniature mint from the natural monopoly of this pass through the rugged Napa mountains. In 1880 he had leased the toll-house to the Corwens, who entertained the Stevensons. His daughter graphically related how the toll-house burned to the ground three years later, and showed us how it was rebuilt partially with lumber from the demolished home of the Hansons.

As we lounged on the wide veranda, we fancied we could see the grape clusters ripen in the mellowing California sunshine. A pleasant stillness hushed the mid-day air until a far rumbling of wheels rose upwards from the wilderness of Lake County, and suddenly two stage coaches, laden with passengers and baggage, drew up at the office. The passengers, returning from the highland lakes and springs, were clad in dusters and presented the same picturesque features that caught the eye of Stevenson in his time, as he described how "the stages swoop upon the toll-house with a roar and in a cloud of dust." Every detail seemed completely reproduced for our

benefit, from "the blue-clad Chinaboy," a serene Celestial, who looked blandly down upon us from the hurricane deck of the coach, to "the San Francisco magnate, the mystery in the dust-coat."

In the first coolness of the afternoon, pioneer Patten led us up the steep trail back of the toll-house, once "worn smooth by the feet of thirsty miners," bound for the bar, over which the genial Mr. Hoddy presided during the boom days of Silverado. Our path threaded its leafy way through monster madrones and fragrant fir-trees, at whose mossy feet gurgled a stream of mine water diverted down a rusty trough. This flumed brooklet trickled from the barred mouth of a new tunnel, and hard by stood a toll-house, hidden in the dense foliage of laurel, and the water-haunting rhododendron. This we eagerly explored, and found an array of rusty picks, drills and nose-blunted shovels lying about in picturesque disorder, while the floor glistened with quartz samples from the mine. Pleasantly discoursing on his life-long mining hobby, the old pioneer led us steadily upwards until our trail joined an old road, dusty and red with mineralized float that halted at "a triangular platform," and there we saw Silverado. We gazed upon "a canyon, woody below, red, rocky and naked overhead," and ever as we varied our viewpoint, our eyes confirmed the accurate details of Stevenson's word-sketches, especially when, in his words, "we looked forth upon a great realm of air, and down upon tree-tops and hill-tops, and far and near on wild and varied country."

Gone was the house of the Silverado squatters. This we expected, but we were glad to see even a pile of wreckage, which Mr. Patten assured us was the ruins of the old assay office. "And here was the front door," he cried, as he pulled forcibly at a mass of bleached boards, bearing a pair of rusted hinges. This memento had thus far escaped the eyes of relic hunters and wreckers. We paused on the brink of a platform of waste rock from the mine, and recalled how he described it as "a rampart built by a primitive people." Below us, to the eastward, the canyon dropped steeply downward to the tree-hidden toll-house. Spiry pines and firs outlined a graceful fore-



"Mine host and hostess of the toll house." The only house on the site of "Silverado." "A pine nodding precariously on the edge."

ground, while rugged range on range of blue mountains rose and fell toward the horizon.

We prospected in the neighborhood of the mine for picturesque views, and found them in bewitching plenty. At every angle a vista of pines and rocky contours hiding mysterious hollows tempted the shutter of the camera to click of its own accord. We noted several tunnels and a caved-in shaft that indicated that much labor and its coined product had been expended in searching for the elusive pay-streak.

We also saw the bleached skeleton of "a rusty, iron chute on wooden legs," that "came flying like a monstrous gargoyle across the parapet." Climbing up a high angled incline, we came to a yawning, open cut, described as leading up "into the superincumbent shoulder of the hill." For a hundred feet and more the hanging wall rose to a jagged pinnacle, while below it opened a black cavity from which the outcropping ledge had been extracted. Twenty-five years had indeed altered the aspect of the mine but little, for now, as then, "we could see the strata propped apart by solid wooden wedges." We picked about in crannies and crevices looking for specimens; then turning toward the deluge of sunshine beating upon the glistening quartz-mirrors of the rocks, we saw "a pine, half-undermined, precariously nodding on the verge." This great sentinel guarding the entrance of the mine was by far the most striking picture we beheld.

A shadow flitted over the rocks, and looking upwards we saw a broad-winged hawk alight in a tree-top; then, as he perceived the intruders in his airy domain, he continued his majestic flight. We also longed to "mount upon wings, like eagles," as we climbed "the steep and toilsome path" that leads through clothes-shredding chaparral shielding the shoulder of St. Helena. One hour from Silverado brought us out upon the four-peaked summit, 4,343 feet above the distant glimmering ocean. A smoky September haze obscured the far-reaching outlook, for which this mountain is noted. When the sky has been cleansed of cobwebs and the yellowness has been washed from the hills, the snowy Sierras are visible from Mount Shasta to Whitney, a dis-

tance such as one might survey from some Adirondack peak, were he able to look from Boston to Buffalo, or Montreal to New York.

Racing with the sinking sun, we bounded backward over the sterile, undulating crests, and plunging down the sharp shoulder of the mountain, reached the toll-house in time to dine with the amiable proprietress, who discoursed entertainingly of the Stevensons.

"Mr. Stevenson," she said, "we naturally believed to be a consumptive. He was so frail, yet his manner was so cheery and hopeful that he fascinated every one with his kindliness. The Hansons moved from Silverado long ago, and now reside near Maxwell, Colusa County. Irvine Loveland drifted to the north from lumber camp to mining camp; a ne'er-do-well at best."

"Who was that juvenile offender whom Stevenson dubbed 'that demon boy?'" I asked.

"He has turned out well," she replied. "He is a sober, hard-working man of middle age now. He, too, was a Hanson. Mr. Hoddy died long ago, and Jennings, the engineer, passed in his checks as a Pasadena millionaire."

At length, lantern-led, we lugged our blankets up through the stillly air to the site of Stevenson's honeymoon home. A gentle night breeze blew down the canyon, while above the tree-tops the stars twinkled. The Milky Way blazed its lucent trail across the heavens on just such a starry night as Stevenson would have loved to be abroad on this romantic mountain side. Under a flourishing young balsam fir we spread our blankets upon a couch of its resinous needles, blended with the pungent perfume of California laurel leaves. Soon the night breeze ceased its whisperings, and the rival orchestras of queer little wood-folk tuned up as they began their night-long serenades. The cheerful monotones of crickets chorded with the weird lilt of hylas. No sound of prowling animals disturbed our slumbers, though at times we wakened to marvel at the brightness of Venus, whose intensity made it seem like a new satellite of our swirling sphere. Never did a night out of doors pass so swiftly; so full it was of delicious fragrances and subtle influences haunting

this romantic canyon retreat of Stevenson.

At length, a faint glow stole over the eastern sky. The shadowy ranges to the eastward grew more distinct, while the woody gorge assumed details of rocks and branching trees. Then, like a great, red lamp-shade the sun shot above a craggy horizon, and the ravine reveled in ruddy waves of light. In a few moments I clambered to the crest of a horn of rock, a favorite aerie of Stevenson, whither he loved to climb to overlook the sea-fogs. A thousand feet below me long tentacles of fog felt their way up dark-blue canyons. The same pinv crest that caught his eye floated like an isle fortunately above the vaporous flood. The faint, far sound of cow-bells filtered upward from the flat once filled with hustling Silverado town.

As we descended the old mine road, we emerged from the still somnolent mystery of the ancient forest and crossed a picturesque little mountain flat. Here once flourished the prosperous mining-camp of Silverado, where, a little later, Rufe Hanson and that hunter's family squatted in the old hotel. In its place we saw several acres of well-cultured vines and peach-trees, bespeaking the pas-

toral life that has supplanted the strenuous mining era. The old village street is now a thoroughfare for cattle whose cloven hoofs have carved deep trenches in the reddish soil. A lonely cabin, built for the most part from Silverado lumber, stands in the shelter of magnificent madrone trees. A graceful grape arbor leads to the door of the Peterson family, successors to the Hansons. Well-read are these people, and they seem to know "The Silverado Squatters" by heart. They emphatically impress upon the minds of visitors that they are not the Hansons of dubious memory of a quarter of a century ago.

The tourist of literary proclivities who journeys to California may visit the sun-land home of Ramona, or the haunts of the heroes of Bret Harte; but no trip to California is complete until a pilgrimage is made to Silverado. On this high slope of St. Helena he will find much of romantic interest as he follows the paths hallowed by the memory of Stevenson's happiest summer. One who camps at night in this canyon is certain to be greatly enriched by the experience of, as Stevenson says, "Listening to the silence there is among the hills."

How the Home of Mrs. Robert

Louis Stevenson was Saved

BY HAROLD FRENCH

FOR a number of years, the widow of Robert Louis Stevenson has resided in her picturesque home on the northwest corner of Hyde and Lombard streets, San Francisco. It is a two-story, composite frame structure connecting with the residence of her son, Lloyd Osbourne, the well-known collaborator with her late husband, and the author of many delightful stories in the current magazines, some of which are regarded as clas-

sics. His doorway opens upon the sunny side of Lombard street, while the entrance to his mother's home overlooks the broad expanse of the blue bay of San Francisco—a glorious vista in the morning sunshine. The joint residence is connected with a patio in which a beautiful garden flourishes; above its walls trees look over upon Hyde street hill, descending abruptly to the bay shore, three hundred feet below. The front walls of the



Present home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, in San Francisco.

Stevenson home are unique in shape, resembling an old castle in far-away Scotland.

When the fire that destroyed nearly five square miles of the best of San Francisco swept out of bounds, it surged out to North Beach and besieged Russian Hill. On its crest, immediately above the Stevenson home, a great reservoir occupied a square of land. However, its contents were soon drained in the vain effort to stay the on-rushing flames. Up Lombard street they leaped with resistless speed. The home of the widow of Tusitala seemed doomed to perish in the holocaust. Just at this crucial moment a party of Bohemian and Press Club members, led by Mr. Frank Deering, arrived on the scene. Some of these fire-fighters lived in the neighborhood, and realizing

that Mrs. Stevenson was at that time in Mexico, and that her home and prized belongings were at the mercy of the flames, with splendid devotion, they seized buckets and wet sacks, and dipping the remaining water from the nearly-dry reservoir, they rallied around the threatened residence until the east side of Hyde street lay in smouldering ruins. Here they succeeded in stopping the fire on the northern side of Russian Hill, though the flames swept on till they leveled the stately residences of Van Ness avenue. This episode of the fire is one of the many indications of the devotion of the friends of Robert Louis Stevenson to his memory, and it is entirely to their untiring efforts that the home of his wife, with all its priceless contents, was saved from destruction.

Spring and Autumn

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

Gay! gay! the birds sing gay,
And we will love away.

* * *

Drear, drear, the dying year,
And love is withered, sere.

The Republic of Sojara

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON

COLONEL Ben Moody, special diplomatic agent of the United States on the Isthmus of Panama, was in a most unamiable frame of mind. As he sat in solitary dignity on the broad, shady veranda of the Hotel del Santo Tomasino and puffed his cigarillo in sultry wrath, he felt an intense desire to kick some one—and that some one preferably himself.

When the appointment had been offered him some two months since, he had gracefully declined it—for he had lived long enough on the Isthmus to shrink from further residence there. To the President he had protested that he was getting old, and would therefore be scarcely qualified for a position that demanded the highest possible degree of vigor and alertness. But the President had merely given an admiring glance at the old soldier's quick, piercing gray eyes and spare, erect figure, and replied with a smile: "On the contrary, Colonel, you are the very man for the place. Your thorough knowledge of the Isthmus and its tangled politics will make you invaluable." So the patriotic old soldier had yielded—and now found himself settled in sultry discomfort in the sleepy little town of Los Santos.

The President, in giving Moody his instructions, had frankly told him that he was receiving perhaps the most vitally important position in the whole consular service—a position, however, to which no outer glory was attached, but upon which depended matters of the deepest import to the United States. Upon hearing this, the Colonel, with his inborn love of a good fight, had cheered up considerably. But now, with nearly two months gone, he had done practically nothing beyond holding down a rocker on the shadiest spot of the veranda, consuming vast numbers of good *cigarillos* and waging unequal strife with mosquitoes. And so, as we have already noted, the worthy Colonel was in no genial mood.

As he lay back with his chair tilted against the porch wall and meditatively regarded the perpendicular tip of his

cigarillo, he could almost fancy himself back in dear old San Francisco. His eyes half closed, and the hazy blue of the sky became suddenly alive with figures. Men and women were jostling up and down Market street in breathless haste. Street cars were speeding up and down the broad thoroughfare, which was now blocked and crowded with numberless trucks that bumped and rumbled deafeningly over the cobbles. And now, out of the throng he could see a tall form coming toward him with a sunny smile on his rugged face. He could feel the corners of his own mouth relax, his eyes soften. Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the mirage vanished. The sky was again nothing but a great void of blue haze. The Colonel blinked and tipped his chair forward so suddenly that his feet slapped the veranda floor. Then he rubbed his eyes. A tall, straight, white-clad figure was coming up the path. As he drew nearer, the Colonel jumped out of his chair, ran down the low steps, and rushed up to the newcomer, wringing his hand frantically.

"Lord, but I'm glad to see you, Ken!" he burst out.

Kendall Wright seemed equally happy to see his old friend; and arm in arm, like a couple of schoolboys, they walked slowly back to the veranda, where they settled themselves comfortably. "Well, how's everything at home?" Colonel Moody asked.

Kendall Wright shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing doing. So I thought I'd take a run down here and surprise you. How do you like your job?"

The Colonel sighed with an air of patient sufferance. "So far," he said, ruefully, "I've done nothing but eat, sleep, and fight mosquitoes."

Kendal Wright laughed. "And to think that you expected to be thrust into the hotbed of a revolution!"

Moody pursed his lips thoughtfully. "It's a dull month in Central America when the wheel of fortune doesn't make at least one revolution," he said grimly.

"Then there's hope for you yet."

"Exactly. Well, here comes Tony with a letter."

Tony, his dull, honest face flushed with the importance of his commission, approached Colonel Moody, salaaming prodigiously. The Colonel handed him a small piece of silver, whereupon with obeisances even more numerous and profound than before, he backed off the veranda.

"Just a moment," apologized the Colonel, as he carefully slit open the envelope. Kendall Wright leisurely transferred his attention to the luxuriant beauty of the landscape toward the east. Suddenly the Colonel gave a low, sharp whistle. Wright turned involuntarily. Moody, his face pale as death, was holding the letter motionless in his left hand and gazing fixedly above it into space. He shifted his glance swiftly to his companion and exclaimed in a tense whisper: "It's come!"

Kendall Wright looked at him half understandingly.

"The revolution."

"Where?"

"Right here in Los Santos," the Colonel replied, slowly as if the utterance of every word gave him pain. "Right under my d——d stupid nose. And what's more—unless a miracle occurs between now and twelve o'clock to-night, our chance of securing the franchise for the Panama Canal will be lost—forever."

Kendall Wright started. The magnitude of the disclosure staggered him. But in another moment he was his old self—alert, resourceful, surcharged with energy. "Look here, old man," he said decisively, "you've got to let me in on this. You're in trouble—I want to help you."

The older man's face brightened. "I'd trust you with my life," he said, simply. "But I won't see you lugged into an affair like this. No American's life will be safe in Los Santos to-night."

"And you intend to stay here?"

"I know my duty. I'll do it."

Kendall Wright rose from his chair and walked over to the railing, where he seated himself in the most uncomfortable position possible, and regarded his companion intently. "Very well," he said, with calm finality, "I shall keep you company."

Moody seized his hand and pressed it

hard. "Come with me to my room," he said, huskily. "I'll tell you everything."

A few moments later the Colonel locked the door of his room behind them. He lost no time in striking into his story. "Up to the time of my arrival on the Isthmus," he began, "there was but one faction here—the pro-Colombian. This faction, as you must know, bitterly opposes the building of the Canal by the United States. My instructions were to secretly encourage the formation of a revolutionary party which would ultimately revolt against Colombian suzerainty and set up an independent republic to be called the Republic of Sojara. You follow me?"

Kendall Wright nodded abstractedly, as if he had but half heard the words.

"If successful, the result of such a revolution would be about as follows: I would control absolutely the President and Legislature of the new republic, the State Department having made an unlimited appropriation for that purpose. I would immediately rush through a measure granting to the United States a franchise to build the Canal. Colombia would naturally be enraged at this proceeding. She would at once prepare to punish the upstart republic and crush it out of existence. If she could do this, the Canal franchise would of course be worthless. But——"

"The United States would here interfere with a strong hand," interrupted Kendall Wright, almost impatiently. "But what of the present trouble?"

"I was just coming to that. In the work of forming the revolutionary party which I mentioned a moment ago, I was compelled to purchase the support of the six bosses who practically control the native population of the Isthmus. Perhaps the most powerful of these bosses—and certainly the most able of them—is Tomaso Figales, Mayor of this town. I distrusted him from the first—and it was because I wished to keep a sharp watch on him that I am living here. But until to-day I have had no real evidence that Figales was going to turn traitor at the critical moment." He reached into his pocket and took out the letter which had caused him such great agitation. "This will explain itself."

Kendall Wright scanned the note rapidly and handed it back to Colonel Moody. "Who is this Sancho Torre?" he asked. "A sort of private secretary to Figales. He is in my pay."

"Let me see the letter again." He read an instant. Then a grim smile twitched his lips. "So he thinks you're a swindler. Haven't you paid him yet?"

"A few hundred—that's all. It seemed a waste of good money to give him more until he had shown stronger evidences of good faith. But that isn't the trouble. He evidently mistakes me for some one else—who really did swindle him in some way or other. But what's to be done?"

"He needs to be over-awed. If we had the President of the United States here, for instance, I imagine we would have little trouble in bringing Figales to terms."

Moody smiled weakly. "Unfortunately His Excellency is some thousands of miles away. I'll go before the Conclave to-night, at any rate; when the Colombian agent is done talking I'll raise him a hundred thousand, or as much as they wish."

"From the tone of his letter, I judge that they will pay no attention to you whatever."

"I know it. But what else is there to do?"

Kendall Wright stroked his long nose reflectively. "It would be very convenient if we could have the President shipped down here by cable," he suggested soberly. "But we can't. If you'll excuse me, I'll run down and see what kind of quarters they've given me. As soon as I've unpacked and straightened things up a bit I'll be back." And he was gone.

* * * *

When Colonel Moody described Tomaso Figales as the ablest and most unscrupulous of the Isthmian political bosses, he scarcely did full justice to that gentleman's talents and moral obliquity. As Mayor—and absolute ruler—of Los Santos, he wielded no small power, laying under tribute rich and poor alike, and controlling his little dominion with an iron hand. In their negotiations with Colonel Moody, his fellow politicians had accorded tacit and substantial recognition of his peculiar genius by electing him to

represent them, and allowing him such large discretionary powers as to place him practically in a position to make what terms he chose. While it is not a recorded fact that he did so, Don Tomaso probably chuckled loud and long when the choice of his fellow politicians was announced to him. His next move was of a decidedly less humorous nature—for his political brethren, at least. It consisted in so arranging matters that these trusting gentlemen would be cheated even out of whatever might be rightfully coming to them under the least favorable circumstances.

But like every other great man, Don Tomaso had his weakness. In his case it was a blind, implicit faith in his ability to remember names and faces. As a matter of fact, his memory was very poor in this respect. And so one day it happened that, when a servant brought him an engraved card bearing the name, "Colonel Benjamin Moody," a certain very unpleasant memory was awakened with a start. When a moment later the honest Colonel entered his presence, this memory was vividly confirmed. Three years since an American bearing a really striking resemblance to Colonel Moody and a name of misleading similarity had adroitly unloaded upon the fat Don Tomaso some ninety thousand dollars worth of fraudulent stocks. Don Tomaso had never quite gotten over it; and now the old wound began to smart like a stinging nettle. He felt convinced that this was the same man come back to perpetrate another swindle.

Accordingly, when the Colonel, after a masterly bit of fencing, touched upon the delicate matter in hand, the fat Don did not manifest much enthusiasm—not even when the affable, diplomatic old Colonel declared his willingness to pay generously for Don Tomaso's valuable support. The Colonel was utterly puzzled at this strange behavior. One day he gave Sancho, the Don's private secretary, a double eagle, and learned the cause of the Don's deep distrust. Then he realized his helplessness. He knew Tomaso's inflexible pride in his memory—and it was expressly against his instructions to use the one possible means of convincing Figales—by showing his credentials. On the day of Kendall Wright's

arrival, matters had reached a crisis in the shape of a letter from Figales, in which he renounced all previous promises of support. These, to be sure, had been rather half-hearted in the first place. He then proceeded to call Colonel Moody a number of unsavory Spanish-American names—and declared that on that very night in secret conclave, he expected to come to an agreement with the Colombian agent, whereby the incipient revolution in his care was to be immediately crushed, and an anti-Canal treaty entered into with Colombia.

On the evening of Kendall Wright's arrival in Los Santos, the conclave materialized in the persons of Don Tomaso and a swarthy individual named Moral, who represented the interests of Colombia. The meeting place was the private office of Don Tomaso in the town hall of Los Santos. The portly Don with many a full-paunched chuckle at his own shrewdness and with roars of laughter at his matchless wit was repeating to Moral the contents of his letter to Colonel Moody. Moral, a thin, sour-looking man, smiled with an ill-grace and rewarded his entertainer's efforts with the words: "We had better get down to business. Don Tomaso."

Don Tomaso looked hurt, then almost savagely resentful. "On the contrary, my dear senor," he replied, with mocking politeness, "the business can wait—indefinitely." And he folded his fat hands.

Senor Moral had made a serious blunder. In the first place, he had neglected to bear in mind that Don Tomaso really had the upper hand, and in the second place he had failed to laugh at the Don's jokes. In both cases he had touched a very tender spot. Perceiving now his poor judgment, Moral laughed noisily and exclaimed: "There is no standing against your sarcasm, my dear Don, any more than against your wishes.

Don Tomaso looked complacent and partly appeased. He started to make some reply, when there came a loud knock at the door. Both men started, and sprang to their feet. The Don took a heavy pistol from a drawer, and Moral fumbled in his breast pocket. The two men looked at each other. Don Tomaso was the first to regain his composure. "We are children," he said, scornfully,

"to be frightened thus at nothing." He walked noiselessly to the door. "Who is there?" he called out sharply.

"A friend," came the reply in a deep voice.

Don Tomaso hesitated a moment. Then with his right hand hidden in one of the big pockets of his baggy coat, he turned the key and opened the door. A tall, powerfully built figure in an Inverness and glossy silk hat stood in the doorway. Don Tomaso stepped back in astonishment.

The stranger bowed with great elegance. "Have I the honor of addressing the most excellent Senor Don Tomaso, Mavor of Los Santos?" His speech proclaimed him an American.

Flushed with gratified pride, and deeply impressed with the rich dress and distinguished bearing of the stranger, Don Tomaso bowed as low as his barrel-like girth would permit. "My poor house is yours," he murmured.

The American removed his hat and coat, and with a gracious bow accepted the chair which Don Tomaso had brought forward for him. He was in full evening dress and a magnificent diamond sparkled on his finger. Moral looked inquiringly at Figales. Then he scowled at the American with hostile suspicion. He was plainly vexed at the intrusion. But Don Tomaso seemed in the best of humor—and took no notice of Moral's dark looks. "Whom have we to thank for the honor of this visit, Senor?" he inquired with a grandiloquence of gesture and enunciation that contrasted ludicrously with his puffy red face and short, ponderous figure.

The American glanced meaningfully toward Moral, then at Don Tomaso. "Pardon me, Don Tomaso, but my business with you is of such a nature that I may not even give my name, except to you alone."

Don Tomaso became all at once deeply interested in his guest. Moral, with a look of strong suspicion on his dark face, stepped forward to whisper something to Figales. But Don Tomaso, with a cold glitter in his little eyes, motioned him back. He turned to the American. "Senor Moral enjoys my entire confidence," he said, easily. "Whatever you may say here will go no further."

For a moment, the stranger seemed undecided, as if things had taken an unexpected turn. "Very well," he said with a smile. Reaching into his pocket he drew out a small card case of elegant workmanship, and from it took a card which he handed to Don Tomaso. It read: "Douglas Fenton, 3d Ass't. Secretary of State, U. S. A."

Don Tomaso gasped. For some moments he sat with open mouth, staring at the bit of pasteboard in his hand. He was roused by a hissing whisper from Moral: "Don't trust him. It's a trap."

Don Tomaso purpled with rage at Moral's interference—made tenfold annoying to him by the presence of distinguished company. But he controlled himself with an effort, and ignored Moral entirely. "Will your Excellency kindly state of what service I may be?" he inquired.

The American diplomat seemed to pierce him through and through with his fierce gray eyes before he spoke. "You are aware, no doubt, of the intentions of my Government with regard to the Isthmus."

Don Tomaso nodded placidly. Moral started to speak, then sank back suddenly in his chair.

"I have been appointed by His Excellency, the President of the United States, to convey to you an expression of high admiration for your talents and his deep respect for your personal probity." He paused.

Don Tomaso flushed like a delighted child, and sneered triumphantly at the silently raging Moral. "His Excellency does me far too much honor," he murmured modestly.

The American's eyes flashed with a strange light. "His Excellency also desires me to secure, if possible, your invaluable support in certain vitally important measures, the general nature of which is no doubt already familiar to you. In compensation——"

Moral sprang wildly from his chair. "It's a lie!" he burst out fiercely. "This man is an impostor! I've been in Washington, and I tell you this——"

He stopped abruptly, as if bereft of speech. The look that had crept into Figales' face froze the words on his lips. Don Tomaso's right hand had dropped

carelessly into his coat pocket. "Good-night, Senor Moral," he said, in tone of cold dismissal that had an edge to it like a knife. "And I would advise you not to walk abroad to-night. The night air is very injurious." He turned to the American. "There will be no further interruptions," he said, simply.

The American seemed to have been perfectly unmoved by the little drama that had taken place before his eyes—seemed scarcely even to have noticed it. He went on as if nothing had happened:

"You have heard of the Republic of Sojara. My Government is prepared to make you a very handsome compensation if you will make this republic a reality within a specified time. More specifically, we stand ready to pay you two hundred thousand dollars in cold cash at the moment when the Legislature of the Republic of Sojara passes a bill granting to the United States an exclusive franchise to build the Canal." He paused. "What reply am I to carry back?"

Don Tomaso did not answer at once. This was a contingency upon which he had not counted. He had refused Colonel Moody's advances because he thought him a fraud come to swindle him. He had already decided to accept Moral's offer of seventy thousand dollars, chiefly because he knew of no one who would be likely to make him a better one. But the United States—and two hundred thousand dollars. It almost staggered him. But with his old habit—too strong to be resisted—he began to cast about for a possible means of cheating everybody concerned except himself. He wondered whether he might not be able to play the two countries against each other and bleed both. "What advance payment will you be willing to make as evidence of good faith?" he asked finally.

"My instructions say nothing whatever about advance payments, my dear Don Tomaso. The amount is to be paid in full at the moment when the Canal franchise is granted and delivered to the United States of America—neither sooner nor later."

His tone was perfectly courteous, but had in it a ring of finality that did not escape the shrewd ear of Don Tomaso. Still, he hated to be pinned to honest dealing without a struggle. "Suppose I

do not choose to bring about the Republic of Sojara?"

The American shrugged his broad shoulders ever so slightly. "That is a matter that rests wholly with yourself, my dear Don Tomaso. I might suggest, however, that two hundred thousand dollars is a handsome price for a bloodless revolution. My instructions, by which I am bound absolutely, empower me to offer you this amount on the conditions already specified, and require me to cable an immediate reply." He paused. "Am I to cable your acceptance?"

"I accept your offer," said Don Tomaso Figales.

* * * *

It will merely be rehearsing familiar facts to recall how, after a bit of sharp fighting on the Isthmus, the Republic of Sojara came into being; and how, at the first session of the Legislature of Sojara a bill was passed granting to the United States the exclusive franchise to build the Canal. It was also about this time, you will remember, that the President shocked some of the political Pharisees by naming as ambassador to one of the most important courts of Europe one

Colonel Ben Moody of California—a staunch Democrat of the old school.

These matters are all pretty well known. But there are two remarkable facts in this connection of which not even the State Department itself was ever aware. Firstly, that the vital negotiations leading to the Canal franchise were carried through by the single-handed efforts of a single man; and secondly, that this well-nigh impossible feat was achieved not only without authorization from the United States Government but even without the knowledge of Colonel Moody himself.

Kendall Wright, however, smilingly maintains that the credit for the success of his negotiations belongs wholly to a certain Montgomery street tailor—who shall be nameless. As a matter of fact, the credit belongs almost entirely to Kendall Wright, himself. But it is reasonable to suppose that if this tailor had not by mistake sent Kendall Wright a dress suit belonging to the Third Assistant Secretary of State (then visiting in San Francisco), it might have been many months before the fat Don Tomaso consented to see his way clear to the Republic of Sojara.



"Every cloud has a silver lining."

Putnam & Valentine, Photo.



A chauffeur in a White steam motor car on Red Cross service.

The Triumph of the Automobile

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

WHILE beloved San Francisco was being devastated last April the automobile was making the greatest record in its history. Without its aid, the damage done the city would have been far greater, and the sufferings of the inhabitants would have been immeasurably increased. Every one who passed through those thrilling days concedes these facts. Those who had need of sure and rapid transit in the troublous times from April 18 onward, emphasize them upon every occasion.

Over disrupted streets and piles of debris, through fire, smoke and explosions, the automobile dashed, bearing dead and injured, conveying officials, surgeons, and messengers, bringing dynamite, medicines, food and urgently needed supplies of nearly every description.

Never did the machines falter. They could always be depended upon. They knew neither fear nor fatigue. As fresh and ready for further duty after twenty-

four hours continuous service as at the start, they accomplished what no beast of burden in the world could have accomplished. Speed, reliability, endurance, were their's in highest degree.

The great misfortune that befell the fair city by the Golden Gate produced a more trying ordeal for the automobile than any speed trial, endurance test, or hill climbing contest ever held, and from the ordeal the automobile emerged triumphant. Even experienced chauffeurs were astonished at the small amount of repairs needed by machines of popular makes after not only days, but weeks, of the severest strain.

City officials, business men, journalists, army and navy, physicians and surgeons, relief agents, private citizens—persons of every calling, who needed quick and certain conveyance—and who did not need it then?—looked for it to the automobile, formerly widely and irreverently called the "devil wagon." Let no one

call it "devil wagon" to-day in the presence of a San Franciscan of 1906. To him it is an "angel wagon" forever.

Hardly had the earthquake of the early morning ended when the "honk" of the automobile was heard far and near. The all-night machines which are to be found at all hours in the down-town sections of the city were the first in action. The falling cornices, sometimes the falling chimneys, and even walls of the older buildings aroused their chauffeurs and their other occupants from the dismay of the first shock, and they quickly were in motion. From that time on, the garages, public and private, poured forth their machines on errands of all kinds. The fire chiefs were early in action, hastening to the scenes of the first conflagrations that broke out, only to find out in too brief a time that they were powerless to stop the flames. The newspapermen were as early as any one to bestir themselves, many before they had returned home after a night of hard routine work. It took but the first glance to see that the street railway systems were paralyzed. Horses were few and of little

value for rapid transit. The automobile was the only solution to the problem.

In less than an hour after the 'quake, the streets were filled with automobiles. The speed regulations of the city ordinances were the first laws to be suspended, the suspension of many other laws following in the face of the great emergency. It was a case of pedestrians taking care of themselves, for the swift moving machines were not out for pleasure or for sport. They were the messengers of those in places of responsibility or the bearers of the victims of the disaster. In one would be seen one, two or even more feeble forms, some bandaged, some groaning in agony—others with the ashen pallor of death. Some were bound to the emergency hospitals, especially the great temporary one improvised in the Mechanics' Pavilion, only to be evacuated a few hours later before the rapidly advancing flames. Others were bound for the morgues, quickly increasing in number.

Long before noon, the variety of uses to which the automobiles were put had increased enormously. While scores were



The safe expert uses an automobile in his business.



United States soldiers on duty at the Mobile Carriage Company's garage, at Gough street and Golden Gate avenue, during the days of the fire.

occupied in the work of saving life or removing dead bodies, others were in the service of the officers, civil and military, who strove to save, first the city, then, when hope was gone, to save what was left of it. If the dynamite—last resort of the fire fighters—were wanted from Alcatraz, Angel Island, Mare Island or elsewhere, an automobile was called upon to hasten it to the point where ordered. Here was one of the most dramatic and picturesque features of the automobile's use. Dynamite is not a thing to be handled like pig iron. It explodes by concussion as well as by detonation. Rushing it through the rough streets, where a spill-out was likely at almost any moment was ticklish business. It meant not only danger to those conveying it, but to all in the neighborhood. And some of the automobiles carried enough dynamite at one load to blow a whole block to smithereens. But the dynamite operators were not thinking of personal danger. They thought only of the danger to the stricken city. Upon each dynamite car was a big sign bearing the word "Dynamite." People gave such cars a wide berth.

Signs were put upon all the official machines with great rapidity. Some read "Police," others "U. S. Army," "Ambulance," "Relief," and the like. The Red Cross flag flew from many. These signs meant non-interference from the sentries, patrols and others in authority, for an uncredentialed automobile was at the mercy of any official who chose to commandeer it. That was one of the amusing features of the situation. A private automobile might be speeding along or standing still, on some duty of utmost importance to its owner or occupant, yet in a moment a civil or military officer, even a policeman or private soldier was apt to step up to it and order the chauffeur to perform some special duty. The chauffeur, unless already on official business, had to obey. If he did not, he was arrested and the machine confiscated. If he tried to escape by flight he was fired upon. It was a case of the good of the general public, not of individuals. Yet to the credit of the automobilists be it said that few of them balked. The San Francisco spirit of those trying days was universally one of help to all. Private loss or gain was of

little moment by the side of the welfare of the city and its people. But one case of fatal shooting of an automobilist was reported throughout the ordeal—that of poor Heber C. Tilden, who was shot by a special policeman for not halting when commanded to do so. Tilden was flying the Red Cross flag from his machine at the time, and very rightly did not think that he should stop, under the circumstances. The hasty officer fired, in the

be established and maintained only by messenger, until the Signal Corps of the army put its splendid service into use. Even then automobiles and cavalymen were rushing all over the city with written and verbal orders that could not be well handled by the Signal Corps wires and flags.

It was with the aid of the automobile that the Associated Press performed its remarkable feat of getting news to the



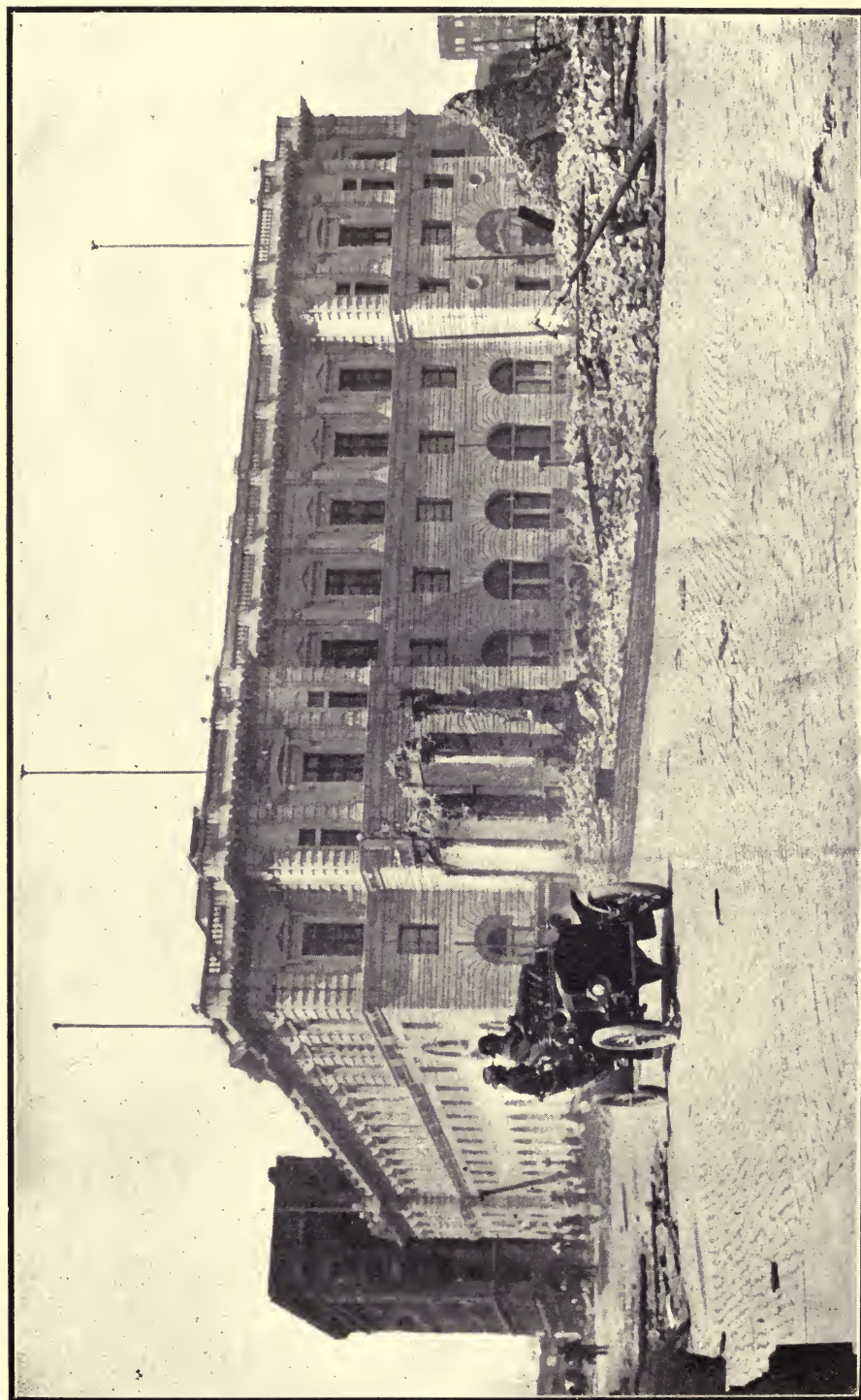
Driven to a standstill in the service of the military authorities.

belief that the flag was being used as a ruse to avoid impressment into service, one or two instances of such a ruse having been rumored about.

As the fire progressed, the demands upon the automobile increased. The telephone system being paralyzed like the street car service, communication between vital points and important officers could

outside world. Paul Cowles, manager of the Associated Press, used automobiles to carry despatches between the points unconnected by telegraph or telephone wires. The quick news service was thus made possible.

Automobiles played a prominent part in the salvation of the water-front and the streets leading therefrom for some



Automobile of the U. S. Army Inspector, passing the Post-office at San Francisco.

distance. The regular water supply of the city having been broken off, the salt water from the bay was available for the waterfront and vicinity, provided engines, fire tugs and other pumps were available. But the extent of the use of salt water was limited by the amount of hose available. Early in the fight with the fire along the water-front, Lieutenant F. N. Freeman, of the navy, who was sent to the city from Mare Island by Rear-Admiral B. H. McCalla to lend the navy's aid, saw the possibilities of additional lengths of hose. Hose was sent for. It was brought at top speed by automobiles, and to this speed, not otherwise obtainable, was due the salvation of many a structure within reach of the water from the bay.

Automobiles of every description, delivery, touring, runabout and all, were pressed into service for transporting relief supplies, particularly medicines, food and other emergency goods. They were kept at this, night and day, for several days. Inspecting officers of the army and marine corps—for the marines played an important part in guarding the city—used automobiles for inspecting their various stations and posts. Mayor Schmitz, Generals Greely and Funston, and the many relief committeemen, all had their special machines always at hand, and hard service they gave them, too. The officials of the steam and the street railways were also tireless users of automobiles, none working harder than they in steps to restore transportation for the benefit of the afflicted city. As for the newspapers, they used automobiles where they formerly used telephones and street cars. Reporters sent on distant details had automobiles in waiting for them, to remain under their orders until their return to the office with the "story" they were after.

It was a characteristic sight when handsome big machines, which before the fire bore happy, fashionable parties to Burlingame and San Mateo, or on long tours about the State, were seen, grimy with dirt and dust, careering through the streets with soldiers or hospital nurses, or filled with supplies for the relief stations. The fashionable world lent its cherished automobiles as it did its mansions and its personal services to the

work of relief, cheerfully and gladly, for all San Franciscans were brothers and sisters in those days.

Much more could be said of the wide field of activity of the automobile during the fire—the automobile, so widely misunderstood to be but the toy of the rich and the luxurious. It has demonstrated most forcibly that it is an agent of humanity and of civilization generally, to be regarded as such in future along with the telegraph, the telephone—even the steamship and the railroad.

Of special interest, however, were the difficulties under which the machine had to perform these multitudinous duties. It was no pleasure jaunt, no touring over country roads and along smooth boulevards. It needs but slight knowledge of the conditions under which the machines were operated to appreciate the severity of the test to which they and their occupants were subjected.

Few streets in the city were in their normal state. Most of those in the burned area were filled for days—some for weeks—with debris of various kinds and degrees. Many streets, both in and out of the burned district, were distorted more or less by the earthquake. In Valencia street there was a subsidence of six feet, making a bad gully. Subsidences of less depth existed in many other places. There were corresponding upheavals here, there and everywhere. Broad Van Ness avenue, sharing with Market street the largest amount of travel, was for a long time a succession of little hills and valleys, clefts and mounds. During the first few days it was hazardous in the extreme to traverse these and many other thoroughfares. At night it was highly dangerous, for lights were not permitted for some time. Going at high speed, even the smallest irregularity might cause a serious accident, possibly fatal disaster. When obstructions a foot or more high—or deep—were to be encountered every block or so, coolness and caution of the highest order were demanded. They are yet, and will be for some time, until the streets shall have been restored to their former smoothness.

So much for the strain and danger to the human occupants of the machines. As for the machines themselves, it may



This White automobile, used by the military, was in constant service day and night for over two weeks, without overhauling to any extent, in spite of the hard tasks it was subjected to over the rough streets and debris.

readily be seen that the rough roads over which they had to travel were hard trials upon their mechanism. Jumping and jolting, stopping suddenly, turning sharply, crashing into unexpected obstructions, dodging others, all of these experiences were of hourly, in fact, constant occurrence. Every part of the machine, however large or small, was called upon to respond to extreme strain.

And the way they responded to the demands made upon them is a source of wonderment and pride to all American manufacturers as well as owners of automobiles, for there were few of foreign make in San Francisco. The various

the high value of the automobile demonstrated by its performances during and after the San Francisco earthquake and fire has not been lacking. It has come from no less a source than the United States Government, whose officers tested it so thoroughly and profited by it so highly. The United States Government is proverbially conservative in its adoption of innovations—far too much so at times. The army has experimented to some extent during the past few years with automobiles, for use in its Signal Corps, Hospital Corps and Quartermaster's department. A few automobiles have been purchased for army use, and

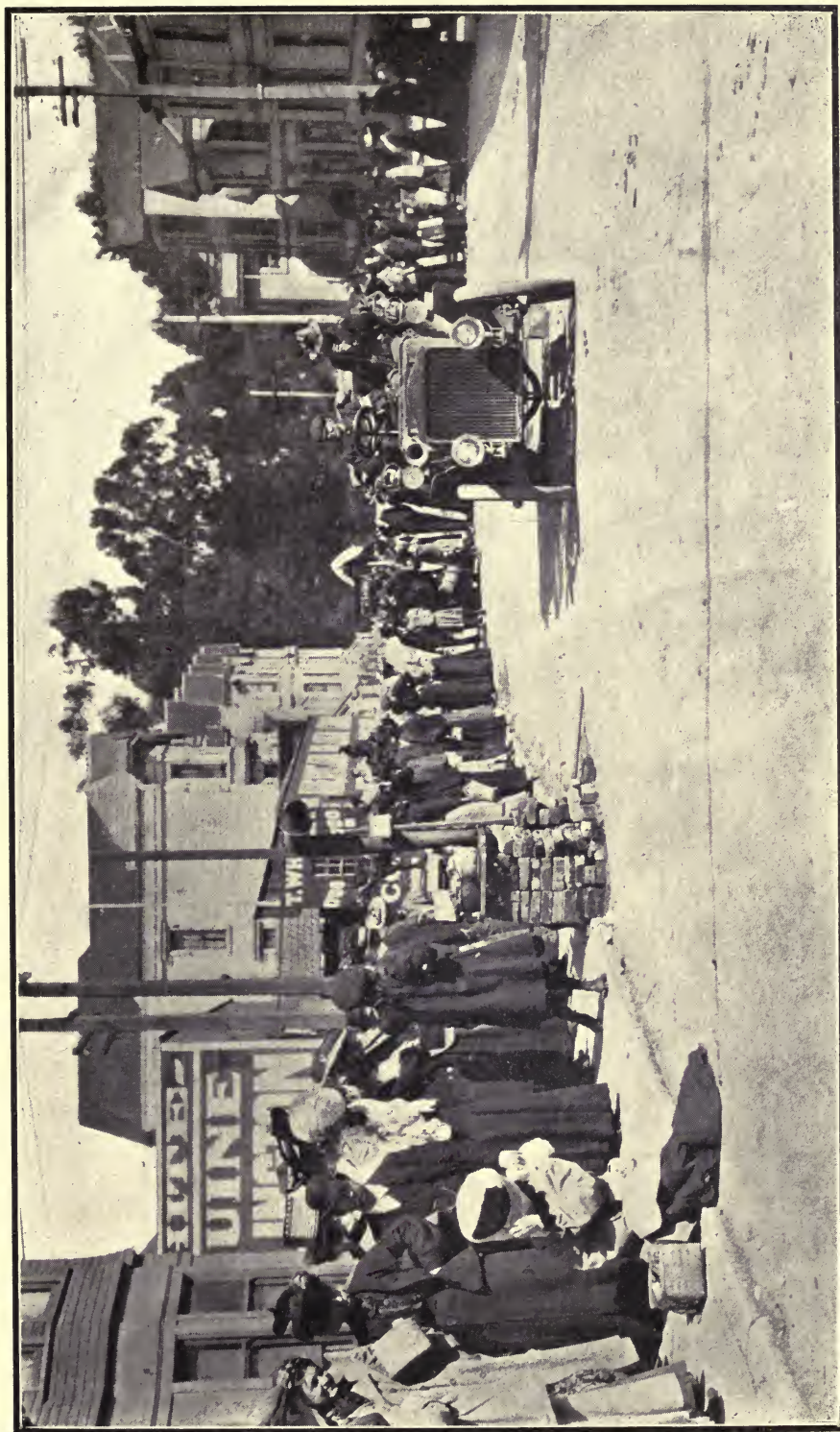


Garage of the Auto Livery Company, and temporary office of the Middle Motor Car Company on N. W. corner of Golden Gate and Van Ness avenues.

machines of American make have over and over again shown their speed. They have also shown other fine qualities, but this time they exhibited an endurance which is long to be remembered. The repairs made necessary by the experiences of the machine have been remarkably few and of remarkably small extent. Of course, there were a few break-downs under violent conditions, but that they were not worse and more numerous is astonishing. They were barely appreciable in the sum total of performances.

It is notable that official recognition of

they have given satisfaction, but until now the tests were never thought sufficiently conclusive to justify general adoption wherever vehicles may be used. Now it is different. It is unofficially stated that lengthy reports, praising automobiles in the highest terms, have been forwarded to the War Department in Washington, as a result of the experience that the army officers had with them during San Francisco's days of misfortune. It is further stated that the War Department has been so impressed by these reports, together with others it has received from other



A San Francisco "bread line." The officials in the automobiles are inspectors, whose duty it was to see system maintained and abuses rectified.

sources, that it is already preparing to introduce automobiles more widely into the military service.

Not alone the army, but the fire and emergency hospital services of various cities are favorably considering the substitution of automobiles for horse-drawn vehicles, as a result of the lessons taught in San Francisco since April 18, 1906. Some cities, it is true, have already secured automobile fire engines and automobile ambulances. These propose to get more, and those without them propose to get some right away.

Summed up, it may be said that without the automobile in San Francisco in her time of trouble, the injured would have been a longer time getting to the hospitals, and some would not have reached there at all, at least alive; communication would have been cut off entirely in some cases, and would have been far slower and more uncertain in all cases; the fire would have exceeded the great extent it did reach; the works of

relief, of policing the city, and of news-despatching would have been greatly hampered and at times impossible; transit would have been slow and irregular and sometimes impracticable; civil and military officers would have had their labors vastly increased.

Leaving wholly out of consideration the matter of human beings saved and succored, and looking only upon the sordid subject of money value of property saved through the agency of the automobile, it is exceedingly conservative to estimate that every automobile in San Francisco on April 18th saved one hundred dollars for every original dollar.

In the saving of life, in the lessening of suffering in the bringing of comfort and happiness, the work done by the automobile had a value that cannot be estimated in any financial units, for these things were of value higher than money can buy.

San Francisco's misfortune was indeed the automobile's triumph.

The Unready

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

One thinks of mighty deeds—of gallant fights
 Who yet is unprepared for strifes that be.
 He dreams of days of action—flame-lit nights—
 But never martial foeman faces he.

The marching legions and the war drum's roll
 Call all to arms to guard the city gates—
 The music and the footbeats wake his soul
 An instant only, then he dreams and waits.

The bugles ring! afar the skies grow dun;
 And heroes strive where brazen thunders play—
 Still bides the dreamer in the mid-day sun,
 Ungirded and unready for the fray.

Earth's Messages

Circulation

BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

WONDERFUL rivers of the blood! How little we think of the courses they take; of the system of circulation the great Unknown has set in harmonic action, and of which we think our duty done when we let it run down, stagnate. While every blade of grass, every winding creek, every mountain torrent, every drinking growth, every living, every dying thing cries out to us—learn!

If you are shut out of your own heart, afraid to enter, sometimes in indifference of Life—God, you have closed certain passages of the blood. Health is not the possession of a state to be held against the inroads of disease—it is simply a full Consciousness of Living. Different conditions of the circulation flood the body with a joy of breath, or close it to that law. Open your blood to the currents of the Universe; look often to the sky; touch the new softness of leaves; love the soil. Sit for an hour and watch something which is busy living; a flower opening, a leaf unfurling, a bird singing, an animal at play, and before you are aware, vitalizing fluids are absorbed into your veins, are finding a way to your tired heart.

When the circulation of moisture in the earth ceases, is interrupted, turned aside, the soil becomes dry, fissured, lifeless. When the clouds fail to draw, gather, dissolve, all beneath grows old and wrinkled. With the human body, the law is the same. When the tides of blood cease to draw upward through every valve, cell, from all the blood channels and low-lying regions into the brain, sweeping down again into the rivers of the blood; diffusing into every nerve filament—parts or all of the body become old. Desert places appear here and there until gradually all is a barren waste.

Have we no control over this rising and falling of the circulation? Can we not unsettle sluggish streams, teach and guide and make way for the tides of life,

the wonderful rivers of the blood, to keep the heart and countenance young?

If we have no control over the ebb and flow of our own blood, no power to guide aright the body—the one thing most ours—what will we be able to do after all our finding, with any greater universal truth?

For we seek with the whole of the body; brains are not alone in one part, but in every minutest cell. All these intelligences swarming through the body must be kept alive and active by the flow of the blood. If in any part that flow is sluggish, dormant, the faculties which each nerve controls will be sluggish and dormant, also.

With each second of meeting of the air and blood in the lungs, we are touched with a magic circling. An electric revitalizing current builds the body and expands the soul. The deeper the breath the wider the circle it touches. With each stifled or troubled, evading or unbelieving breath, less of electric force permeates us, and we are cheated of life. What perverse caution is ours when we go to such pains to live with as little breath as possible!

You wander into a realm of vast mystery; of untold, hidden truth and treasure when you study the exhaustless depths which lie beneath one little inch of your wrist. Something is going on there which has not been fathomed. What will remain unexplained when all the power of the beating human heart is understood? To know the valves of the dead heart will not aid one. The secret will not be revealed by the study of death, for it is Life which is singing there under your wrist. Your Own Life. Whence has it come? Where is it going? Do you hear it, singing, beating, ebbing, surging, gathering, coming, going, circling?

The circle is knowledge; the angle distrust. Do not move along one line of thought. From a center spread and reach outward in an ever widening circle.

The physical senses in their highest and best expression become one, the Soul Sense. In striving to express perfect health, strength and purity of soul, all emotions merge into one, all faculties partake of the powers of each. Touch is also sight; color is heard; sound is felt; until the circle of vibration and responsive blood is rounded and joined.

* * * *

Watch a rushing river and the slow moving fluids of the circulation run with it quicker and quicker in sympathy. When the pulse is too fevered, stand before the quiet water of a placid lake. The law of vibration is there, unchangeable, everlasting. Ignore it, and you will drift and break against it; understand it, live with it, and it will carry you with the stars.

Those who contemplate long an abysmal depth, physical, or a mental depression which they have opened before them, have an irresistible desire to throw themselves into destruction. Those who look up to great heights are lifted day by day from the danger of the ignoble. The abyss is always there yawning for the unwary. Always there are the stars.

You will be drawn by the force of the elements where you best belong. You are swept out of the sky into the grave to make way for better life, or with the Awakening of the spirit you turn and take hold of this vibrating current. You make your own Electricity. You hold out your hands to it. You weave the elements into your being with abiding Control. No longer are you broken and tossed aside by the years. The Cosmic Life in you cannot die, but the body you have gathered together will waste, wither,

fall, mix with the mould. There the sun and the rain will find you, stir you, start you into expression again. *

You are already Immortal; why repeat this decadence? Take a little sunlight, a breath of air, a dip in a mountain brook, and Live! These are the things, in essence, the solar systems revolve upon. Can they not keep one human body in most beautiful and lasting orbit of sphere and maintenance of life?

* * * *

Do not leave the beautiful body unlifted, untaught. A glorifying thought, a breath from God, must reach to the end of each nerve filament to be truly yours. Your soul must reach to your finger tips, must beat in your heart, must throb in the utmost ways of your circulation.

Those who in a sordid, restricted life find no beauty, are still blind when all the beauty of the Universe is opened upon them. The healthful soul creates beauty; for if the blood is red in the veins, if the nerves are amber-colored in their sheaths, the fluids of the body responsive, exuberant, there will be no wasting back on one's self, but an ever-upward circling pulse for life which must become beautiful.

Beauty of the body is an answered prayer to the striving beauty of the soul. If we see beauty it will radiate from us, and no manner of real sight can exist without the full circling pulse. Thus are we created; this is the law. The Heart throb must beat in tune with All; aspiration is measured by the Heart grasp on the Universal.

The body is an Alembic where, day by day, with the circling pulse the Drink of Death is distilled, or the Elixir of Life.

Truth

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

A man dug a well,
Hoping to find Truth;
And the sky grew narrow above him.

He found dirt and darkness,
In-flowing water.

At last, looking upward,
He saw a star,
And stretched his arms to it, drowning.

A Memorable Commencement

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND



President Dailey, of the State Normal School, San Jose.

A WEEK of out-door amusement and inspiration in the groves of the old Normal Square marked the last June closing of the normal school at San Jose. And it was a graduation in Arcadia. The cruel earthquake Norn holding grim possession of the classic assembly hall of the stately Normal building, a rustic amphitheatre was temporized, and here, among maples and redwoods such as vie in beauty with the boughs that cast their shade where Sapho sang or Plato taught, the most memorable California commencement of this year was held. It began with the sessions of the Pacific Short Story Club, and ended with the graduates' reception.

The State Normal School at San Jose is a network of organization. There are clubs, literary societies, students' guilds, besides the student-body, all working on the most up-to-date and approved plan. These organizations list not only students, but members of the faculty, as well, are welcomed as workers in the

ranks. This organization on the intensive plan made the famous week of festivities possible, for every club and circle had its programme to present, and made an important unit in the whole.

Even the remnant of students who by chance did not belong to a regularly organized society caught the spirit of the time, promptly threw themselves together, becoming the unique *Ne Plus Ultras*, and making the hit of the week by giving a burlesque faculty meeting in which the frailties and foibles of dignified Normal professors were made the butt of kindly fun. In all, twelve of these coteries working harmoniously under control of a general committee, the moving spirit of which was President Dailey, planned the general programme.

With the exception of principal addresses and orations, school talent furnished entertainment, and even the well-printed general announcement was made by the amateur boy and girl printers of the training school on the training school press.



D. M. Delmas, commencement orator.

A. P. Hill, Photo.

As the Normal School has an alumni body of nearly four thousand, a big share of the enthusiasm centered around this association. Those of the former graduates who flocked home to the mother grove came intent to boom "California Education," the technical educational magazine, the publication of which was recently undertaken by the association. Their work bodied forth a delightful comedy, in which prominent alumni, Alexander H. Sheriffs, Alice Harris, Ida Baker and Edgar Woodcock so wooed the smiling muse that the shaky finances of the journal were put on a sound basis.

and criticism contributed by club members who come from all parts of California to participate. While the name of the club indicates that its workers are devotees of story writing, yet there are in its links all classes of writers from the reporter on the daily press to the magazine writer and aspiring poet. The names of many of the club members have crept into Western magazines and dailies, and the club has received a modicum of praise and encouragement from men high in the ranks of literary art, as Herbert Bashford and Charles Warren Stoddard.

At these San Jose meetings stories and



The State Normal School at San Jose.

A. P. Hill, Photo.

The alumni are proud to name among their number the illustrious poet, Edwin Markham, besides many strong men and women of the State. District Attorney William H. Langdon, of San Francisco is the new president of the association, and with his spirited leadership the teachers expect to count for more than ever in the State.

The commencement programme for each day was opened by the Short Story Club. This met at eight-thirty in the morning, and there was a feast of story

poems were read and discussed, and much literary lore brought to light.

The rival societies of the Normal School are the Saphos, who draw their inspiration from the Greek poetess of the same name and the Brownings, who drink at the well of the English poet. These two forsook their poet-lore for one afternoon to indulge in burlesque athletic exercises. The Brownings had already scored one point against their rivals by shrewdly buying before the Saphos could complete the purchase some dainty white



The Senior drill.

hats which the Saphos were to wear as emblems in the athletic contests. The Saphos hit back with some satirical songs. The Brownings responded with a mock funeral of the Saphos. All this fun was before the general assembly of the students. More than two thousand watched the races, ball games and jumping matches among the aspiring Atalantas. The Saphos squared with the Brownings for the loss of their hats by winning in a score of four to five in the contests.

The spirit of Shakespeare was revived by the Erosophians, who produced "As

Miss Harriett Cory, was primarily not to make skilled actors out of the twenty-five or more young women who took part, but to give them an opportunity to live one phase of thought of the master dramatist, and so, indelibly, print upon their minds the exquisite images and fine literary emotions of the play. Yet the rendering was not without another effect—it brought into full light talent which, to the individual possessing it, must be of great value in the social work of her school. At times, the acting rose to the standard of professional work, and the whole thing was charmingly done.



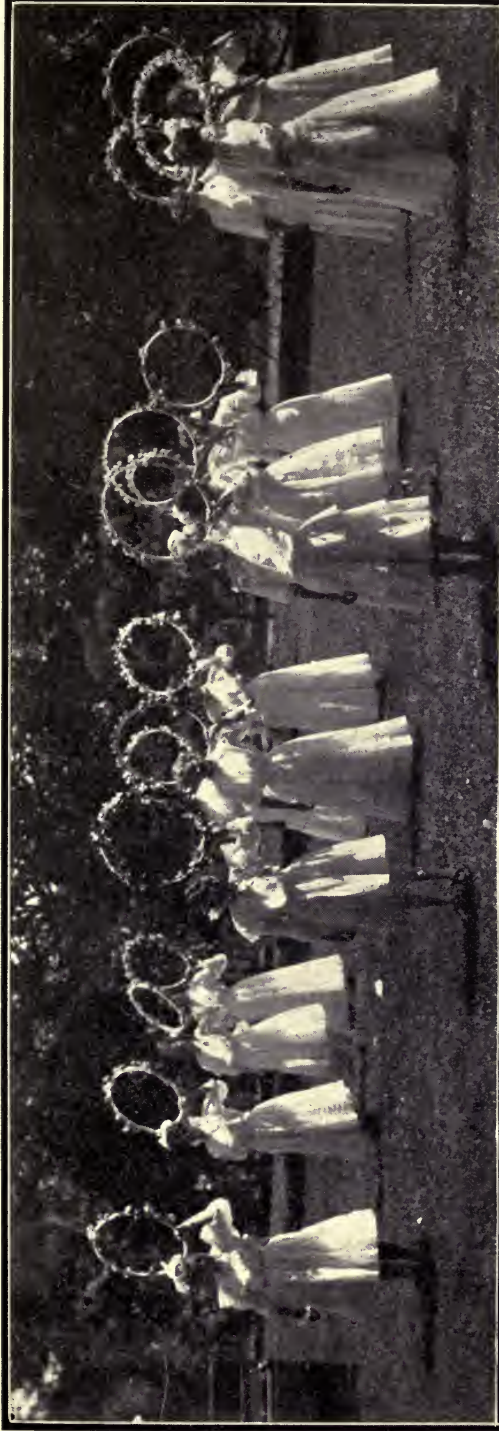
The Erosophians, costumed for "As You Like It."

Frank Davy, Photo.

You Like It" on the stage. This famous play yields itself to the work of amateurs better than any of the Shakespearean dramas, and the scenes being laid chiefly in the forest, were produced in this case in that simple manner which captivates the intellect through the medium of the imagination rather than of the feelings. The simple stage machinery of primitive Elizabethan days was utilized in this unique production by the students.

The play was not without pedagogical significance. The aim of the director,

A debate between the Normal Schools of Chico and San Jose was the student-body contribution to the week. In no other way has the advance in scholarship in the Normal Schools been more clearly demonstrated. The enthusiasm of the audience, the dignity of the subject debated, the question of the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as States; the training of the debaters, all showed a close approach to the dignity of inter-collegiate debates. This advance in ripeness of thought is most probably due to



1. The "hoop dance"—Training School exercise. 2. A group of the graduates.

the raising of the standard of student admission to college grade. The debate was decided by a corps of Stanford professors in favor of the San Jose team.

In all, twelve organizations contributed to the success of the week, the Basket Ball Club, the Allennian Society, founded in honor of the late Professor Charles Allen, former president of the school, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the children of the Training School doing good work.

A unique feature in the course of study of the Training School during the last year has been the optional language

languages they spoke, their rendering of the national songs at the Training School graduation was the most interesting part of that programme.

The great addresses of the week, including the reading of a letter bearing upon the history of the Normal School by State Superintendent Thomas J. Kirk, were by Judge Frank Short, at the alumni re-union, and D. M. Delmas, the well-known attorney. Judge Short's speech was a striking tribute to the efficiency of the Normal School, of which he has been a trustee. He appealed to the alumni to stand for that honesty and

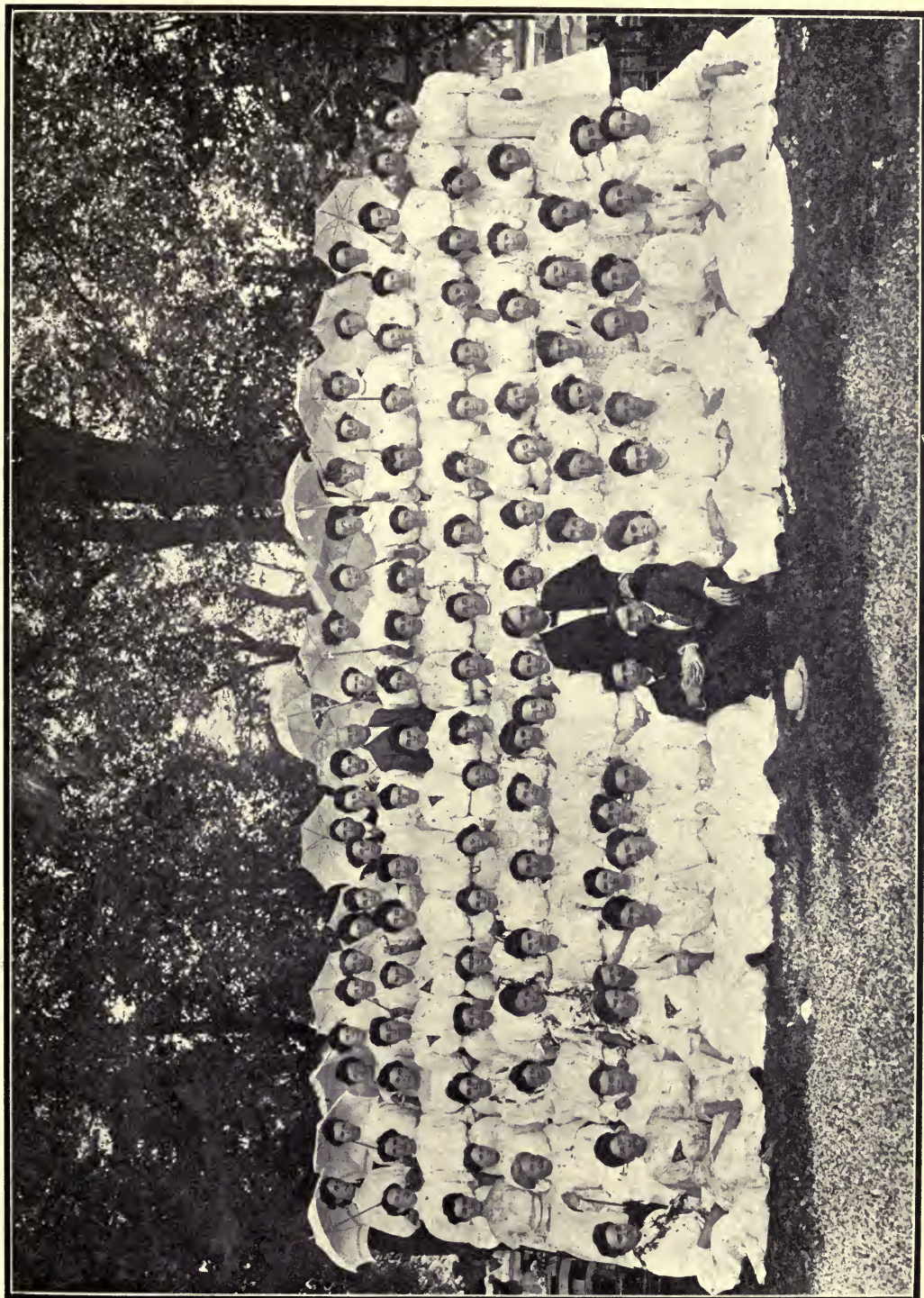


One of the tables at the Alumni feast. More than one thousand were entertained at this dinner. Frank Davy, Photo.

courses, German, Spanish, French, Latin. These were taught by the student teachers who could actually speak the language assigned them, it being in all cases a native tongue. This, of course, was made possible by the large number of student-teachers to select from. The various groups studying these languages became known as the Germans, the French and so forth; and, as they sang the national music of the peoples whose

practicability in teaching which has always counted for the making of good American citizens.

D. M. Delmas delivered the commencement oration to the one hundred and seventeen graduates and the thousands of their friends who gathered in the sylvan enclosure to see the diplomas handed out. Mr. Delmas's oratory is of that stately classic style and his thought of that close magnetic arrangement which holds the



San Jose Normal graduate class, '06.



1. A scene at the Training School graduation. 2. The "French."



The "French" people.

Frank Davy, Photo.

listener until the speaker's voice falls in cadence upon the last word. His message emphasized the immeasurable value of the future teacher's work in educating the children who are to rebuild and perpetuate the glory of California.

While Mr. Delmas was in the highest flight of his eloquence, the feeling of the audience was intense as the speaker told of California's great tragedy. Before he had finished, a bare-footed boy of eight planted himself directly in front of the platform, his dirty toes within a few

inches of the dainty white gowns of the young ladies who were about to be certificated to teach his like. He looked with open-eyed interest into Delmas's face. No one dreamed the child was an intruder. In fact, the picture of the bare-footed boy looking up to the impassioned orator was highly symbolical of the school-room scenes which many of the snowy-gowned graduates will soon be called to play a part in.

The kingdom of the school room exists for such as this child.

The Dust Cloud

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

I rise me up from the city street
 In a sudden and angry way;
 I drive along on the breezes fleet,
 And nought my speed can stay;
 My tiny minions swarm and swirl
 And blow and bluster 'round,
 And prince and beggar bow to me,
 Though they tread me to the ground.

The National Disgrace--Child Labor

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

THESE is a story which has been going the rounds in England for a great number of years, but which does not appear to have lost any of its applicability to the present. It is to the effect that a certain savage chief who had been taken to that country, so that he might be impressed by the power and might of the people who had conquered him, was asked what had struck him the most forcibly among all the objects which he had seen. He replied that the sight of little children at work had been the most astonishing of all the sights he had met. "For," said he, "in my country children play." This curse of child labor which blighted for so long the face of British, and which constituted a disgrace at the memory of which British philanthropists and humanitarians hide their heads in shame, even today, has now invaded the United States at this late date in the nation's history. Children are being enslaved in this country under conditions as bad, at least, as those which oppressed the children of England, until a disgusted nation and a somewhat unwilling parliament lifted the load from their young shoulders.

The conditions are such that the treatment of children in England, much as it leaves to be desired is far better than that of the little slaves in manufacturing districts of this country. In fact, it is doubtful if there is a civilized country which so willingly sacrifices its children to the Moloch of commercial greed as do some at least of the States of the union.

The extent to which child labor has been developed of late years will appear from the following statistics. In the North Atlantic States, including New York and Massachusetts, the percentage of workingmen partially supported by their children is 21.64; in the South Atlantic States it is 28.59, and in the West 14.27. So that an average of nearly one-quarter of the whole number of families in the Northern and Southern Atlantic States is supported by the labor of child-

ren, in part, at least. Of the children in the North Atlantic States there are at work 4.11 per cent; in the South Atlantic States 11.50 per cent, in the North Central 3.43 per cent, in the South Central 8.31, in the Western 1.16. We Californians may congratulate ourselves on our position in the black list of child labor, at least, for the official figures give us a percentage of child labor which only amounts to 1.2; on the other hand, South Carolina has 10.1 per cent of all its children at work, and North Carolina totals up the frightful percentage of 14.1.

The matter has reached the proportions of a national scandal, and much excellent work has been done with the intention of calling the attention of the masses of voters to the dreadful condition of affairs. Conspicuous among those who have approached the subject from a radical and intelligent standpoint are Robert Hunter and John Spargo. The former, in his little monograph on "Poverty," and the latter in his admirable little work, entitled "The Cry of the Children." Frequent use has been made of these works in the preparation of this article, and most of the statistics have been taken from their pages. Of the figures, it may be said that they understate the case at the present time, for since the book was written the evil has increased, and the number of children engaged in what are called "gainful occupations" has literally leaped and grown until they have reached such proportions that the amount of present misery to the children and consequent loss to the community is absolutely staggering.

Of the Northern States, Pennsylvania has the unenviable reputation of being a veritable slaughter-house of children. There are no less than 120,000 boys employed in her mines, mills, factories and workshops. The boys employed on the breakers at the mines are for the most part seven, eight or nine years old. They work from seven in the morning until six at night. Many of them are killed

in the course of their work, and a large percentage of them contract asthma and miner's consumption. There are at least seventeen thousand girls employed in the silk mills and lace factories of Pennsylvania. Some of these are very young, and all of them are under sixteen years of age. It is estimated that there are in this country, 2,225,000 children employed, the greater number in the textile and glass industries. Of those employed in textile works, 13.3 per cent are under sixteen years of age, and there are at least 60,000 children under fourteen employed in Southern cotton mills. In New York, children almost too young to enter the primary school are working in cellars and garrets, sewing on buttons, making artificial flowers, and doing other real work, instead of being in school and at play. These children are as young as five, and eight is really much above the average age.

It must not be imagined that these children have an easy time, and that the work which they perform is such as is suited to their tender years. On the contrary, the whole story of child labor is replete with sickening horror and misery. It is true that they are not mutilated, and except in the Southern mills, they do not appear to be actually flogged. There is no need to apply these physical remedies. The spur of competition and the knowledge that there are others only too anxious to take their places if they are dropped, acts as a spur to their youthful energies. They work for a number of hours and under conditions which would provoke universal indignation if they were strong men. Their woes would be paraded all over the country if they were adults and had a union. As it is, they simply toil and perish, because commercial greed demands, and their tiny voices cannot pierce beyond the din of the machinery which devours them. In the Southern mills, as you read this, there are children from five to fourteen years old who work ten, twelve and even fourteen hours a day, and for this toil they obtain the magnificent pay of ten, fifteen and twenty cents a day. Many of those employed in the textile mills, who, all told, aggregate some eighty thousand, work all night, and under conditions which, if not absolutely cruel, are such

as to destroy their vitality and to prevent their ever attaining healthy womanhood and manhood. The agitation carried on in New Jersey revealed the fact that many children who were employed by the American Cigar Trust fell over with weakness and exhaustion after they had completed their day's labor. It is estimated that seven thousand children work in laundries in an atmosphere which is admittedly bad and unhealthy even for adults, and that two thousand work in bakeries. The unsanitary and destructive effects of this industry even upon adult workers caused much indignation, in face of the revelations made in connection with a compulsory law limiting the hours of work for bakers in New York. But these children are subjected to precisely the same evil influences and risks as the men in whose behalf the agitation was made, and a supine and a careless population takes but little heed of their condition. These children do not agitate; they have no votes; they do not form unions; they have nothing to offer; so little is done for them. Yet they are the blood of the nation, and unless this drain is stopped, and the destruction of the rising generation put an end to, we shall ruin ourselves as a people, and lay the foundations for a great submerged and degenerate population. It is reported that girls in the clothing trade contract diseases from running machinery by foot-power, and that these diseases imply a life-long martyrdom and the loss of the power to bear healthy children.

The conditions under which some of the children labor are such as to amount to actual cruelty, such cruelty as, if practiced upon animals, would cause the intervention of humane societies and the prosecution of the offenders. Take the following account of the condition of the children employed in the bleaching industry at Fall River. "Many of them toil all day without a thread of clothing on them. * * * They work in the big tanks called 'lime-keer,' in the bleach-house, packing the cloth into vats. This lime-keer holds seven hundred and fifty pieces of cloth, and requires an hour and twenty minutes to fill it. During that time, the boy must work inside, while his body is being soaked with whatever there is of chemicals which enter into the

process of bleaching, of which lime is a prominent factor. The naked bodies of the children who do this work day after day are never dry." (c. f. "The Child Labor Evil," by Hon. James F. Cary, cited in "Poverty," by Robert Hunter.)

Instance after instance might be piled up to show the existence of innumerable cases of this sort of treatment meted out to the heirs of the greatest republic in history, but it would serve no useful purpose to overload the record with mere cumulative testimony. The truth may be found by any one who will take the trouble to examine the reports. It may be more to the point to discuss the causes which within a comparatively short space of time have brought about a condition at once so dreadful and disgraceful. It is a disgusting discovery that the very means which should have tended to lighten the burden of mankind have saddled an incubus upon the backs of our children. The improvement in machinery is the sole cause of the slavery of the poor children of our modern industrial society. In 1844, Frederick Engels, in his book on the "Condition of the Working class in England," said: "Every improvement of machinery throws the real work, the expenditure of force, more and more upon the machine, and so transforms the work of full-grown men into mere supervision, which a feeble woman or even a child can do quite as well, and does for half or a third of the wages." This statement of Engels finds strong corroboration in the results of the investigation into packing conditions made by A. M. Simons. In his pamphlet entitled "The Packingtown Strike," that writer says: "The woman and the child took the place of the husband and the father, because they could live for less than the man * * * these children were employed in catching the blood that flowed from the slaughtered animals, cleaning intestines for sausage coverings, etc."

In the mines the story is practically the same as in Packingtown. There, children are employed in such light tasks as their strength can compass. The following description of the work of children in the mines is from the pen of Robert Hunter: "They do not go to school, but instead they are put to work as soon as they can be trusted not to fall into the machinery

and be killed. There is hardly an employment more demoralizing and physically injurious than this work in the breakers. For ten or eleven hours a day these children of 10 or 11 years stoop over the chute and pick out the slate and other impurities from the coal as it moves past them. The air is black with coal dust and the roar of the crushers, screens, and rushing mill-race of coal is deafening. Sometimes one of the children falls into the machinery and is terribly mangled, or slips into the chute and is smothered to death. Many children are killed in this way. * * * There are in the United States about twenty-four thousand children employed in and about the mines and quarries." The unrestricted operation of economic forces results in the destruction of the weak. This is the justification of the present industrial system in the eyes of *laissez faire* philosophers, and indeed the old exponents of the individualistic doctrine were utterly opposed to the restriction and regulation of child labor in Great Britain. Even John Bright, whose fame as a lover of peace and a humanitarian has paraded the earth, opposed all legislation on behalf of the children as unwarrantable interference with individual liberty. Such views are generally held with some degree of reason by the manufacturers who employ children, for they see in the compulsory cessation of child labor an encroachment on their profits. Thus, although the statute books are crowded in many States with legislation bearing upon this subject, it is, for the most part, lamentably weak, and, such as it is, not enforced. In some cases the action of the legislature on the child labor question has actually been retrograde. Thus the northern owners of the Alabama cotton mills secured the repeal of the law of 1887, which prohibited the employment of children under fourteen years of age for more than eight hours a day. So great a part does pecuniary interest play in the formation of human opinion that a writer on the conditions of child labor in the South quotes a very cultured club-woman's objections to a compulsory school law, which would have taken the children out of the factories, as interfering with the freedom of the individual. The Manufacturers' Record editorially denounces all child

labor legislation as immoral and wrong. This is the same position as was taken by John Bright in England, and Bright was also a manufacturer. John Spargo, who has been already referred to, points out that "boys of twelve years of age may be legally employed in the mines of West Virginia by day or night, and for as many hours as the employers care to make them toil, or their bodies can stand the strain." The San Francisco Examiner (April 1, 1906), said recently: "The factory child to the hardened factory owner is simply so many pounds of flesh and blood and bone that can be changed into so many dollars—the quicker the better."

This is a very stupid and uninformed way of regarding the matter. The fault is not with the individual factory owner so much as with society which gives him the opportunity of using up child flesh and blood. The factory owner is a competing individual; he is engaged in a hard struggle with other competing individuals, and he uses such means as are at his disposal in carrying on his fight.

Cheapness of production is essential to his success. He must manufacture at least as cheaply as his competitor, and if child labor is cheaper than adult labor, he will employ it. It is no matter of his that child labor is inhuman, and that it destroys not only human life but human society. The children are not his children. He has no obligations towards them. He may be, and in all probability is, exceedingly devoted to his own children, and careful of their well-being. But the other children are just so much manufacturing material, as much commodities as the machinery which he purchases. The manufacturer does not know men, women or children as such; he knows only labor power, which is for sale in the market, and he buys it for the lowest price which he can. As a manufacturer, he has no feelings with respect to society. In fact, he is not a social being; he is just a manufacturer. Therefore, the gibe of the paper in question is so far absurd. The point of view that human flesh is something to be converted into dollars is not peculiar to the factory owner—it is typical of all modern trade, commerce and manufacture, and even the editors and owners of pseudo-radical journals are not

exempt from the same tendency to regard it as economic material and subject to the law of supply and demand.

But to society, as society—that is, as an organized assemblage of human beings, it is very essential that the child should not be regarded as a mere maker of profit for the employer. In terms of the community, the flesh and blood of a child are something more than material convertible into dollars. They are the most vital assets of the State, for without the child the State will simply perish of inanition. Moreover, if the child has not the opportunity of developing a full and healthy growth, just by so much will the State be the poorer. It therefore becomes the duty of society to intervene on behalf of the child against the manufacturer or merchant or express or telegraph or messenger companies which demand a draft upon the child life of the nation. Children can be removed from the horrors of child labor only by making it a penal offense to employ children. They must be compulsorily taken out of the jaws of competitive industry. There was a time in the history of our people when a child in the course of the learning of farm work and the manifold tasks which belonged to the domestic system of industry, developed into sound and healthy manhood and womanhood, though it is probable that even then the load laid upon the shoulders of the children was too heavy for them. But under our modern system, children cannot be allowed to labor, for the system does not regard human beings as such, but only as the expression of so much labor force.

So the people who have spent their lives in the study of the child labor problem have arrived at the conclusion that "a uniform minimum standard of child labor to be made more stringent as desired, would solve the problem for the working child. No child under fifteen should be employed at all, and none under eighteen at dangerous trades." The law, too, must be enforceable and enforced. Nothing short of a reform so radical can carry out the doctrine as enunciated by President Roosevelt that "In such a republic as ours, the one thing that we cannot afford to neglect is the problem of turning out decent citizens." Assuredly, "decent citizens"

cannot be produced under the system of child labor as it exists in so many of the States. In spite of our recent progress in California, owing to the efforts of the labor unions and various reform associations we have not yet attained the degree of progress which the writer just quoted regards as the minimum. Children of twelve years are allowed to work in this State at certain occupations, and although the law keeps watch over minors up to the age of sixteen with reference to night work and employment during the session of the public schools, there is still much to be done before the child labor matter is entirely and satisfactorily settled even in this, one of the most advanced States in the union in this regard.

* * * *

It is noteworthy that the employment of children is of little real economic benefit to the families to augment the income of which the children have been sent out to work. The wages of adults will fall in the districts where the children are employed in this way. The standard of living of a family is the standard of the wage scale, and when the one is reduced to a minimum the wages upon which the family have to be supported also fall to a minimum. Of course, it will be readily seen that the employment of children does away with the employment of adults and thus lowers the rate of wages, since the wages of children are naturally lower than those of adults. Also, where child labor is the rule, the amount received in wages for the labor of an entire family will not be more than would have gone to the head of the family alone had it been the custom that the man provided entirely for the full needs of the growing family.

This has been recently well pointed out by Clementina Black in connection with sweated industries in London. This lady has had a most complete experience of all

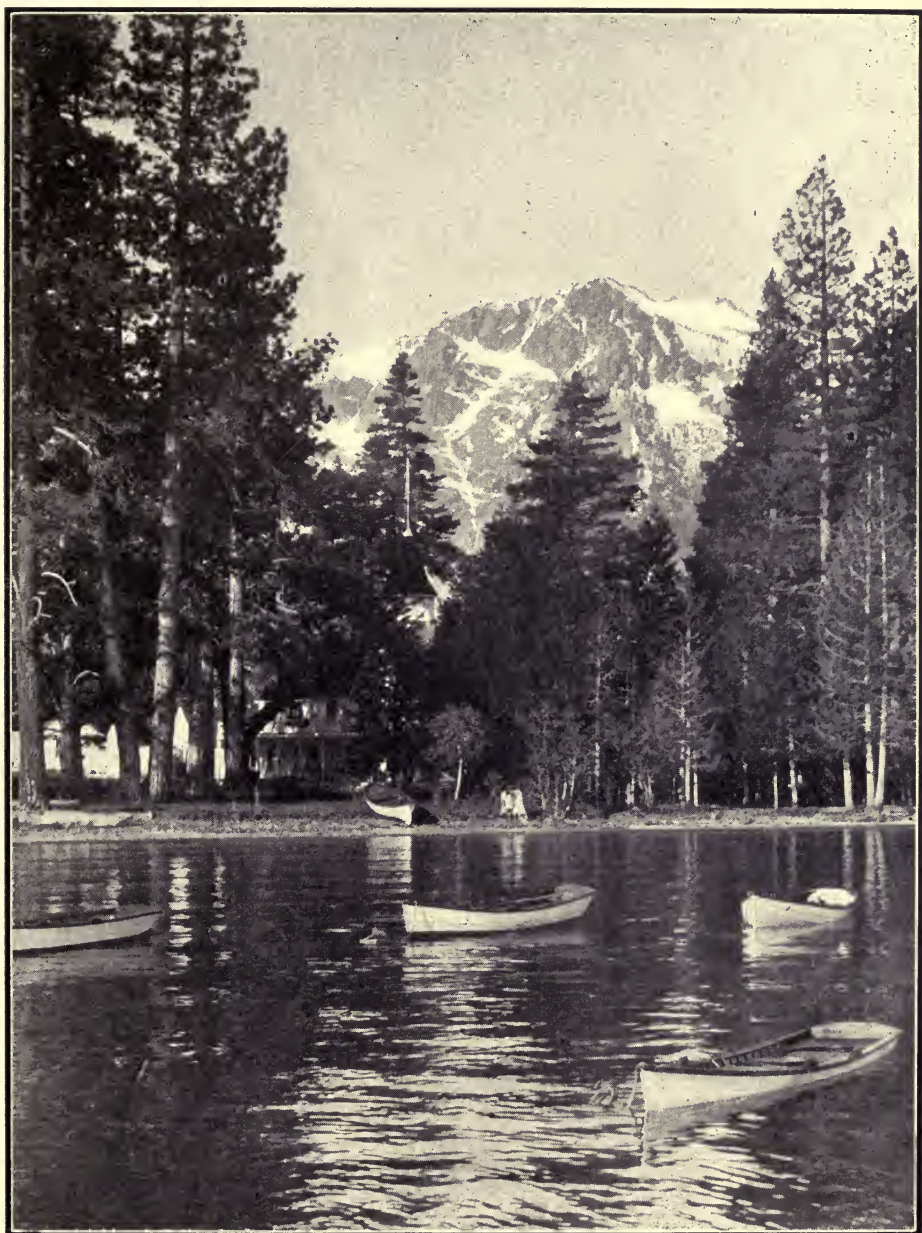
the forms of exploitation in the lower ranks of labor, and speaks with perhaps greater authority and practical knowledge than any other writer of to-day. She says: "The same pressure that leads to the employment of the children presently leads in a slack time to the acceptance of yet lower pay for the sake of securing work. The poorer the worker, the less possible is the resistance to any reduction in pay. Thus, by and by, mother and children working together come to receive no more than the mother working alone. The employer, and eventually, in all probability, the public, has in fact obtained the labor of the children without extra payment. To such an extent has this process been carried on that in the worst paid branches of home work subsistence becomes almost impossible unless the work of children is brought in."

In this tendency of the employment of child labor to impoverish those whose children are thus employed lies the answer to those who clamor that an injustice will be done to those needy people who require the labor of children for their support. The labor of the child will in the long run result not only in the degradation of the child, but in the further impoverishment of those who depend upon the labor of children. The State is rich and strong enough to undertake the support of such infirm and aged people as have to depend upon the labor of a child under fifteen years of age. In fact, the mere possession of such a healthy child should entitle the parent or natural guardian to support, if he is prevented from earning his own living through physical disability. A healthy, sound child is a social asset that should not be lightly thrown away, and until the majority of the population learn to look at the child in that light, we shall be a long way from even an approximation to the solution of the child labor question.

Fate

BY E. F. L.

We try to grasp Chance, when it is too late;
And after many trials such as these,
Rest on our oars, and where the waters please,
Drift onward with the tide,—then call this "Fate."



Mt. Tallac, from Tallac Pier.

"With the gleaming lake in front, the pine trees, standing in lonely meditation, rank on rank, on three sides, and towering back and above it all the mighty Sierras, with their covering of eternal snow."



Arthur M. Hill, Photo.

Tallac and Tahoe

BY ELEANORE F. LEWYS

I WONDER if the far-famed and often sung "Lakes of Killarney," or, better still, the lakes of the Alpine ranges, are any more beautiful to the unprejudiced eye than the lakes in the Tahoe region of our own Sierra Nevadas?

Why go to foreign lands, when in our own State the scenery is so widely diversified; when in a day's travel we can pass from the soft, mist-clothed, redwood crowned beauty of our Santa Cruz to the awe-inspiring grandeur of the Sierras; from the rugged coast line of Northern California to the dreamy, far-stretching beaches of our Southern shores; from oak-covered, warmly brown foothills to green marshes reaching into the blue bay; all this great region our own!

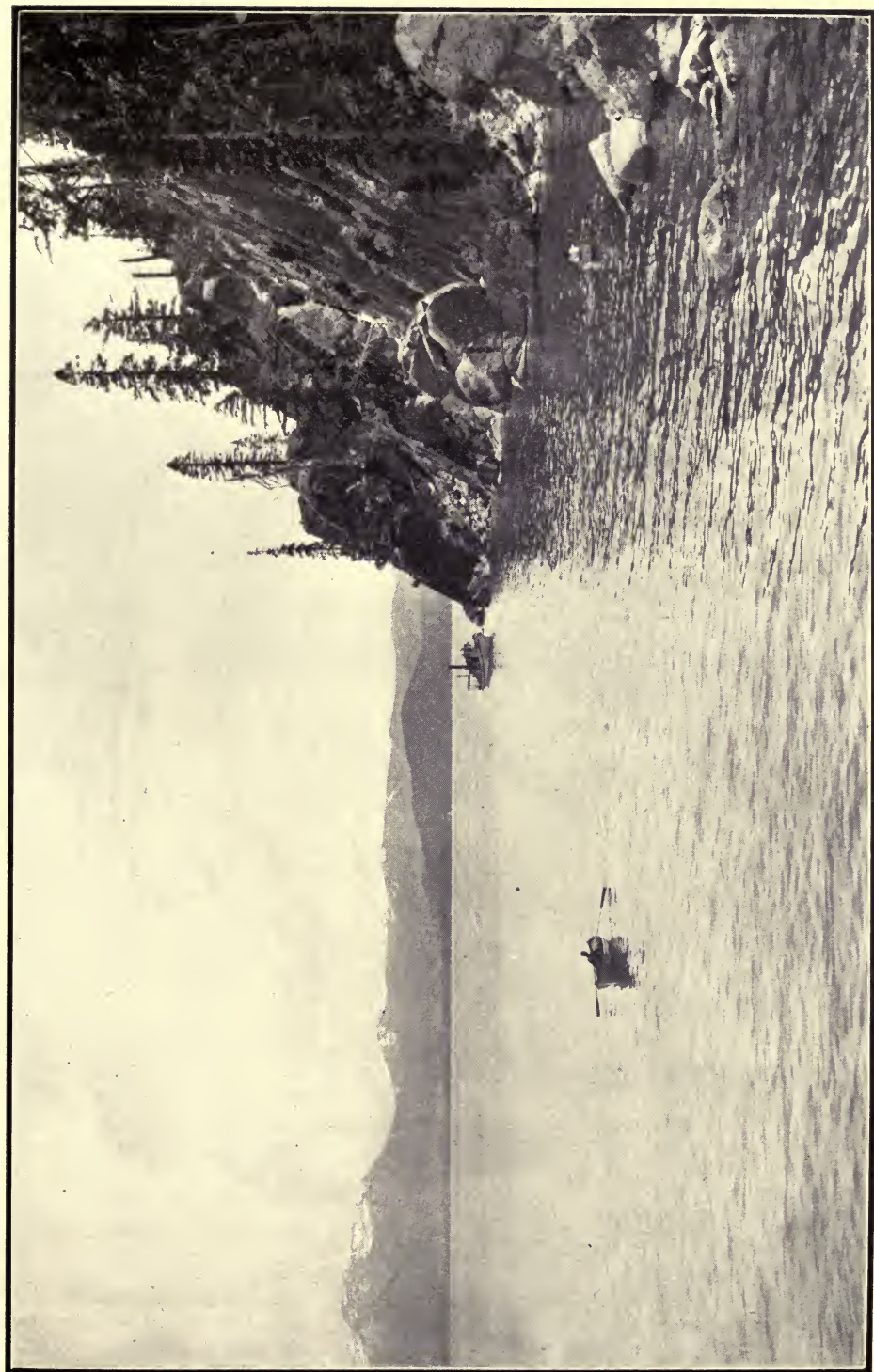
Lake Tahoe! The paradise of the sportsman, the all-satisfying land of the poet, artist and dreamer! Its very name conjures up visions of unforgotten moonlight nights; of towering spruce and pine trees reaching into star-gemmed infinitude; of pellucid depths of water, the

blue of which, in day-time hours, puts the hue of the very heavens themselves to shame. It is no reflected color, this blue of the lake; it has an individuality of its own, apart from the azure dome above it; a life of its own, mysterious, glowing, silent; a dark indigo in the deeper waters, shaded to an exquisite green in the ripples near its shores.

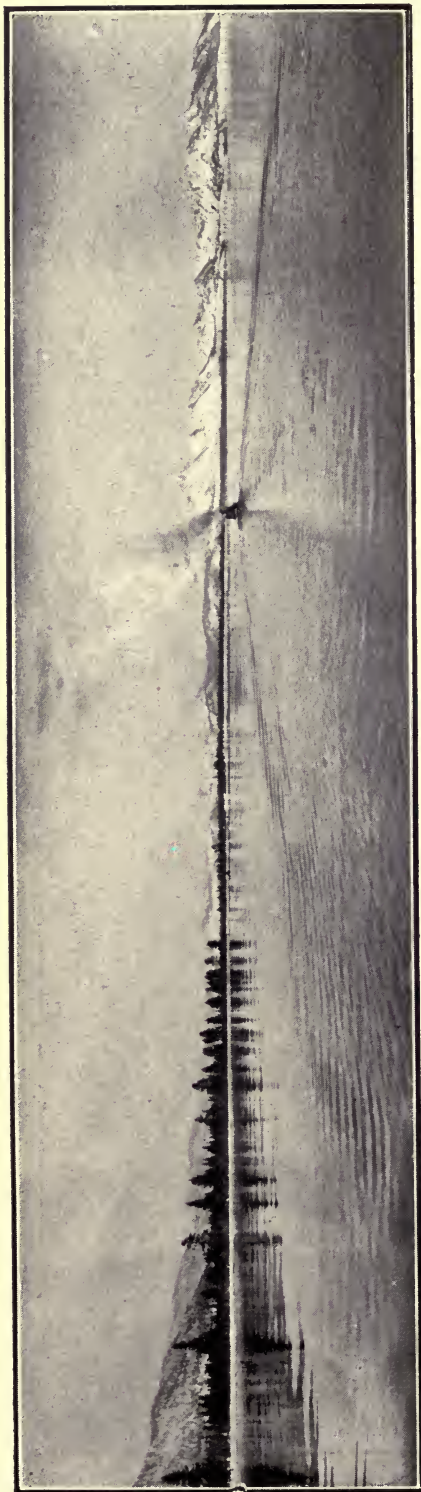
Were an artist to depict this color strictly true to nature, one not having been fortunate enough to have seen it would exclaim: "Your hues are unnatural, impossible, exaggerated."

But we, the fortunate, who have basked in this bath of wonderful color-tints, know better.

Tallac Hotel and Tahoe Tavern are resorts whose accessibility ought to recommend them not only to Californians—residents in the steaming valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, dwellers in the fogs and dust of San Francisco—but to the Easterner, who can find himself in the fastnesses of these mountain lakes



Rubicon Point, Lake Tahoe.



Mt. Tallac and Rubicon Range in midwinter, from the steamer deck, Lake Tahoe.

Arthur M. Hill, Photo.

after a trip of only two days and a half from the insufferable heat of a Chicagoan July and August.

The San Franciscan leaves his own home in the evening, and after a single night spent in a luxurious Pullman car, and a delightful trip across the lake from Tahoe, of two hours, arrives at the most delightful resort in the country—Tallac Hotel—without experiencing the slightest discomfort.

Tallac, with its cottages, hotel (the dining room of which overlooks meadow, pines and lake), its Casino, with its 20x200 foot verandah; its billiard, bowling and ball-rooms; its cafe and grill, boasts every convenience that pleasure-seeker and sporting man could desire.

Resting on the porch of the Casino, listening to the strains of the orchestra; with the gleaming lake in front, the pine-trees, standing in lonely meditation, rank on rank, on three sides, and towering back and above it all, the mighty Sierras, with their covering of eternal snow, you can easily imagine yourself in a delicious dream, and the white-gowned women flitting to and fro near by are dream-figures.

For the strenuous one, he or she who is never contented unless "on the go" from morning until night, there are many delightful little trips to be taken from Tallac—the horse-back ride to the top of Mt. Tallac, where the view rivals that of any mountainous country in the new or old world, and from whose summit the thirteen small lakes tributary to Tahoe, shine out like priceless gems, that the grim old mountains, in a frivolous moment, have bedecked themselves with; a tramp to one of these same small lakes, where you can cast your fly and be rewarded with specimens of Eastern brook, rainbow, Lock Laven and German brown trout (in the deep waters these trout average as much as 25 pounds each, or in the shallow places, the dainty little speckled beauties tip the scales at half a pound.)

Here is Echo Lake, 12 miles from Tallac, which "abounds in Eastern brook trout as well as the native cut-throat variety of this region. The trip takes you over the summit of the Sierra Nevadas at the highest point of the old Pioneer stage coach road, over which Hank

Monk gave Horace Greeley his celebrated stage ride. This is the highest lake in the Sierras accessible by carriage." Here is Castle Lake, which is on the trail of Mount Tallac, and a short distance before reaching this lake can be found the unique Floating Island lake. Both these lakes are stocked with Eastern brook trout.

And again, Eagle and Granite Lakes, which lie in a small valley above Emerald Bay, surrounded by abrupt mountains. Eagle Lake is a source of supply to Eagle Falls, one of the most beautiful cascades in the State.

Granite Lake lies to the East of this, the banner fly-fishing lake of the whole region.

Fallen Leaf Lake! The name in itself is beautiful, and it is no misnomer. This lovely body of water is four miles long, one and one-half miles wide, two hundred feet above Lake Tahoe and two and one-half miles from the hotel. This is conceded by fishermen to have the best trout fishing on the Pacific Coast, and has been heavily stocked the past ten years with Eastern brook, rainbow, Scotch Brown, Mackinaw, Lock Laven and Salmo Mycas.

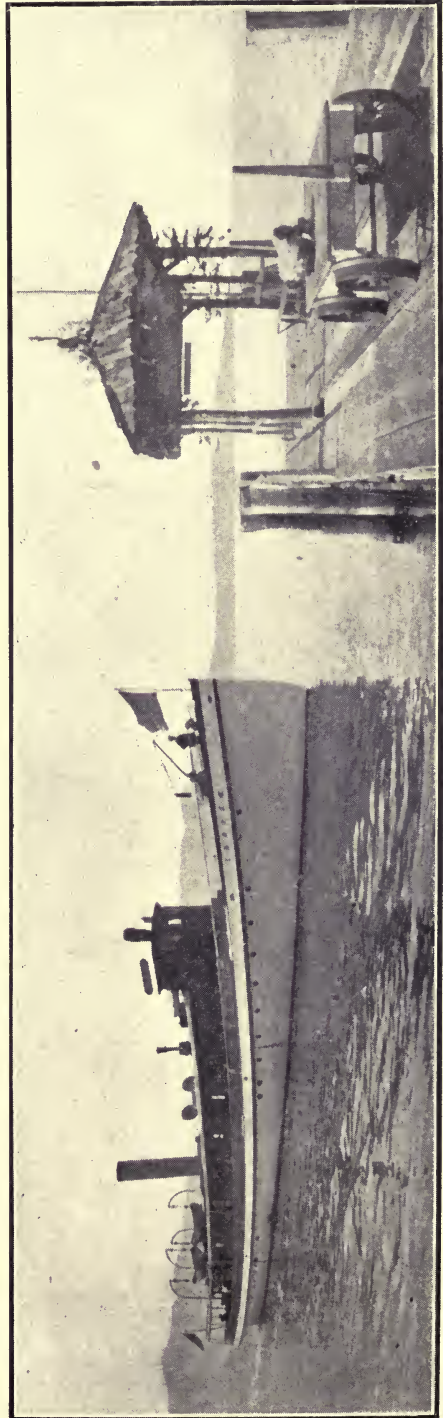
There are wide roads around the edge of Fallen Leaf, and its gleaming waters glimpse between the stately pines bordering the drive-way like slabs of lapis lazuli.

Fallen Leaf Lake! It brings to the mental vision soft, hazy autumn days (days that hold a hint of Spring in their fragrant breath); red and yellow leaves, tossed about by gentle, lazy winds, old memories, old dreams.

Going still further, one can reach Desolation Valley, that huge cleft between the hills, where in centuries ago some slowly-moving ice river "blazed" its trail.

There is a grandeur of height and bigness in this valley that compares favorably with Yosemite itself; but we miss our brothers, the trees, and its barren beauty does not satisfy.

And so we turn for comfort and companionship to one of the rippling fern-banked streams, in whose sun-dappled pools the speckled trout hide and sulk or rise expectant to your fly, and into which the trees regretfully drop sun-tinted



Arthur M. Hill, Photo.

Steamer Tahoe approaching pier on Lake Tahoe.



Angora Lakes; Fallen Leaf Lake and Lake Tahoe.



Pyramid Lake, Desolation Valley.

jewels, that whirl down the brook into the still depths of the lake near-by.

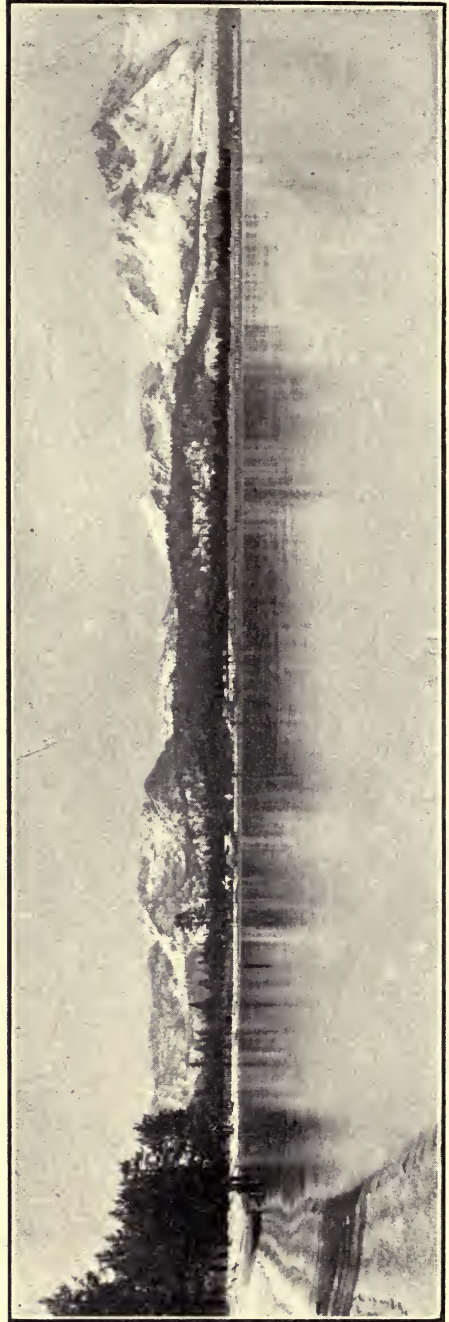
There is a trip to Camp Agassiz, at Glen Alpine, a famous glacier gorge in the Sierras, six miles southwest of Tallac, in the Lake Tahoe Forest Reserve, and a half mile below Glen Alpine Springs; the aim of this camp is to "enjoy the mountains and all that is in them, to protect the forests and the game, to explore and make accessible for others the wild places." Surely a praiseworthy purpose in life!

This Glen Alpine is well named, for in height of mountain cliffs, and pinnacles, it rivals any of the glacial glens in the Alps of Switzerland. "The Glen is some five miles long and a mile wide, the ancient bed of an immense glacier, now covered in part with forests of fir, pine and hemlock, but showing everywhere sculptured walls, great rounded boulders, and polished rock masses, the work of the ice giant of old.

"Round about the Glen on every side are mountains, cliffs, pinnacles, some rising to ten thousand feet. Over these crags dash waterfalls, filling the Glen with an every-varying murmur."

Can one imagine a more weird, fascinating and beautiful spot in the world?

Many wealthy San Franciscans have discovered Lake Tahoe and vicinity to be about as ideal a spot as can be found on this old earth, as attest the palatial stone cottage which Mrs. Kohl, owner of the Kohl building, is erecting; the beautiful home of I. W. Hellman, of the Nevada Bank; the lately completed house of Mr. W. A. Bissell, of the Santa Fe route, and the numerous other picturesque homes which have been built for some years along the shores of the lake; these, with the pretty little resorts that line its sides, create the comforting human touch which is indispensable to some people's happiness, whose souls cover a little before the immensity of mountain solitudes.



Arthur M. Hill, Photo.

Mt. Tallac and Pyramid Peak, south from beach at Lake Tahoe.

Tales of the Sea

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. DUTTON

(Captain Dutton is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, who left the American Navy with the rank of Lieutenant, at the close of the Spanish war, during which he saw active service in the West Indies under Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson. He later served as an officer in the Columbian Navy. During his sea-faring life he has sailed in many waters of the globe, from the tropical to the Arctic regions. He is now a Master-Mariner in the American merchant service.—Ed.)

blockade had extremely picturesque, indeed thrilling, features. I shall draw a picture of a typical day and a typical night before the blockaded port.

DAY.

I.—ON THE BLOCKADE.

NEVER in the history of warfare was there a blockade so rigid as that maintained before Santiago de Cuba by Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson with the North Atlantic fleet of the United States Navy, from the first week in June until that eventful Sunday morning, July 3, 1898, when Cervera's ill-fated squadron sought to break through the blockading lines, but only to fall victim to the guns of the American warships. The blockades of the Atlantic coast by the British fleet in the War of 1812, and of the Southern States by the Union Navy during the Civil War, did not compare with it in effectiveness and thoroughness. It is a dictum of international law that a blockade must not only be proclaimed, but must be effective. So-called "paper-blockades" are not recognized in international law. Sampson's blockade was effectiveness itself.

It was my good fortune to arrive off Santiago in the little, converted gunboat Gloucester, commanded by the gallant Lieutenant-Commander, now Captain, Richard Wainwright, a couple of days after Hobson made his spectacular dash into the harbor on the Merrimac. As we neared the blockading vessels, we could see the Vixen coming out bearing a flag of truce, under which she had just communicated with the Spanish Admiral, in relation to Hobson and his men, then held prisoners. From that time on, the Gloucester held a position on the "inside line" of the blockade, day and night, until the final battle.

In the minds of most people, a blockade is a dreary task, with ceaseless vigilance and intense monotony. Yet that

A long line of ponderous, ominous-looking warships, clad in their war-color of dull grey, without a relieving spot of other color save here and there where the hard usage of the sea has rubbed off a bit of the gray paint, showing big red blotches of the red lead beneath, lies riding lazily from two to four miles off the mouth of the harbor. Hundreds of eager eyes are bent unceasingly on the harbor mouth, eagerly watching for the slightest sign of a vessel coming out. As the great ships, bristling with guns of all calibres, roll indolently in the long, low swell of the sea, the Stars and Stripes flap listlessly in the dead calm, broken by an occasional light zephyr, while the torrid tropical sun beats down upon their decks. There is a stillness in the heated air, broken only by the faint sound of an occasional distant bugle call.

Further in shore, there is an inner line of small vessels, such as the Gloucester and the Vixen, their commanders moving them hither and thither, slowly and inquisitively, peering into every nook within that might conceal a hostile warship, or long, low, black, venomous torpedo boat. It is the special duty of the little vessels of the "inside line" to pounce upon the torpedo boats the moment they appear, for the purpose of destroying them before they can approach the big ships outside.

Suddenly a string of bright-hued flags is run up to the signal yard-arm of the flag-ship. It tells us to close in and engage the batteries which line the tall cliffs on each side of the harbor entrance. There is the Socapa battery to the west; the Morro, clear and picturesque—a relic of the olden days of towered and castel-

lated battlements—to the east. Over both floats the flag of Spain, our enemy.

Like a flash, answering pennants go up to the yard-arms of the entire blockading fleet. A lively interchange of fluttering signals takes place, the bugles sound the stirring call to "general quarters for action," men leap to their stations, the fleet forms and stands in shoreward. Led by the flagship *New York*, the long column steams slowly by the harbor mouth, and opens fire. Hardly has the first broadside been discharged when the answers come from the enemy's batteries. Shells fly about us, but miraculously manage to pass over-head or far astern or ahead, or they fall short, uplifting huge columns of water as they burst on contact with the sea.

For an hour the bombardment proceeds. Strange to say, there are no dead or wounded on our decks. Each moment, though, may see them. The expectation is worse than the realization. Finally, the enemy's fire is silenced by the heavy cannonade, the signal is given to cease firing, the ships withdraw to their stations, the excitement is over. The men at the guns, all grimy, perspiring and weary, swab out their guns, secure the batteries and relax for a moment, when we hear a cheer from the end ship, which is taken up by each succeeding one in turn, as the graceful, stately flagship *New York*, her splendid band on the quarter-deck, steams down along the whole length of our line, the band playing Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." The circumstances, the surrounding scenery, the nervous tension under which we have all passed, the emotions of war with a foreign foe, all serve to make that scene and that air appeal to every sentiment. It is infectious and stirring, and without prompting every man leaps to his feet and cheers, some with tears in their eyes, so thrilled are they—and all eager to rush back to the guns and return to the attack. Nothing is to be gained by so doing, however, and the old stations are soon resumed.

Scarce an hour after the bombardment, a tiny whiff of smoke is seen on the distant horizon. Immediately one of the swiftest of the blockading fleet starts right for it, putting on forced draught and speeding up to full power. Later, the

blockader returns, accompanied by a big black steamer from which the little smoke column came. The steamer is a prize. She was a British tramp steamer trying to run the blockade with a cargo of coal for Cervera's squadron. Coal is contraband of war, and the tramp is captured. She is sent into Key West with a prize crew on board, escorted by one of the little armed yachts.

The rest of the day is spent in quiet vigilance. The regular daily routine is carried out until nightfall, the Admiral occasionally signaling to some vessel of the fleet to pay attention to her position, to send a boat for some despatches, or perform some other detail of the blockade.

NIGHT.

Sundown marks a change in the routine. In the tropics there is hardly any twilight. It is but a brief space of time from daylight to darkness.

When darkness falls on the scene, the blockade becomes more rigid than before. The lines are brought closer in, tightening the cordon of iron and steel about the bottled-up squadron within. The main line, composed of the battleships and other heavy vessels, comes within two miles of the harbor mouth. The inside line approaches still closer, sometimes so close that the white surf on the rocks under the Morro may be distinctly heard beating and swirling. On a quiet night, human voices may be heard on shore from the decks of the "inside liners." The gray-yellow battlements of the Morro loom high up overhead.

Within an hour after sunset, two picket launches from the fleet, each with an armed boat's crew, and carrying a small rapid-fire gun in the bow, is sent in even closer than the vessels of the "inside line." Often during the blockade, these picket launches, in charge of venturesome young midshipmen, actually entered the harbor, the sooner to discover the enemy coming out, in case they should. At the first sign of an emerging vessel, the picket boat discovering her was to discharge a night signal to give the alarm to the waiting blockaders.

Soon after dark, a big, gloomy hull drifts slowly, steadily, close to the harbor mouth. Suddenly a beam of brilliant

light darts out from her. She has her searchlight bent upon the harbor mouth. All night long this relentless beam plays upon the entrance, the narrowest part of which it wholly covers. Only by creeping stealthily along the shore and under its shadow could an enemy's torpedo boat hope to evade discovery in the light, and the picket boats are there to catch just such stealthy wanderers. At midnight, the relief search-light ship takes the place of the vessel illuminating the entrance the earlier part of the night, and is not withdrawn until dawn.

One night in early June, while I was officer of the deck on the Gloucester, on the "inside line," a long, dark hull crept slowly up just outside of our position. She was quickly recognized as the New York, from her lines, and her three smokestacks. She passed very close, in the direction of the harbor mouth. As she passed, we saw a small, low-lying, almost serpentine little vessel alongside of her, and screened by her big hull from the observation of any one to the shoreward of us. In a moment the vessels were swallowed up in the darkness.

They had been lost to sight not over ten minutes when we were all startled, on that still night, by three loud, clear reports, as if from a field-piece close at hand, in rapid succession. Instantly every man about the decks leaped to his feet and to his station for action, but not before a great, blinding green-white explosion took place right before my eyes, on the high bluff close to the Socapa battery. It was like an eruption from the earth, far greater than the explosion of even a 13-inch shell. A dull report followed this vivid sight; then another, more muffled. The third I did not hear.

The incident was the Vesuvius, the so-called dynamite cruiser, firing her pneumatic guns, hurling big shells charged with high explosive. The three first reports were from the three big pneumatic guns mounted in the Vesuvius' bow; the other reports were those of the shells exploding in the distance. The following morning the place where I had seen the brilliant explosion was occupied by a huge crater in the earth, torn up by the shell that struck there. Another shell, we learned afterwards, had exploded in the water within the harbor, close to a

Spanish torpedo boat, which was nearly swamped in the great waves stirred up. The third fell harmlessly.

A couple of times afterwards, the Vesuvius crept up under cover of darkness and dropped her shells, which did great damage where they hit, but their work was not as effective, in actual results, as had been expected.

The night of the attack by the Vesuvius mentioned, I turned in at midnight, leaving watchful eyes on deck, for not only the doubled look-outs, but scores of volunteer watchers kept close vigil on Santiago's harbor mouth during those long days of waiting, gun's crews sleeping by their guns, practically every man at his station for battle.

I was awakened early at break of day by a furious cannonade. The cruiser New Orleans, right ahead of us—she had crept up to the "inside line" under cover of darkness—was peppering some new gun emplacements just east of the Morro, in which the Spaniards had mounted some additional guns brought from the city. Splendid marksmanship it was on the part of the New Orleans, but miserable on the part of the enemy. The latter's responding shots struck all around both the New Orleans and the Gloucester—one with a time fuse burst but a few feet above my head—but not one struck either ship. Our little vessel, on account of the small calibre of our guns, was not allowed to return the fire—that was done by the New Orleans alone, until the enemy's batteries were silenced. It was a hardship on our eager crew to be fired at without the privilege of firing in return, but they bore it philosophically. "High ball, Dago!" exclaimed a sailor, who was peacefully scrubbing his clothes on the Gloucester's deck, as a Spanish shell passed rather close overhead.

Day after day, night after night, were these scenes enacted off Santiago de Cuba, until the ill-fated Cervera, ordered to depart, and despairing of breaking through the relentless cordon at night, essayed the dash by day, when he thought he would be least expected. His doom was quick, as all know.

For a close, effective blockade, that of Santiago by Admiral Sampson was surely a model.



"Duncan McKay, introducing Captain Nathaniel Wyeth to Dr. McLaughlin at Astoria."
From painting by E. S. Paxson.

Edgar Samuel Paxson

Pioneer, Scout and Artist

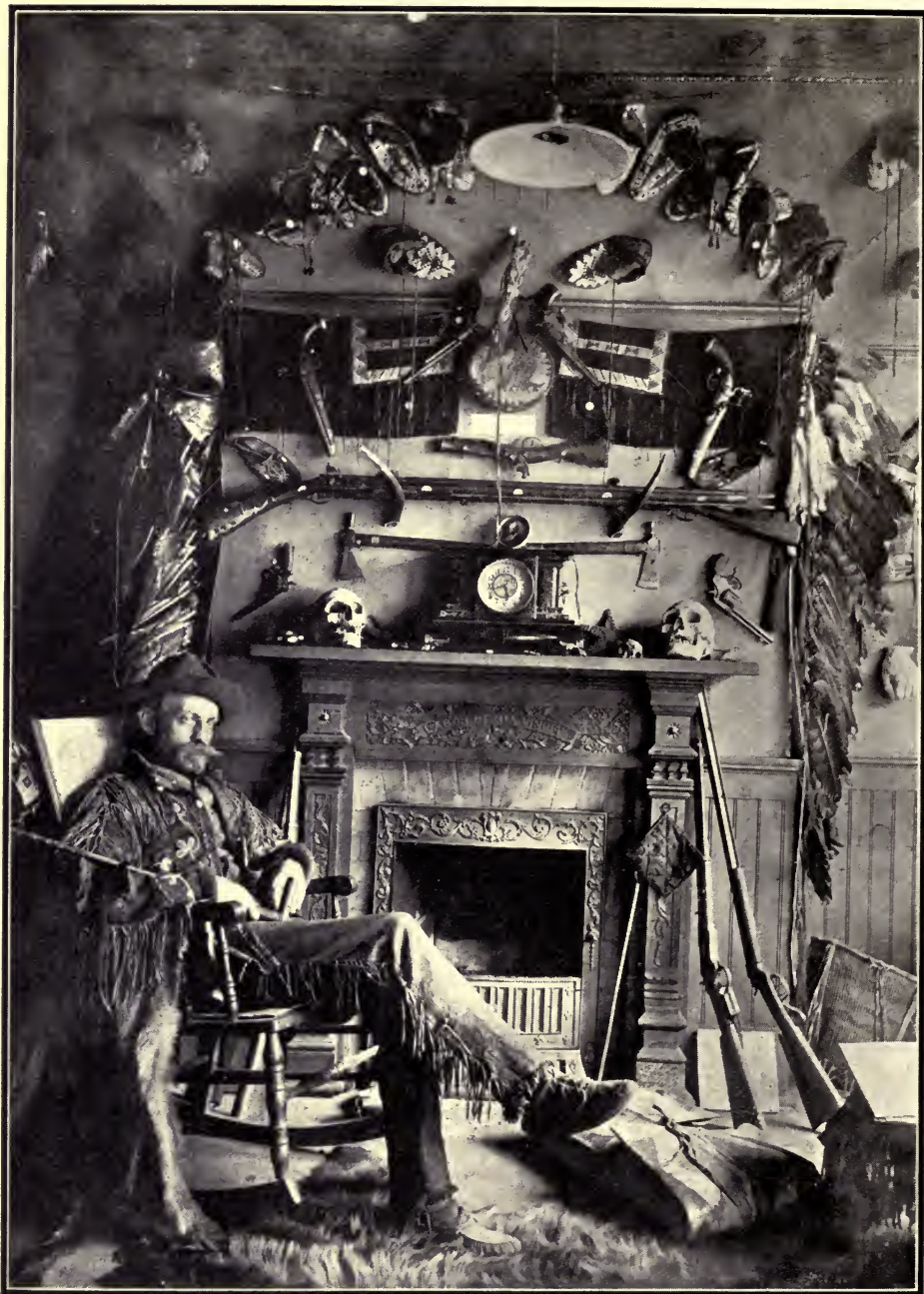
BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

THE history-making epoch of a country is rarely ever an epoch of artistic or literary achievement, for the obvious reason that men are spending their energy upon the stern problem of life itself, and not in the passive reflection thereof. This is conspicuously true of the Northwest, where climate, Indians and a curious hostility among the earlier argonauts themselves, left little time or force for the preservation in color or language of the picturesque beginnings of its civilization. However, there are a few exceptions, and one of the most striking of these is the artist, Edgar S. Paxson, who, coming from his native village near Buffalo, New York, in the '70's, reached the western country in time to witness and participate in the bitter Indian fights and imbibe the rough majesty of the mountains which were still undescerated by the petty projects of man.

It was the influence of the new life of adventure; the stealthy trips out into the solitudes in search of lurking foes and elusive game, where the mountains seemed to be dipped in the color of the sky, and the sun shone pure gold through the clear air, that caused Paxson to begin to paint what he saw. His home was in Deer Lodge, Montana, a pretty little town hemmed in by the eternal hills. He had not been given an art education, but he possessed the artistic insight to a wonderful degree, and with no impetus save the love of the doing, he worked in obscurity for many years. But all the while he was observing keenly the minutiae of the pioneer life that was passing like the mists from the mountains. As a scout and a captive, he studied the tyrannical Indian, making his last desperate stand against the inevitable encroachment of civilization; as a minister of mercy in the hospitals after the Custer massacre, and the battle with the Nez Perce's in the Big Hole, he learned from the wounded soldiers their stories of blood and glory, and now in his studio

there are valuable relics of those tempestuous times. As a trapper and hunter he stalked the elk, the deer, the Rocky Mountain sheep, through pristine forests and over precipitous steeps, learning all the while the subtilty of it all; the secret of the changing scene spread majestically upon the infinite canvas of Nature. And once possessed of this knowledge, he set about interpreting in color scenes, customs and people now intimately familiar to him. The Indian was to be his master-theme, and secondarily, as a setting, the snow-clad peaks, the sage-brush and the plain. The iron-jawed cayuse, the buffalo and all the creatures of the wilderness were to find a place in the pictures wrought by this man.

As the discovery of new mines changed the relative importance of different camps, Butte became the center of activity in Montana, and Paxson moved there from his earlier home in Deer Lodge. During the years he had conceived the idea of painting a picture of Custer's last fight which should, so far as was possible, depict with absolute faithfulness of detail that disastrous battle. With survivors of the fight, scouts and soldiers, he went over the ground, and through such information as they could give, and by means of the monuments placed by the Government in the exact spot where each soldier fell, he gained a knowledge of environment and detail. Then he began the picture which made him famous. It is a large canvas, showing the heat of the fray, with soldier, Indian and horse in the tangle of a sanguine melee. It was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, where it attracted general notice, and it is still kept and shown in that city. Since then, he has been represented at all of the national expositions, his display at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition having elicited a vote of thanks from the Montana Legislature. Among his best canvases there were "1804," "Jumping the Wagon Train," and "Injuns,



E. S. Paxson in his studio.

b'Gosh!" Mr. Paxson's pictures are also owned by many private collectors in Paris, London and all over the United States.

In addition to his painting, Mr. Paxson has done much illustrating, having furnished the pictures for Ralph Connor's

"Glengerry School Days," Alfred H. Henry's "By Order of the Prophet," and many other popular books of the day. He is at present engaged upon the illustrations for the "Life of the Reverend L. B. Stateler, or "Sixty-five Years on the Frontier," by Reverend Edwin

J. Stanley, author of "Rambles in Wonderland." And it is due to the courtesy of this gentleman that we are allowed to reproduce the pictures showing the shooting of a deer by the veteran clergyman of the frontier, published here for the first time, as the book is not yet out. It depicts an amusing anecdote. Mr. Stateler and his wife owned a very small herd of cattle in the early days, of which they took jealous care, making in-roads upon it only when dire necessity compelled them to. The larder was low, when one day the minister noticed a deer grazing with his herd. He and his spouse conceived the idea of driving out with their ox-team to the range, where the lady, as a decoy, distracted the deer, while her husband shot. The deer fell, and as the hunter approached to cut its throat, the animal turned upon him such beautifully pathetic and reproachful eyes that the minister turned away and exclaimed: "May God forgive me!" before he could give the final stroke that ended the dumb appeal in the security of death. The other picture given in these pages represents Duncan McKay introducing Captain Nathaniel Wyeth of Boston to Doctor McLaughlin at the trading station at Astoria. Both will serve to show the artist's familiarity with his West, and the faithfulness with which he records the closed pages of early history.

In 1898, when the call came for volunteers in our war with Spain, Paxson responded, and enlisted in the 1st Montana Infantry, U. S. V., and was commissioned a 1st Lieutenant. The old spirit of the '70's was alive again, and he, among many another veteran of the Indian campaigns, abandoned the pursuits of peace for the adventure and vicissitude of war. This period among the tropical islands of the Philippines has left no appreciable trace upon his art, and when Mr. Paxson laid down his sword for his brush, it was to resume the theme he had chosen in youth as his life work.

In the little studio, perched upon high on the famous Anaconda Hill, within hearing of the booming and throbbing of the engines of the mines, amid huge smoke stacks, hoists and shaft houses, and in full view of the great, unshorn bulk of the Continental Divide, Mr. Paxson can be found almost any afternoon.

He is a quiet, serious-looking man, little inclined "to blow his own horn," as he himself has said. But he does like to show his visitors the wealth of curiosities gathered during his long life as an artist and a collector. There are bows and arrows, buckskin coats beaded in curiously wrought patterns, one of which was made by "Sitting Bull's" daughter and worn by an American officer in the Custer fight; there are moccasins, belts, necklaces of eagle talons, and strange head-dresses of feathers; baskets, ancient rifles, each with its story, and more besides, than the casual observer can hope grasp at a single viewing. One would travel far to find a choicer collection of rare relics. The bead work alone is fit for a museum.

Here in this atmosphere of the Indian, his craft and his tradition, Mr. Paxson sits and works upon the canvases, disposed upon easels about the studio. There are brave scenes of the chase and among the best of them are the buffalo hunts. Overhead, the ceiling is decorated with a frieze of Indian masks, pipes of peace and arrows, done in warm senia by the artist. Beneath one's feet are deer skins which tell the tale of those early expeditions into the heart of the hills, and not a few antlers and bleached skulls peer down from the walls, or lie among the heaps of books and portfolios on the floor.

Many a pilgrim from the East and West climbs the steep hill and knocks at the artist's door. In the book or register which he keeps one sees distinguished signatures and reads sentiments of kindly interest and good wishes from soldiers, artists, writers and some of the Indian chiefs themselves, who, grave, blanketed and serene, have set their cross-mark next to names of the bravest of their whilom foes.

Thus, he of the opposing whites who fought courageously in the Winning of the Wilderness, has become, in a sense, the disciple of the Passing Race, and when the fleeting figure of the Red man has gone forever from the shifting scene of life, it will still live upon the canvas of its faithful interpreter, and the name of the Indian and the Master will forever be linked together in the history of the Mighty West.



Drawing from life by E. S. Paxson.



In "Coniston," Winston Churchill has offered us another of his semi-political romances of American life, his types in this case being those found in the rural districts of New Hampshire immediately before, during and after the Civil War.

The theme of the story is based upon the evolution of the political boss, of him who pulls the wires and controls the destinies of his party and province. The process of creating the myriads of wires, great and small, which the "boss" pulls is illustrated in a telling manner, the control of affairs by gigantic influences differing from that by the small ones of Churchill's New Hampshire village in degree only.

Entwined with the main thread of the story are two stories of love. Indeed, they are really one love story, the nominal second being but the offspring of the first. In this unusual product of the author there is an ingenuity as striking as it is attractive.

"Coniston." The Macmillan Company, New York and London.

A volume of genuine value to all interested in pedagogics has appeared under the title, "The School and its Life," from the pen of Professor Charles B. Gilbert, lecturer on education in the Western Reserve University, and formerly Superintendent of Schools in St. Paul, Minn., Newark, N. J., and Rochester, N. Y. It is far from being dry reading, and handles the usually prosaic subject with clearness and good, sound sense. The conventional ideas of the old-fashioned school-ma'm or school master are respected where they have merit, which is seldom, or cast to the winds where they are shown to be harmful in their results, as, for examples, in the "same-treatment-for-all" policy; the "silence-for-silence's-sake," the rigid discipline and other fallacies. The entire tone of

the book is one of enlightenment, and it may be read with profit by every teacher, from school director down.

Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston and Chicago.

"Humor of Bulls and Blunders" is the rather awkward title of a compilation of quaint sayings and writings, curious solecisms and other offense against the English language, which has been edited by Marshall Brown. Many of the quotations are familiar, but there are so many of them that the habitual storyteller, the after-dinner jokester and the average raconteur may profitably adopt the volume as a text-book.

"Humor of Bulls and Blunders." Small, Maynard & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

If all the millionaires and millionairesses in the country would take example by the "Little Sister of Destiny," whom Gelett Burgess tells us about, wouldn't this be a happy old world? How this "little sister" revels in taking Fate in hand, and bringing together the right mates! How well she uses her millions to aid her in her far-seeing and perfectly delightful philanthropic schemes! Isn't it too bad that all the millionaires and millionairesses won't immediately go and do likewise?

"A Little Sister of Destiny." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company announce that they have purchased the well-known periodical, "*Public Opinion*," which on and after July 7th will be merged with "*The Literary Digest*."

"Public Opinion" was founded in 1886—four years prior to the birth of *The Literary Digest*—and it has enjoyed a wide popularity. The various newspaper directories for the present year give its circulation at from 45,000 to 80,000.



The Matter with San Francisco

BY E. P. IRWIN

(Ed. Note.—In the article by Marsden Manson, appearing in the August issue of the Overland Monthly, on page 18, 14th line from top, “80,000,000” was made to read “8,000,” and on line 35 from top, same page, “80,000,000” was made to read “80,000.” On page 20, line 16 from top, “Northern Pacific” should have read “Western Pacific.”)

MAN is a little insect—but a mighty one. He laughs at the forces of Nature; frowns defiance at storm and fire and the trembling of the earth. These are not sufficient to undo him. There is only one thing strong enough to conquer man, and that is—*Man*. What cosmic forces cannot do to him he does to himself. And so that world which a few months ago was looking in surprise at the courage, the energy, the recuperative power of the city by the Western Sea is beginning to ask: “What’s the matter with San Francisco?” Perhaps, like the enthusiastic crowd of the street, we might answer back: “She’s all right!”

But is she? San Francisco will be rebuilt—is being rebuilt slowly. But who is there that cannot feel that there is a drag somewhere, that things are not just as they ought to be, that the promise of a few months ago is not being fulfilled as it should?

And the cause? It lies open to those who will see. It’s foundation is in one of the passions with which we mortals are born—a passion which some manage to eradicate or hold in check, but which in others grows and becomes the master-passion—Greed, Selfishness. It was stunned by the events of the week of April 18th and we were almost glad at that which had happened, for we thought

that we had entered upon a new era in which brotherhood, generosity, unselfishness were to rule.

And this greed, this selfishness, is exhibiting itself in the old conflict between Labor and Capital. The labor unions and those whom they are accustomed to regard as their natural enemies, the employers of labor, are squeezing between their opposing forces the helpless city, and San Francisco is being held back, dragged down from that proud position to which she aspires and to which she has a right.

For many years San Francisco has been hindered in her development by that trust which is coming to be the greatest, the most oppressive of all trusts—labor unionism.

The writer of this does not wish to record himself as an opponent of the true principles of labor unions—or at least of labor unionism. On the contrary, for labor unionism has its foundation in the idea of self-protection and love of the home, the desire of the individual to do what is best for himself and those he loves. If capital has a right to combine for its own good and protection, and for the accomplishment of greater results, labor has an equal right.

In a great measure the unions have accomplished the results for which they were originally formed. In this country especially they have lessened the pains and increased the joys of life for countless numbers. They have given us better homes and more of them, reduced the ratio of ignorance, broadened the general view of life and its purpose. Men no longer toil that they may exist, but that they may live. Wages are higher, hours of labor shorter, the conditions of life

and of work more comfortable. Nowhere else in the world is the general standard of intelligence among the laboring people as high as in the United States. And all of this in justice must be ascribed largely to the labor unions. The struggle has been a long one, and it is not yet ended, but the results already accomplished are worth while.

But success and the proper application of it do not always go hand in hand. And while, through the labor unions, the laboring man has come to claim and receive his share of the good things of life, he is losing something, too. He thinks he is independent. Is he? What kind of independence shall it be called which forces a man to drop his tools, break his word to his employer, shut off his own income and subject his family to hunger and suffering, not because he has any grievance, but because some other man whom he does not know or care for crooks his finger, says "You must not work?" How are independence and "must" or "must not" compatible?

The truth is, that labor unionism has fallen away from its basic principles. The idea is no longer to raise the standard of work and workmanship, to obtain shorter hours and increased pay by demonstrating that the union man is a better workman than the non-union. The idea still is to obtain shorter hours and better pay—but to obtain them in any manner possible, preferably by force, used or potential. "As little work as possible, of as poor quality as possible, for as much pay as possible," has in too many cases come to be the idea along which the labor union works.

Human nature has not changed. The laboring man is no more and no less a man than he was fifty years ago. The basic principle of labor unionism is no less right now than it was when the labor unions were weak and powerless. But the laboring man is no longer independent. He no longer controls his unions. They have fallen into the hands of men who use them for their own advantage and advancement, men who care not for the good of the laboring man, but for their own good, who use him merely as the ladder over which they may climb to ease and luxury. The union is everything to them—because it is the instrument of

their power, the tool—and the only tool—with which they work. Strikes occur, not for good cause or because they will result in benefit to the laborer, but that the boss, the walking delegate, may strengthen his hand, fasten tighter his grip upon the public, increase his power. Like an Old Man of the Mountains, the walking delegate has fastened himself upon the back of the union and will not be dislodged. It is easier to ride than to walk, less trouble to make his victims work for him than to earn his own living.

And San Francisco, poor, struggling San Francisco, striving mightily to rise from her ashes, to regain her imperial position as Queen of the Pacific, to laugh defiance at earthquake and fire—San Francisco must contend not only with falling walls and wreck-strewn streets; she must drag after her in her climb upward the walking delegate. She must cringe when he frowns, jump when he crooks his finger. The countless ships of the sea that enter her Golden Gate laden with materials for her rebuilding may not be unloaded until satisfaction is given to the demands of a foreign-born, un-American boss, who holds sway over the water front. Her street car tracks may not be repaired except with the permission of the Czar who rules over a few hundred uncouth Greeks and Italians. Her cars may be stopped at any moment at the command of a self-seeking demagogue who cares not for San Francisco, but merely for himself. The homes of her people may be left uninhabitable and the disease-breeding drainage not carried off, should it please the boss of the plumbers' union to call his men out.

Who is the free-born American, the builder of homes, the resurrector of a ruined city, that he dares to set himself up in opposition to the walking delegate? And what workman dares disobey the law of his boss when he knows that the penalty for disobedience is a broken head, an iron-shod shoe stamped in his face, a blow in the dark, even death itself?

These rulers with their heels on the neck of the prostrate city—they do more than oppress their victims; they taint them with their own selfishness, inoculate them with the virus of their own greed. The individual laborer might not take

advantage of the helplessness of his neighbor in trouble; might, and probably would, aid him to rise, to recover from the blow that felled him. But as a union man he loses his individuality, and with it his sense of kindness. San Francisco must be rebuilt. Laborers are all too few. The key to the situation lies in their hands—and they are using their power to demand all they can get. Labor was better paid in San Francisco before the fire than anywhere else in the world. Now, with the demand urgent, the unions hold up their victim, demand all it has, and threaten if it dares resist. Poor San Francisco.

Not all the blame must be laid at the door of the unions. They are only part of the load that the struggling city bears upon her back. The workman gets only that which the richer and more powerful hold-up man leaves. And between welching insurance companies and extortionate demands of the lumber men and purveyors of other materials necessary for the city's rehabilitation, there is not always very much left for the smaller robber to take.

Brotherly kindness? Generosity? Somewhere we seem to have heard these words before. Was it just after the great fire—or are they but echoes from some distant past, meaningless words that have come down to us from an age when men had not yet thought of such things as advancing the price of lumber simply because a people had urgent need of it for the rebuilding of their homes? Surely they do not belong to a time when a man

doubles or quadruples the amount demanded as rent for a house simply because his neighbor is without shelter and must pay the price demanded. Perhaps, after all, the words mean nothing—are merely unintentional jumbings of certain letters of the alphabet.

And mentioning increased rents—are the labor unions and the sellers of building materials, and the insurance thieves, altogether responsible for the holding back of the city? Perhaps it is possible that the spirit of greed which animates these men is not entirely absent from that part of the population which the newspapers ironically style “the dear public.” But no, surely the “common people” of San Francisco would not take advantage of one another—not after the events of the earthquake and fire days. Preposterous!

Yes, San Francisco will be rebuilt. She will again be the great city of the West, the Golden City by the Golden Gate. But whether it be soon or only after the weary drift of comfortless years lies with the people themselves. What is the matter with San Francisco is obvious. She may continue to be boss-driven, union-ridden, robbed by those whose creditor she is, held up by scheming manufacturers and dealers, made the plaything of petty politicians—or she may set herself earnestly to rid herself of the weight about her neck, to shake off the grasp of those who are arresting her development, holding her back from the goal toward which she is struggling. She can do it. Will she? The people themselves must answer.

September

BY E. F. L.

The dead leaves form into a phantom dance,
Like hopeless memories, that sad and slow.
Unite, and part, and in the evening's glow,
Ebb to and fro.

The redd'ning, mellow gleams enhance
The faded beauty of the world, and throw
A light upon the clouds that come and go,
When the sun is low.



THE NEW HOME OF THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LIMITED. N. E. Cor. Sansome and Pine Streets.

This picture serves to illustrate in a striking manner the indomitable courage and enterprise for which San Francisco has become renowned. The new building shown above is located on the site occupied for over 20 years before the recent fire, by the bank's four-story building, which was destroyed April 18th last. Before the ruins were cool, the work of reconstruction began and on May 27th—less than six weeks after the fire—the bank again occupied its old home with modern and handsome interior furnishings—being the first bank in San Francisco to resume business at its old location.



BETWEEN TRAINS IN THE WEST.

By Felix J. Koch.

The Owl Express was due at Fresno at 11:05 or 11:10, and we had remained up. Of course, we could have gone on down the road at half-past six, but it isn't the pleasantest thing in the world to land at Mojave at two in the morning, homeless and friendless.

He was what Mark Twain would have called a dapper, pert young man, represented the Republican or Democrat or Populist—I dis-recall which. He craved an interview. He was after a "story."

Out in the West, and after a "story" at half-past ten at night, when the West is full of stories for the asking!

To kill time, my friend asked him if he knew the tale of the "Greatest Fake in the World."

Of course he didn't. Any cub reporter in New York knew, because it wasn't in New York that the affair had occurred. Journalists are much alike—they never know their own locality.

"It was down in Angel's Camp," he told him, "thirty or forty years ago. There were two old miners—cronies, if ever was—but fond of a joke as are the Irish. The mine boss was strict, the owner stricter, and the men 'cut up' all the more.

"Jim Jones—we will call him—knew where Tim Black was to dig in the morning, and resolved to play him a trick. Somewheres or other, he obtained an old Indian skull—some late-departed Digger—and planted it in the bed rock, where Jim's Pick must strike. Then he retired to await developments.

"Pick up any history—Californian, American, universal—and turn to the opening chapter.

"The oldest known human remain was found in Calaveras County, California, and has been named the Calaveras skull. From the nature of the rock in which it was found, mankind is now known to be millions of years older than had been supposed.

"All over the world they have taken these facts and incorporated them as Gospel.

"Only a poet, in a spirit of fun, ever divined the truth.

"Just at the time that Tim Black went into the mine at Angel's Camp, a scientist—scientist, they called him then—struck the mining community.

"Tim found the skull and brought it up. The scientist saw it, and went down into the mine. He came, he saw, he telegraphed from the nearest available point.

"Never before had a skull been found in that stratum.

"The Secretary of the Interior sent out scientists to study. The Smithsonian Institution sent out learned men to investigate. A lot of other institutions, with more wisdom than horse sense, paid traveling expenses to savants to inspect a commonplace mine.

"Of course that mine became famous. Stock went up to par and beyond over night. The boss was pleased, and even had he dared in the first place, Jim Jones would now never have mustered up courage to tell the truth of the 'plant.' So the thing went into history, the skull into the museum, and only the poet, Bret Harte's, effusion hit at the unsuspected truth.

"Years passed, and the story leaked out at Angel's Camp. Then an itinerant minister, now in high standing at Los Angeles, obtained it from the lips of the dying culprit, or an as-

sociate. But no press agency would pay to spread broadcast the facts, and so books are still printed everywhere, always, that begin our known creation with the Calaveras skull."

The young man looked at the note-book, at the clock, and at us, winningly.

"Capital! Capital!" And then: "Don't you know some more?"

They had turned us loose in the West for three months, and of course there were any number of stories.

Furthermore, there was still a quarter of an hour before the Owl, and really no other pastime.

"Ever heard the story of the Salton Sea photographs?"

If he had he didn't admit it.

"I'm not saying who is responsible for that affair, but just want to tell you an incident:

"When the waters rose, engulfing the just and the unjust of Salton, a certain newspaper, out in the West, was hard put to it to get photographs of the place. The weather was not quite the sort for sending a staff photographer down to the Sea, and heretofore Salton had been too inconspicuous for photos to be kept in stock.

"They appealed to the Development Company, that is accused by some and vindicated by others, of having caused the sea. The company, eager at that time for the favor of the press, presented them with its brochure.

"Therein, among others, was a charming picture of 'The Desert Reclaimed,' the Colorado, or Great American Desert that Was, with the alfalfa blooming and the gum trees waving, and the irrigation canal winding its way, gently, peacefully, through the rich alluvial. Knee-deep in the water were the kine, Holsteins and Aldernays, with their calves, switching their tails in the leafy shadows. One of them—the photographer had the artistic instinct—was climbing from the water onto the bank, and another preparing to follow.

"What Rockwell ever paid for that picture I don't pretend to know; it certainly is a beauty.

"That was the illustration the paper might reproduce—and reproduce it they did!

"With them, however, the irrigation canal became the 'head-waters of the Salton Sea,' licking out into the valley, and the cattle were shown as fleeing for their lives from the pasture land and being engulfed in the quicksands while so doing. This, and more, were the conclusions drawn by the newspaper from the photograph furnished by the company."

The young man seemed to look conscious. Maybe he'd done a similar thing once in his life.

"It's about time for your train now," he said, and he slipped off into the night.

Possibly he was the country correspondent who—but then one can never deal in possibilities when they are going into cold black and white.

LITERALLY TRUE.

"Well," said the rabbit, as he heard a pack of hounds following close behind him, and another pack coming to meet him, "I'm going to the dogs."

—Will H. Hendrickson.

If a fly gets in my coffee

I set the coffee by;

And yet on Pullman cars I take

My dinner on the fly.

—Will H. Hendrickson.



Dr. E. T. Devine.

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How the Red Cross Society Systematized Relief Work in San Francisco

BY HAROLD FRENCH

THE half can never be told of the splendid spirit shown by the citizens of stricken San Francisco, when, on the fateful 18th of April, 1906, awakening to full realization of their common peril and misfortunes, foreshadowed by the ominous grotesqueness of ascending smoke-clouds, certain natural leaders of the bewildered multitude provided spontaneously for the temporary needs of the homeless. Regular and State troops, marines, police and other public officers, as well as cool-headed citizens on their own responsibility, commandeered provisions and clothing which they distributed freely, while the limited supply lasted, to the homeless ones. Thus the first pangs of hunger and of cold were stayed. But, as this reign of terror spread confusion everywhere, the necessity of organized relief workers became apparent. The military authorities were engaged to the fullest extent in protecting life and property, and it was evident that the more delicate problems of the administration of relief work would tax the ingenuity of the most resourceful organization of the entire world.

It was fortunate for San Francisco that the American National Red Cross Society had lately reorganized with special provisions in its charter that prepared it for just such an emergency as this greatest disaster of modern times. Within the stricken city were a number of devoted

members of the local branch of that organization who, on the morning of the second day of horror, formed a nucleus of coherent and systematic workers that cared for the injured, provided food for the hungry and shelter for the homeless. In co-operation with the army and municipal authorities, this band of charitable women and altruistic men of prominence was speedily bringing order out of chaos when the man of the hour, Dr. E. T. Devine, arrived from New York as Special Agent of the American National Red Cross Society, and further systematized the relief of the homeless and incomeless refugees.

In January, 1905, Congress repealed the charter of the former "American National Association of Red Cross", and, recognizing the importance of its work, reincorporated the society under the official designation "American National Red Cross." This philanthropic corporation was placed under government supervision, and the Secretary of War, Hon. William H. Taft, became its first president. Its charter provides for the establishment of branches in all the states and territories which will be prepared in case of a great public calamity to render immediate relief to those in distress. Each branch acts as a unit in the organization and its accounts are audited by the War Department. The California branch of the Red Cross was re-organized in November,



Dr. Devine in his automobile.

1905. As a strange coincidence, on the day preceding the great earthquake, Judge W. W. Morrow presided over a meeting held in his courtroom at which he appointed committees who were to be prepared for any future emergencies. In recent years the ready workers on these committees had won the undying gratitude of our boys in blue who carried our flag through the Philippines, and were experienced in "doing the things that have to be done, regardless of who gets the credit or blame."

How the Local Red Cross Society Coped With an Unprecedented Emergency.

Early on the morning of Thursday, April 19th, the second day of the spreading conflagration, the machinery of the Red Cross Society was set in motion by Mrs. John F. Merrill, President of the local branch. Her devotion as an organizer of charitable undertakings has made her pre-eminent throughout the country for her executive ability and practical sympathy for the unfortunate. She opened her magnificent home on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street to the first fire-sufferers as a place of temporary refuge, and flung out the Red Cross banner. She sum-

moned Dr. A. C. Girard, medical director of the local branch, and through his efforts secured the services of a number of physicians and nurses. Early on Thursday Mayor Schmitz established his headquarters at the North End Police station on Washington street near her home. She notified him that the Red Cross Society was gathering at her home, and that a number of doctors and nurses were in readiness to make themselves helpful. Never were services more gladly accepted. Meanwhile the remorseless flames swept down the westerly slopes of Nob Hill, and, after feasting on the stores of Polk street, entered into a death grapple with the fire fighters who made their last ditch fight at Van Ness Avenue. Here the conflagration was checked in its westward course, but not until the beautiful home of Mrs. Merrill had been sacrificed by the dynamiters. Only a shattered pile of marble marks the spot where the Red Cross Society made its last stand.

When the dynamiters ordered Mrs. Merrill to vacate her home late on the afternoon of Thursday, April 19th, she carried the banner of the Red Cross seven blocks out Washington street to number 2510, a vacant house which had been seized by Dr. George Ebricht in the name

of that organization. This prominent young physician, aided by Dr. Mortimer Gibbons and Dr. Howard Hill, administered to the pressing needs of the injured. Of these there were over a hundred and fifty cases; poor, tortured wrecks of humanity, burned and crushed in horrible ways by falling bricks and timbers. Among the nurses who assisted here were Misses Octavine Briggs, Lamonge, Mason, Kane, Bixby, and Miss McEwen of the Doctor's Daughters who cared for many patients that could not be accommodated at the temporary hospital of the Red Cross. Miss Octavine Briggs was tireless in her efforts, and visited fifty-six hospitals in one day. Mrs. Merrill as President of the San Francisco branch of the Red Cross worked unceasingly for over four continuous months and inspired her devoted assistants by her unselfish example.

While the principal efforts of the Red Cross Society were at first directed to the supervision of hospitals and the providing of medical supplies and attendance, it soon became necessary to extend the scope of the work. Judge Morrow, as President of the State branch, appointed the following committees:

Executive Committee of California Branch:—

Hon. Eugene E. Schmitz, Hon. Charles

W. Slack, Chairman; Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Vice-Chairman, Col. J. J. Currier, Judge John Hunt, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Harry Bates, Mr. George Newhall, Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mrs. C. W. Slack, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. L. P. Drexler, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Miss Anna Beaver, Miss Catherine Felton, Mr. Alexander Russell, Mr. Garrett McEnerney, Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, U. S. Marshall J. H. Shine.

The Finance Committee of the California branch of the Red Cross Society were, as follows:

Hon. Jas. D. Phelan, ex-Mayor of San Francisco, Hon. W. W. Morrow, Messrs. Horace Davis, J. Downey Harvey, I. W. Hellman, Jr., Rudolph Spreckels, M. H. De Young, Rufus P. Jennings, Frank R. Drum, James L. Flood, Thomas Magee, W. F. Herrin, Wm. Babcock, Joseph S. Tobin, Charles Sutro, Jr., Allen Pollock, John F. Merrill.

Mr. W. J. Biggy, as chairman of the Laundry Committee, rendered inestimable services as he provided for the tremendous amount of washing necessary in handling the great crowds of refugees. General A. C. Girard took charge of the important work of the Committee of Purchasing and Distributing of Supplies. Miss Octavine Briggs, aided by



Ruins of Mrs. Merrill's home, where refugee patients were first cared for.



Mrs. John F. Merrill.

Miss Bixby, had charge of the inspection of hospitals. United States Marshal J. H. Shine established an information bureau at the Ferry Building, where he posted lists of separated friends and relatives, and succeeded in joining thousands who otherwise would have suffered the anguish of uncertainty for an indefinite period. He also looked up destitute cases and directed refugees to the proper channels through which relief was beginning to pour. Miss Catherine Felton arranged for the transportation of refugees out of town, while Dr. Ebright facilitated their transportation within the remnants of the city. Mrs. L. L. Dunbar served as chairman of the Committee on Nurses. Mrs. W. R. Smedburg acted as chairman of the committee that provided passes and badges.

In the meanwhile, the Oakland branch of the California Red Cross cared for nearly a hundred thousand refugees in a highly efficient manner. The relief work in this city was directed by Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, a lady of unlimited devotion and liberality. The various branches of the Red Cross throughout the State, co-operating with the National Society, facilitated the forwarding of supplies and money donated to the sufferers of San Francisco. Throughout the entire country subdivisions of the Red Cross were forming daily and sending trainloads of supplies to the smitten city. The work of receiving, classifying and distributing these heterogeneous goods to the many temporary relief stations was a task for an expert quartermaster. Such a person was found in Mrs. A. M. Curtis of Washington, D. C. She arrived in San Francisco within a week after the earthquake, and took charge of the receiving of supplies as they arrived at the freight sheds and steamship docks. With indefatigable zeal she continued from early morning until late in the foggy nights receipting for goods, assorting and distributing the contents of hold and freight car to their respective destinations.

First-class clothing was sent to the Crocker Grammar School, while second-hand goods were taken to the Everett Primary. So thoroughly did she discharge her exacting duties that she was known as "The Woman Who Did Things." In the latter part of June she

was obliged to return to the capital, where her husband has gained prominence as a surgeon. She is a native daughter of California, and her grandfather, Walter Jackson, is buried beside the Broderick Monument on Lone Mountain.

In the beginning of relief work, the Second Sanitary District became noted for the efficiency of its methodical Red Cross executive officers. This section lay to the south of the fire-line, and comprised a very congested population centered chiefly in the Mission district. Dr. Charles E. Jones was made Chief Sanitary and Medical Officer. On Monday, April 23rd, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, chairman of the Committee of Distribution, moved into the Horace Mann School on Valencia street, and commenced the work of first aid which has since developed to the extensive scope of rehabilitation. As the relief fund swelled until it exceeded \$6,000,000, the work of the Red Cross Society grew in importance, being merged with the resources of the army and municipal authorities. Mayor Schmitz added to the Finance Committee of his Relief Council of fifty, three prominent members of the Red Cross Society. Mr. John F. Merrill, Judge Morrow, and Mr. Horace Davis. From this time, the joint bodies were known as the "Finance Committee of Relief and Red Cross Funds." On this committee, the California branch made requisitions for funds necessary for purchases and distribution.

The Right Man Reaches the Right Place.

When President Roosevelt learned that the incredible news from San Francisco was only too true, he realized the necessity of a trained administrator of relief work. With characteristic promptness and good judgment he decided that Dr. Edward T. Devine was the man best fitted to perform the difficult task. Dr. Devine, although still a young man, has been pre-eminent for many years because of his reducing charitable work to an exact science. He is the head of the New York Charity Organization Society, and the editor of its publication, "Charities," a weekly review of philanthropy and social advance. He also fills the Schiff chair of practical philanthropy in Columbia University, and has delivered a series of lectures at the great universities of



Miss Sara Drum, one of the most skillful chaffouses of San Francisco, in her "Stanhope," near the Japanese Garden in Golden Gate Park. Miss Drum was an energetic worker for the Red Cross.

England on the subject of systematic relief work. As a prominent member of the National Red Cross, he was instructed by Secretary Taft, President of that body, to proceed at once to San Francisco, where he should take charge of the relief funds and effect an organization of military and civil bodies that would work together in harmony and with swiftness.

Hastening westward, Dr. Devine passed through Chicago, where he met Mr. Ernest P. P. Bicknell, Superintendent of the Bureau of Charities of that city. Mr. Bicknell had achieved distinction in Illinois as a scientific philanthropist, as Dr. Devine had succeeded in New York. At that time he had been placed in charge of \$500,000 in coin and supplies donated by the open-hearted dwellers beside Lake Michigan. Dr. Devine induced Mr. Bicknell to accompany him as his secretary, as well as the official representative of the Chicago Relief Committee, and custodian of the Illinois Red Cross funds. On the 23d of April, five days after the earthquake, these gentlemen arrived in the smouldering city, and with no time to study the situation, plunged into the thick of the strenuous work. Dr. Devine reported to General Greely at his headquarters, Fort Mason, and was assigned to the only office available at that time. Professor E. C. Moore, of the University of California, with a corps of assistants supplied with typewriters and stationery volunteered their services, which were in great demand. Professor Moore, recalling those strenuous April days, said: "We were crowded into a little niche of a room, four feet by six, or less, and with rough boxes for desks began our work of helping as we could the man who for three months has been the hardest worked man in America. Finally, I found ample accommodations at the Hamilton Grammar School on Geary street, near Scott, and there Dr. Devine established his new headquarters."

Co-Operation of Relief Work.

Dr. Devine has publicly expressed his admiration of the pluck and enterprise of a community which, though so terribly stricken, possessed to such a remarkable degree the inherent sense of justice and the instinct of doing the right things

necessary to bring order out of chaos. The military had the city under complete control, but their duties were manifestly patrolling, sanitation and the transportation of supplies. Dr. Devine and General Greely were agreed that the line of demarcation between the duties of the army and civilian organizations should be drawn as soon as possible. Upon the arrival of Dr. Devine, all relief work was placed in his hands, and the army devoted its entire attention to guarding the property and health of the city, and the transporting of supplies. The California Red Cross, Associated Charities, and other kindred organizations, realizing the advantages of co-operation under the administration of a man in whom they had perfect confidence, merged their resources in a common cause. The co-ordination of these societies with the army and the Mayor's Relief Committee greatly facilitated the work of providing for the destitute fire sufferers.

Dr. Devine regards the merging of the Finance Committee with the Red Cross a very public-spirited measure. Thus the joint committee of Relief and Red Cross Funds was able to work as a unit in the making of appropriations, the adoption of plans for relief, and the decision of the extent of the various undertakings. Every act of this committee was in accord with the ideas of the Red Cross society, the army and the municipal authorities. Free from the petty jealousies of separate organizations, they worked together in complete harmony—a course that reflects great credit upon their mutual good judgment when the chances were really in favor of division and dissensions.

How Dr. Devine Systematized Relief Work.

Problems of the most difficult nature confronted the Red Cross workers and their allies when they undertook the task of relieving three hundred thousand men, women and children, bereft of homes and livelihood. While food and clothing were given away almost without question during the remaining days of April, it was soon evident that an accurate and simple system of registering the fire-sufferers should be adopted, and by which their ac-



Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, Dr. Devine's Secretary and Special Agent for the Red Cross Society.

tual needs might be determined. Owing to the closing of the banks and the delays and uncertainties of insurance payments, work was not generally resumed as soon as it had been expected, and consequently thousands were obliged to accept the necessities of life, food, shelter and clothing. In addition to the first aid, it became necessary to restore the independence of thousands by assisting them to become self-sustaining again. The distribution of tools and small sums in cash was urgently required to re-establish these deserving ones in their respective callings. By far the most difficult problems requiring the most careful discrimination lay ahead in what was called special relief or rehabilitation. The enforcement of sanitary measures and the hospital work required the active co-operation of the medical staff of the regular army, the local Board of Health, and those members of the Red Cross whose experience was valuable to the city.

In accordance with the plans of Dr. Devine for co-ordinating the various helping hands, the city was divided into seven relief sections. At the head of each was a Red Cross chairman and a military officer. At the central headquarters, Dr. Devine, as executive officer of the Red Cross Society, supervised the seven subordinate chairmen, and was responsible for their actions. This society was accountable for the registration of families, the management and consolidation of relief stations, the issuance of meal and ration tickets, orders for clothing and the selection of volunteer and paid assistants. Until the first of July, a military officer was associated with Dr. Devine at headquarters, who directed the work of his subordinates in these sections.

The problems of transportation devolved, naturally, upon the army, and with the perfection of system characteristic of that branch of the service, saved in one day over \$5,000, which had previously been disbursed for hauling supplies. These methodical gentlemen in khaki received relief supplies at the freight yards and docks, and conveyed the goods to the central warehouses, where the boxes were opened, inspected, listed and promptly transported to the one hundred and fifty relief stations. Major C. A. Devol was in charge of the Quar-

termaster's supplies, with headquarters at Presidio wharf. He directed the transportation of food and clothing in the custody of Major C. R. Krauthoff—depot-commissary—at Folsom street dock. Lieutenant-Colonel Lea Febiger, in charge of the bureau of consolidated relief, with headquarters at the Hamilton School, supervised the duties of military chiefs of the seven relief sections, and the troops under their command. He also received great credit for his establishment of "community kitchens," where good meals were served for fifteen cents to all who could pay the price. Many thousands of refugees, who were unable to procure employment, were given free meal tickets, thus simplifying the distribution of food. Colonel Febiger supervised the contractors who supplied these kitchens, and displayed his good judgment when he inaugurated a crusade against the swarms of flies, whose increasing numbers in the camps were a menace to health and a cause of general disgust. With infantry, artillerymen and dismounted troopers armed with brooms and towels he vigorously prosecuted a war of extermination that rid the kitchens of these pests. Of certain supplies there was a surplus, which was sold to the highest bidder, in order that more necessary articles might be purchased from the proceeds.

Registration.

Dr. Devine, immediately after his arrival, established a Department of Registration in order to facilitate the work of distribution. Aided by one hundred and fifty college students and professors, as well as teachers of the local department, under Professor C. C. Plehn of the University of California, the number of those who required aid was rapidly ascertained. Trained investigators covered the unburned districts of the city assigned to them and made a house to house inquiry, registering all those they found deserving of assistance. Cards were devised, giving the names and head of the family visited, the previous and present address, occupation, religious or fraternal affiliation, last employer, etc. The investigator filled out one card with the necessary information, which was filed away in the card-index of his section of-

rice. He then wrote out an order blank which he gave the refugee to present at the place of distribution designated. Such requisitions read as follows:

San Francisco, Cal., April....1906.
No.....

Upon proper investigation, I find that
Mr. is in need of the
following articles
No. in family
No. of adults
No. of children

.....Investigator.
Deliver above-named goods to.....

This order was presented to the Red Cross chairman of the section in which the applicant was quartered, and he signified his approval by countersigning the requisition after the injunction: "Deliver the above-named goods." The refugee then went to the distributing depot and received the rations and other goods to which he was entitled.

Distribution.

Most of the food distributed was in the form of rations for families or individuals. The bearer of a card would present it to the representative of the Red Cross who stamped the date across the back, so that it could not be used again that day. On April 30th, 313,000 were fed in this way; on May 10th, 225,000. By the first of July the number of those receiving rations had dwindled to about twenty thousand, while on the first of August the "bread line" was discontinued. To facilitate distribution, double rations were given out on alternate days. While the feeding of this multitude necessitated tedious waiting in line for the thousands who came, it was generally appreciated that the systematic methods of the Red Cross greatly minimized the labor of distributing food, and the time of waiting. Every morning the Red Cross chief of each food station made out a requisition of the food he would need on the coming day, and sent it to the military officer in command, who looked it over and made any modifications or recommendations he saw fit. The requisition then went to general headquarters, and the supplies were issued early the next morning and hauled out to the respective stations. In like manner, clothing,

bedding and other necessities were distributed from the depots to the bearers of orders filled out by the Red Cross investigators and approved by the section chairman. Also, as an adjunct to the work of distribution, deserving persons were given free transportation from the city upon similarly approved applications. It was found expedient to concentrate as many refugees as possible in the great camps of the Presidio, Golden Gate Park, Harbor View and the public squares where proper sanitary measures might be enforced. Colonel Torney, of the regular army, was appointed special sanitary officer, and in daily consultation with the Board of Health and the Red Cross Medical Committee, took prudent steps which resulted in a splendid state of health over the entire city. His assistants in charge of the sanitation of the several sections prevented the breaking-out of epidemics that pessimistic prophets predicted would follow in the wake of the earthquake and fire.

Arrangements were made with the private hospitals for the accommodation of all refugees in need of treatment, and compensation was made from the relief fund at the rate of ten dollars for each patient. Convalescent wards were provided for, with an allowance of \$7.50 per week for each inmate. Officials of the Red Cross and Relief Commission emphasize the fact that San Francisco should never forget the services of Colonel G. C. Torney, whose administration as special sanitary officer saved the stricken city from the ravages of disease.

The Red Cross and Relief Commission in Full Charge.

On the 1st of July the regular army ceased its co-operation with the civil authorities, and the new Relief Commission assumed full control of the transportation and distribution of supplies. Colonel George H. Pippy and Mr. E. F. Moran were appointed by the Mayor and the Finance Committee to serve jointly with Dr. Devine as special agent of the American National Red Cross Society. Upon the withdrawal of the army, the California branch of the Red Cross also retired from active service as an organization, for the reason it expressed in a resolution "as the emergency requiring imme-

ciate relief and volunteer service has passed." Individually, many of its members followed the example set by Mrs. John F. Merrill, President of the San Francisco branch, whose tireless efforts have won such wide admiration for her executive abilities and other qualities of heart and mind. She has organized the "Sewing and Recreation Centers Society," an offshoot of the local Red Cross branch. It is devoted to the establishment of places in the camps and unburnt sections of the city where women may engage in sewing work, using machines purchased from the relief fund. Recreations and educational features will enliven these centers, and will tend to greatly lighten the minds of homeless women of money worries and depressing cares. Mrs. Merrill, as chairman of the executive committee of the Fourth Relief Section has directed since the first of July the important work of rehabilitation.

On the above date, when the Relief Commission took full charge, there were over twenty thousand persons still receiving rations; but towards the end of July food and clothing were distributed to the majority of these in sufficient quantity to enable them to become self-supporting. There were also a couple of thousand infirm old people whose relatives had previously provided for them, who since the earthquake were helpless and destitute. Comfortable dwellings are to be erected for their accommodation during the coming winter. On the 15th of July, 70,000 people were receiving some form of relief; 25,000 remained in the camps, many of whom were able to provide their own food, but could not pay rent or purchase furniture.

The Important Work of Rehabilitation.

Of these refugees, some two thousand families have no prospect of obtaining furnished quarters, and some provision had to be made for the housing of these homeless ones before the rainy season began. No greater problem has confronted the commissioners than this question of rehabilitation, and final action was postponed until July 16th, when the Finance Committee decided to appropriate \$2,500,000 for the purpose of build-

ing suitable homes for these families. On that date, the committee formally resolved to incorporate under the name "San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds Corporation." Its officers are: President, Hon. J. D. Phelan; first vice-president, F. W. Dohrmann; second vice-president, Wm. H. Herrin; secretary, F. G. Drumm. The incorporators are largely the personnel of the original Finance Committee. This corporation is unique in that no stock has been issued, and no officer will receive a salary. Its object is the administration of relief in the most efficient manner possible. It is empowered to loan money, enter into contracts, bring suits to collect claims, and, as a responsible concern, may be sued by its creditors.

Dr. Devine has emphasized the fact that there are many refugees still occupying tents who would prefer to pay rent, and thereby increase their self-respect. For their accommodation, cottages of from four to six rooms will be constructed before the first of October on suitable sites, preferably city property. It has been decided that these dwellings will not be of a cheap and temporary construction, but ornate little homes of varied design. \$500,000 has been appropriated as a fund that will enable working people to rebuild their homes. In some cases sums of money will be given as a bonus; but for the most part this fund will be apportioned as improvement loans based on one-third of the value of the property.

\$150,000 has been set aside for the building of a winter home for the aged and infirm.

Mr. Oscar K. Cushing, in charge of the Department of Special Relief, is engaged with his assistants in a task that requires the most delicate powers of discrimination. \$100,000 has been placed in his hands to distribute to those people whom his investigators have decided to be deserving of special help. Many artisans have been furnished with new outfits that will enable them to earn their livelihood. Women of various callings are being re-established by means of small sums of money or necessary goods. A boarding house landlady who has lost everything in the fire, and whose insurance money is not forthcoming, has secured a lease of a vacant house. The



Mrs. Thurlow McMullin.

investigating committee has passed favorably on her request for a loan of \$400, that will enable her to buy furniture. The application, after due consideration, is granted. Forth she goes from her tent in the refugee camp, rejoicing that she is now a free and independent woman. In a few days more she will be re-established in her business, self-supporting and self-respecting.

Up to the 4th of July, 444 such cases had been given special relief: 52 per cent receiving sums less than \$25, and 37 per cent between \$25 and \$100. On the 20th of that month, 1,700 cases had been provided for. There are good men and true women engaged in this work of rehabilitation. Those who are acquainted with the facts agree that the best and farthest-reaching relief is now being done in the prevention of possible pauperization by the restoring to usefulness of good, reliable citizens. Dr. Devine announced in the middle of July that the distribution of food and clothing would practically cease on the first

of August, and during July the amount of supplies distributed greatly exceeded the total for June. This measure resulted in the re-establishment of thousands of deserving families who were able to begin life anew with this start.

Future Scope of the Red Cross Relief Work.

On the 1st of August, Dr. Devine retired from the Relief Commission, after more than three months of the most exacting work that has been required of any man in the nation. His time from seven in the morning until late at night has been given without stint and without price, for it must be remembered that the services he rendered San Francisco were a free-will offering of priceless value. His life work is relieving the unfortunate, and the Red Cross Society is only one of the altruistic organizations with which he is affiliated. His Secretary, Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, succeeded him as a special agent of the Red Cross Society.

When the people of San Francisco regard the aftermath of the earthquake and fire in the growing perspective of time, the work of the Red Cross Society and its special agent will be appreciated more and more. The half can never be told of their devotion to their duty and high ideals.

Dr. Devine, with characteristic sympathy, insisted in the beginning that the word "destitute" should not apply to the fire sufferers. He emphasized the word "refugee" as being "more accurate, more kindly and democratic." Reviewing the situation of the past three months, he said: "There has been no institutional jealousy in this relief work, but unity and organization." Then he referred in glowing terms to the splendid work of the regular army, closing with the fitting remark: "The saying 'God bless the army' will have a different meaning henceforth in San Francisco."

When the history of the rehabilitation of San Francisco is complete, a similar sentiment will surely apply to the Red Cross Society and its able leader, Dr. Edward T. Devine.



Yosemite Valley

BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH

RANGE after range of snow-clad peaks under the magic touch of the setting sun, the boom of distant waterfalls, the Abenleid of a mountain bird, and a woman, a novice in Nature's school watching for the coming of night and reading all that glorious book spread out by the great Teacher.

This matin hour is pre-eminently the hour of retrospection, so the novice was reviewing the lessons of the past day, as hour after hour the leaves of Nature's book had been turned. She remembered how the Dawn, heralded by numerous birds, had so gently brought out all the hidden things of the valley, and made them glow with warm color. Then she retraced in thought her steps along the high-road that followed the glittering, winding Merced, remembered turning into the stately grove of giant pines from which the trail starts that leads up to Glacier Point.

Onward she went, past a spring of water, through patches of deer-brush, passing the white firs with their delicate plumes waving in the sun. Then came a pause for rest and a backward glance at immovable El Capitan, keeping perpetual guard, and at the Gothic spires of the

Cathedral carved by the master architects, the glaciers. Far to the right as she faced out of the valley, the Yosemite Falls were in full sight, both plunges being seen at their best and the sound of their falling was like a Gregorian chant, steady, stately, mighty.

After this rest, upward again she went, the trail weaving back and forth up the side of the mountain, past Agassiz Column and Half-way Point, on up into the region of the sugar pines and red firs. Covering all the crest of the mountain is a splendid forest of pines and firs, and they act as a beautiful curtain which shuts out the view until the last turn, when it seems theatrically withdrawn, and the far-reaching snowy peaks of the Sierras are seen under the shifting light and shade of sun and cloud. Shadows from big, rolling clouds crept over the granite slopes up to the white peaks, hovering now here, now there, like a great bird, seemingly trying various effects of sunshine and shadow.

During all the glare and shine of the day, with the atmosphere so clear that everything stood forth with amazing detail, this novice took in impression after impression, every faculty awake to its ut-



"A backward glance at immovable El Capitan."

most, full of excitement and enthusiasm. The glorious Day aroused her and filled her with great dreams of deeds possible to be accomplished, led her out of the valley of limitation and showed her a greater range of power, a larger freedom. He was a mighty teacher, this quickening Day, but at last he gave way to Evening with Her quiet touch, and Her soft erasing of all that was hard or tiresome.

The novice rested, and watched the meeting and parting of these two great teachers. Evening with long shadows and delicate tints made the solid granite walls wear Her colors. She brought many birds who dived into a sea of violet shad-

ows to the valley below, leaving a trail of song piercingly sweet. She swept Her fingers over the pine tree harps and made the whole valley and the mountain tops into a softly glowing, sweetly singing, worshipful world.

How satisfying is this matin hour! The world is richer for the touch of Day just passed, it was a little nearer the goal of perfection towards which everything in the universe is hurrying.

But it was for Night that the novice stood waiting, yet she did not know when She arrived unless it was at the moment Venus flashed her light, and all the lesser stars in order twinkled their an-



"Evening's long shadows."



"Far to the right the Yosemite Falls were in full sight."

swer. All the gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines of old, Vega, Cassiopea, Orion and the rest of the famous host appeared from the blue so far overhead and began their glittering march. The novice listened expectantly, hoping to catch a strain from the Music of the Spheres, of which she had heard, but her ears were attuned to earthly music and she failed to catch the heavenly chant. Unless it may be that the glorious sense of peace and of exaltation that filled her was caused not altogether by the sight only of that marvelous march.

How grand! How glorious! How beautiful the earth looked under the witching

sway of Night! If Evening is a time of retrospection, then Night is the hour of realization, the letting go of the tiresome struggle of life, for the consciousness that "All is well." It is the time of deepest peace, of fullest joy, of largest experience.

Day with its light had revealed vast distances and innumerable details, yet Night by shutting out the glare and details, showed a larger, nobler earth. Night opens the door of thought through which the whole universe is seen. Night in some unexplainable way, seemed to explain the world and the reason for its existence. She leaves one with fresh



"Watching for the coming of night."

courage, fresh knowledge, fresh strength. It is the rest between battles.

The novice looked over into Teneiyah Canyon, made larger and deeper by reason of Night's presence there, then over the railing that is built so one can lean over and look straight down the cliff into the valley. Shining from the darkness below were twinkling stars signaling the stars above. Lights from camp-fires sparkled here and there all through the valley, and a long chain of them marked the way from the light center at the hotel to the crescent at Camp Curry, just below the Point.

Stars had always been full of a strange fascination for the novice, and as she watched the earth-stars at her feet, and

earth and learn fractions, multiplication and division. So one night she slipped away from the watchful nurse and went out into the yard under a favorite tree, resolved to count a hundred stars and so be free from all vexations. She counted rapidly up to ninety-five, then began to go slowly, trembled, and wondered if she really and truly did want to leave the world, her parents, her books, her trees. But the stars seemed to invite, and gathering courage, she called aloud "ninety-nine, one hundred," then sat down waiting to be transported in some mysterious pleasant way to the world behind the stars. But to her astonishment nothing happened! Not doubting the truth of the nurse's story, she wondered what the



"Under the shifting light and shade."

the sky-stars overhead, she remembered herself as a dreamy child who loved to read fairy books or sit dreaming in the topmost boughs of apple trees, rather than follow the routine of duties life assigned her. Once the nurse told her in answer to her query about the use or meaning of stars that she should not question about such things. That it was dangerous to try to find out the meaning of heavenly things, and that if one presumed to try to count the stars he would fall dead as the hundredth star was numbered. But that if she were good she would go to heaven after she died and then she would know all such things. The child thought it would be far nicer to go to heaven and learn all about stars than to stay on

matter was, and concluded after much thinking that she must have counted the same star twice. So she began again, way down on the horizon and counted straight across the sky to the other side, so there would be no danger of getting the same star twice. Again she boldly called aloud "one hundred," but the result was as disappointing as before. A little comforting thought came that perhaps she would be carried to the sky during sleep, so she went into the house, hurried to bed, shut her eyes tight, and was soon asleep. But, alas! next morning her eyes opened on the same familiar objects of the room. She puzzled over the matter all day, and realized in a vague way that she shouldn't have tried that charm. So

never again did she take the matter of leaving the earth into her own hands. The novice was glad now that the child's purpose of shrinking from life that she might dream dreams was not carried out. She was glad now for all the hard, dark places on the trail as well as the walk through life, the steep climb, the wearisome heat of the day, had been but the necessary part of a climb to a mountain's top, from which she had the large view of the world and the inner knowledge of an effulgent light hovering over and enfolding all.

As she was looking into Teneiyah Canyon a glitter or two of light on an overhanging pine bough made her turn round, for she knew the moon must be rising.

They that they might see the Sierras under the spell of the moon, and that they might escort her back to the valley. They watched that extensive panorama, so marvelous in beauty, full of the soft radiance of the moon; then they all went to look at the earth-stars of the valley.

The novice had been alone as she had so much desired to be since late afternoon. She saw Day depart. Evening arrive, and now at eleven o'clock, while Night was holding sway, they all started down the moonlit path to the valley. What a walk! What an experience for city-bred folk, that walk down the mountain, made almost as light as day by the full moon. Through the fir forest, wonderful to see, with its patches of moon-



"And the sound of their falling was like a Gregorian chant, steady, stately, mighty."

Near Mt. Starr King and attended by a few small clouds, the full moon appeared, and joined the stars in their procession. She touched a peak here and there with her light, cast mystic shadows everywhere, picked out Vernal and Nevada Falls from their hiding places from whence they had been heard but not seen, revealed the white slope of Mt. Florence and the jagged crest of Mt. Lyel. Many wonderful effects she produced on the granite waves of the Sierras.

It was ten o'clock at night when the novice heard down the trail the snapping of a twig and muffled sounds of steps. She turned toward those sounds to greet five hardy lovers of nature who had climbed that long trail from the val-

ley and shadow, under protecting branches of noble pines, round sharp corners, looking now up and then out of the valley, all in bright light, so the trail was easily followed. No one talked, but drank in the beauty of the night, and all keenly conscious of the unusual experience of seeing the world softly sleeping below one's feet.

Old Earth seemed like a sleeping baby, rocked in its space cradled by the great Mother. And they walked with soft step and finger on lips, as it were, that the baby be not disturbed. That sweet night spell stayed with them until the tent homes were reached, and is still cherished in their hearts as a treasure of countless value.

Nance O'Neil

Her Travels and Her Art

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS



Nance O'Neil.

OF all the younger American actresses there is none, perhaps, of greater interest to Westerners in general, and Californians in particular, than Nance O'Neil. She is to the stage what Frank Norris was to the literature of the West, vital, rugged and full of force. In the acting of Nance O'Neil as in the writing of Norris, one feels the same heroic proportion, and though both are in some respects roughly hewn, it is that very quality which accentuates the native strength of both. The finer shadings are quite lacking; there is absence of detail, just as there is in the desert itself or the mountains. That is why the writer and the actress are at their best when they have to do with elemental intensity. There are times when one wishes for greater self-restraint in both—but back to the desert and the mountains again, to the torrid heat and the thunderstorm, and one says, leave them, then, their passion heat and their heart-storm. Qualities of ability differ and each must

fulfill his peculiar role according to his understanding, be it on the stage of the theatre or on the vaster stage of life.

The call of adventure came to Nance O'Neil when she was yet a child. In the quiet rose garden near Oakland, where she lived with her parents, she was already peering into the outer world, and her child-fancy was taking her out into the Unknown Sea of Romance. From her father, a pioneer of the Golden Age of '49, and her mother, a woman of Southern blood, who crossed the plains in a traveling wagon, she inherited her *wanderlust*, but it was they, also, who clipped the aspiring wing and sought to keep their fledgling safely within the confines of her home. She received her education in the usual way, and graduated from Snell's Seminary in Berkeley. During her stay there teachers and pupils knew of her desire to become an actress and explore the farthest corner of the globe.

One day when McKee Rankin was filling an engagement at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco, a very tall, angular, yellow-haired girl, one Gertrude Lamson, presented herself to him armed with a note from Peter Robinson, the dramatic critic of the Chronicle, which ran:

"Here is a young friend of mine who wants to go on the stage. Kindly discourage her."

It seems to be always the fashion to discourage would-be actresses, so McKee Rankin did the conventional thing, said the conventional say about "slavery," "hard work," and so on, and the grave-eyed girl accepted it unquestioningly and persevered. The end of it was, McKee Rankin gave her a small part in a play called "Sara," in which, we are told, she was conspicuously awkward, displaying more elbows than ability. A long tour of little towns followed, and in "The Dan-



Frank Barney and Nance O'Neil in her native 'rickshaw, at Durban, South Africa.

ites" she achieved her first success, revealing to her manager a vein of hitherto unguessed ability. For the first time the girl dropped the shackles of artificiality, forgot her play acting, and herself. As she reached her climax, rising above and beyond the learned-by-rote, puppet-like part, her great nature swelled to the heights of newly found power, the audience stamped and cheered in a rage of uncouth enthusiasm, and as the curtain rang down and Rankin rushed up to her crying: "That was great! great!" the

girl, in her naivete, looked at him placidly and asked: "What?"

From this time, Mr. Rankin took the plastic material and began to shape it beneath his trained hand. He was destined to bring out a new star in the theatrical field, and she, his disciple, was to shed light upon his declining years.

McKee Rankin chose for her the stage name of Nance O'Neil, from a combination of Nance Oldfield and Eliza O'Neil, two luminaries of Comedy and Tragedy on the English stage during the eigh-



"Black House" Road from Cape Town to Kimberley in the veldt, South Africa.



Nance O'Neil, Miss Snell, and Tolo having afternoon tea on the veranda at Tyngsboro.

teenth century. In Topeka, Kansas, in the role of Nancy Sikes, a dramatization of Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist," she made her first notable success and established herself as an actress of unusual strength. Henceforth, people began to realize that in this tall, lithe, tawny-haired girl, who moved about with the deliberate ease and grace of a mountain lion of her native California, Tragedy had a new and sincere exponent; and as she dared to grasp at deeper and more serious work, such as Sudermann's "Magda," and other plays of intensity rather than hysterically emotional dramas, the critics appreciated that she had capacity for expansion and development. Her success spread; it was confined to no single locality or community. London viewed her with approval through its monocle, and that led to the project of a season in Australia. Nat Goodwin had failed dismally there, owing, perhaps, to the Australian lack of humor, so the critics and the wisemen looked with pity upon the adventurous spirit of this girl who, Alexander-like, wept for more audiences to conquer. Quite contrary to the

predictions of the aforesaid critics and wisemen (as is not infrequently the case) Miss O'Neil, with her tragic muse, roused the Australians to enthusiasm, and like most people hard of conquest, once won, they become proportionately loyal. They understood her better than Goodwin. As the gloomy, wronged and finally heroic Magda, she stirred their sympathy and bound them to her forever with ties of enduring friendship. She also played "Camille"—an idealized, love-sufficient Camille—"Elizabeth, Queen of England" and others. Having won her laurels there, a tour of the world was projected and carried out.

From Australia she went to New England, playing first in Auckland thence to Roturua, in the Hot Lake district. Verily, the old-time *wanderlust* of the rose garden was becoming a reality. The golden key of Fame was opening for her the closed doors, and the people, anxious to do her homage, were bestowing upon her privileges denied the unknown traveler. So they took her back into the interior, a day's journey through rich, tropical jungles, dark with a tangle of

fern and palm, into the wonderland of New Zealand.

Mr. Don, who is in control of all resorts in that district, had Mr. Alfred Warbrick and Maggie Papakura, the Moori guides in the Government service, take Miss O'Neil to the Hotte at Waka to see the poi-poi dance of the natives, given in her honor. But the crowning event was the ceremony of soaping the great geyser at Rotorua. This geyser is no longer naturally active, and only by artificial means does the vast volume of water issue forth and play like a giant fountain. Upon this occasion the board-covering which protects it from vandal tourists was removed; hundreds of people gathered to witness the phenomenon, and Miss O'Neil, standing over the crater, held a bag filled with pieces of soap. At a given signal, she dropped this into the crater. Out of the breathless silence of expectation came a hollow rumbling, giving evidence of subterranean disturbance. In ten minutes little jets spurted up, gradually increasing until the crowd fell back. In twenty minutes a fan-shaped

body of water and mist rose to the height of 500 feet, shimmering silvery-white, and reflecting the prismatic colors like a huge rainbow.

The young American had scored another triumph, and from Government officials to the simple, sweet-natured natives, all bowed to this new, foreign genius. Touching evidence of their devotion was given when she bade them farewell. Maggie, the guide and her followers, scattered garlands in her path, and saw her fairly launched on her voyage. Nor was this all; the faithful Maggie sent a postal after her across the sea, directed to: "Miss Nance O'Neil, great American actress, San Francisco," wishing her in limited English, but unlimited friendship, "God speed."

The objective point was now South Africa. At that time the country was in the throes of the Boer War. While Miss O'Neil was in Cape Town, martial law was declared, and she set out to Kimberly, traveling in an armored train, dispensing books, soap, matches and other comforts to the soldiers in the block



Nance O'Neil and "Tolo," her maid, at Tyngsboro.

houses along the line. Oblong patches enclosed in white fences, scattered over the monochrome of the veldt, told the story of many a life yielded up in the bloody cause. The deplorable condition of the men suggested a series of benefits for the Soldiers' Christmas Comforts Fund, begun at Cape Town, where Governor, Mayor and other officials paid her the compliment of their presence. This was the first matinee ever given in South Africa, and at the end of the third act of "Magda," the play chosen for the occasion, the Governor presented her with a bouquet tied with the colors of the city. The itinerary included Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, Pieter Marietsburg, and contemplated Johannesburg, but the latter place, being under strictest martial law, and threatened with siege, Lord Kitchener sent her a letter expressing his regret that no one could be permitted to enter the city.

In Egypt, Miss O'Neil spent her vacation on the desert about the great pyramids, where she climbed the tomb of

Cheops. In Cairo she played before the Khedive, who summoned her to his box to show his Oriental appreciation of Occidental achievement.

During these journeys through many lands, sounding the heart strings of many different people and finding them, for the most part, one in human sympathy, Nance O'Neil had grown and broadened; the sharp angles of undeveloped physical youth and undeveloped mental shading, had given place to riper maturity, and when, once more, she stood upon her native soil, with world-wisdom instead of the old-time world-longing, and eyes that had looked far over the seas and seen, not only the shadows and the sun, but the greater mystery that lies beyond, she had more than fulfilled her early promise.

She now essayed to play "Macbeth," the highest mark at which she has yet aimed. At all times, Shakespeare must be the ultimate criterion, and to the actor or actress who can reincarnate before us his immortal lines, laurels and re-



Home of Nance O'Neil on the St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, Australia.



"Tolo" in her native dress, and "Togo" on the veranda at Tyngsboro.

flected immortality! With this addition to her repertoire, Nance O'Neil went to Boston, where singularly enough, in spite of her travels and her successes, she was but little known. In an obscure theatre she made her bow to the ever critical eyeglasses and blue stockings, and even Boston thawed and discovered her all over again with much self-congratulation. "Magda," "Hedda Gabler," "Camille," etc., were played to filled houses, and Nance O'Neil was lifted out of her humble environment and hustled up town to the heart of the theatrical world.

Among the literati who became her enthusiastic followers was Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, who wrote for her the play "Judith," founded upon the mediæval drama of Giocommetti. This theme has already inspired one of his most serious poems, but admiration for the genius of Miss O'Neil caused him to cast it into new form for her. "Judith" was pro-

duced under auspicious circumstances for the first time in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, on October 14th, 1904, and is said to be one of her strongest roles. This was the only instance in recent times of an American poet writing a play for an American actress.

In her thirteen years on the stage, Nance O'Neil has done much. Still she leaves much to be desired, not so particularly in the doing, as in what she chooses to do. Here one must revert to the analogy of Frank Norris, the writer, and Nance O'Neil, the actress. Both have chosen some strange vehicles for their powers. Norris was often simply coarse from deliberate choice; Nance O'Neil too often wasted her splendid gifts on plays that have no place in the world of Morals or Art. The muck rake is an implement of great popularity; we use it on a large scale in politics and public life; we keep one gilded and tied with blue ribbons

(metaphorically, of course), in our charming little parlors, to rake society over, and incidentally our neighbors and acquaintances. Literature and the Stage, which merely mirror life, have raked and raked until they often have a very unpleasant odor. But we hold our aesthetic noses, and so long as there is an object to be gained, an internal regeneration through purging, we stand it cheerfully. Thus in "Magda," the subject of the

and Miss O'Neil is admirable in the part. Maeterlink's "Monna Vanna," on the other hand, is pernicious and unclean. Subtle, an overburdened and misused word, is often too synonymous with putrid. One condemns the play, and back comes the retort: "Oh, but Maeterlink is so subtle!" Possibly this is true, but when he chooses to picture a wife who dupes, fools and betrays a devoted husband, driven to frenzy by the supposed



Kaffirs in the compound at the Diamond mines, playing on the Kaffir piano.

play is manifestly unpleasant; there is a great deal of storming and sinning and the usual illegitimate child. "Magda," however, through this same child and the uplifting influence of her art, rises, spurns her cowardly betrayer, who would marry her after her triumphs, if she would but deny their child, and faces the world with the boy who is at once her downfall and her salvation. "Magda" is a moral play; it is almost a great play,

sacrifice of her chastity, out of unholy love for another man, subtlety and the violation of the seventh commandment are to all essential purposes the same. The play is absolutely without justification from a superficial, moral or artistic standpoint. Superficially it is not even pleasing; morally one feels the need of fumigation after witnessing it; artistically it is a failure, full of technical faults, tedious harangues, climaxes over-



Front view of Mera House Hotel, Gizah.

worn to the point of staleness, and, withal, an ending which leaves the spectator in a state of complete disgust and mental nausea. Miss O'Neil plays the part well. There is no fault in her acting, save the fault of acting it at all, for paradoxical as it may sound, the better such a play is acted, the worse it is.

We have said such productions as this have no place in the world of Morals or of Art; we may go farther and say they have no place in the lighter World of Amusement. The playhouse is primarily a place of amusement, secondarily a place of education and art, the latter and finer phases being the outgrowth of the first, which is elemental. Therefore, when a drama does not amuse, uplift nor educate, it fails completely.

The same criterion applies to the various forms of Art, Sculpture, Literature and the Stage. The ultimate aim of each

is to reflect and express life truly, or ideally. Take, for instance, the sculptor; one who would choose hunch-backs, abortions and reptiles for models, rather than strive to depict the varying degrees of force, beauty or another of the vital elements, would surely misuse his gift. The hunchback, the abortion and the reptile may have their places, as the snake in the heroic "Laocoon," but it serves merely to bring forth a masterpiece of human agony. So in Literature and on the Stage the horrible, the evil, the lewd, must be a means to an end, and the end must be exalting. One gets tired of the ordinary, purposeless vulgarity of thought, talk and action which end in the debauchery of crime in Norris's "McTeague," and on the stage the omnipresent courtesan of the type of Camille, Zaza, Sappho and the rest, is unoriginal, hackneyed and monotonous. But much more pernicious



A South African servant.



Servant in Durban.



Nance O'Neil, Mr. Alfred Warbriek (a Government guide) and friend, standing in front of Maori grass house.

is the whitened sepulchre in the form of "Monna Vanna."

We have spoken of these two plays, "Magda" and "Monna Vanna," because we are familiar with the actress's interpretation of them. Of her "Lady Macbeth," this is not the case, and it is never fair to criticise from a criticism.

Nance O'Neil is a gifted woman, and she is, moreover, a young woman who has hardly reached the climax of productive maturity. She is a potent factor on the modern stage who may exert a wide influence for better or worse. Physically she is possessed of unusual beauty, charm and magnetism. She is essentially a magnificent animal. Her yellow hair falls in heavy masses like the ripe ears of corn of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," her skin is white, her eyes clear blue, her features nobly mod-

eled. Her throat like a column of Parian marble is a fit indication of her deep voice, and in semblance, at least, she is of unmixed Saxon blood. She is a creature built on the heroic scale, fit for the embodiment of heroic parts; therefore it is a double pity that she should waste her gifts both physical and mental on plays unworthy of them. She is splendidly fit for "Cleopatra." The voluptuous beauty and fascination of the Egyptian Queen would be nicely suited to her. She would also make a noble "Guinevere." This leads to reminiscence, coupled with a desire. While Miss O'Neil was in Australia, the present Lord Tennyson, son of the poet, gave her permission to play any of his father's poems adapted to the stage. Such plays as could be made from "Idylls of the King," enacted by such an artist as Miss O'Neil, would be a tonic to modern Art as well as a joy to the whole English-speaking, poetry-loving world.

In her summer home at Tyngsboro, Massachusetts, Nance O'Neil and Mr. Kirk, a young California author, are preparing to produce his new play, "Midas of the Golden Fleece." Beyond the theme suggested by the title, the character of the play is not known. We trust it will be worthy of its interpreter.

"The Master doth not genius vainly give,
And Inspiration, like the Soul, doth live."

So may it be with Nance O'Neil, and though we are told the actor, unlike the poet or the sculptor, leaves behind him nothing but memory, still Memory is Immortality.

October

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

A day born of October and the sun
In silver-tissued glory smiling came,
And touched the leaves and grass with gold anew:
The lake, a dream in lazulean blue
Flashed back the opal tints, and heart of flame,
And from its depths one face, and only one.



Where the path leads among crevasses.

Overland Among the Slovenians of Istria

BY FELIX J. KOCH, A. B.

ONE of the most charming excursions the lower Austrian Empire affords lies in the land of the Slovenians, in the primitive province of Istria, Slovenians, Slavonians and Slovaks, the names are curiously alike, and yet each of these folk are widely different, as peoples differ in this polyglot empire, where Italian, German, Croatian and patois are constantly heard side by side, and where it would seem that all history to the contrary notwithstanding, the builders of Babel must have set up their tower, and been visited with their linguistic calamity. Equally picturesque and far cleaner than most of Franz Josef's people are the Slovenians, occupying a sort of intermediary social caste between half-civilized and civilized peoples, or probably better, living on the borderland between present and long distant centuries.

The excursion into the Slovenian land lies out from Divaca, on the railway from Trieste. At the depot, curious Istrian landaus await the sojourner. Curious affairs are these carriages, built after the fashion of our open surrey, but with broadly extended sides, so that the result greatly resembles the goe-cabs of the Kentucky Mountains.

Whirled out a delightful country road in these, the Slovenian peasant comes in sight, tanned and tall; his hair a sandy brown, when present at all, and the distinguished characteristic of his countenance, a much-prized mustachio. Ordinarily, these men wear modern apparel, leaving it to their wives and daughters to perpetuate the national dress.

Picturesque, if not pretty, are these Slovenian women, in loose-fitting waists of dark blue or black, and short skirts of coarse, heavy material. Over the rear of

the head a gandy scarf is drawn, tucked beneath the chin in the front, and then drawn out in the rear so as to leave a broad, gay triangle upon the back. This scarf serves the purpose of a hat, and is invariably removed indoors. Ear-rings,

these baskets is wrapped in coarse gray-black paper, excepting the fig-bread, which always lies atop of everything else. On train or boats, in field or home, the women are ever repairing to the baskets, and drawing a single-bladed pen-knife of



A paradise for lovers of the great out-doors.

half-crescents of brass or gold, dangle in the women's ears to complete the picture. Like the Japanese, these peasant dames remove their sandals on entering the house, boat or train, but whether to do proper courtesy to the building or to save the costly leather sole, at expense of coarse white socks; or possibly to give the feet greater freedom, one scarcely dares to decide.

Rambles out-of-doors in this part of Istria are characterized in memory, as against those of all the rest of Europe, by the real symbol of the Slovenian, the circular basket of wicker about the size of a bushel measure.

In these baskets the women garner their harvest and carry the produce to market; in them the food for the day is secreted, whether for field or town, and on the return from the metropolis the weekly purchases are stored therein. Everything in

enormous proportions from their bottomless pockets, cleave a bit of the bread and munch it complacently, for fig-bread is to the Slovenian woman what cigarettes and coffee are to the folk of more southerly Europe. Herodotus, or some other early geographer, told of a race that carried their beds about with them. Such with the Slovenian of masculine gender is his basket. When he is tired, and there is no place to sit, he flops down in the basket. When night comes on, and he is on the train, without a seat on which to doze, the basket is his bed. That is his castle, and once within, he is beyond disturbance.

Slovanian women take great care of their hair. The line of division of the inky locks runs directly down the center, and from it the hair is brought down and about to the rear, with a single narrow braid crossed over the top of the head.

just above the forehead. Now and then, it is true, a woman will be seen bending her head into another's lap that her skull may be searched for that which may *exist* there, but we are in peasant Austria, away from proprieties and custom, and such things are to be expected.

Nothing is more interesting, on an out-door ramble, than to halt a group of these peasants, and lead them into a chat, for the Slovenian peasant is a true conversationalist—men, women and children chattering away whenever or wherever they may meet, and many of their little mannerisms of speech remind one of the lower-class German.

Istria is, for the most part, farm land, and like the founders of our Republic, the greatest enemies of these people are the rocks. Everywhere that fields are at all possible one finds the rock walls thrown up by the tiller. Possibly, when

survive in the intense Adriatic heat. Over hill and dale the pastures roll, sprinkled everywhere with slabs of rock—pretty to the passer-by, but tantalizing to the peasant, for this land would support crops in paying amounts could the stones be exhausted and the soil given over to tillage. As it is, only a few wild fig trees manage to make headway against the rocks, so that the vistas of these vales of grass and cold rock slabs resembles greatly those of the glacial deposits about Put-in-Bay, on Lake Erie.

Beyond Herpelje the scenery becomes somewhat drearier, as the karst, or true rock country, is entered; and the peasant more and more desperate in his battle against the stones. One cannot but admire the "stick-to-it-ness" that the little farms reveal. Corn and oats, vineyards and orchards, little gardens of potatoes and cabbage, and meadows reasonably



A Slovenian barn.

the Pan-Slavic crisis arrives, these boulder walls will serve the folk as did those at Lexington and Concord. Between the walls the sun beats down on little oases of cultivation, until the grass is yellow and sere, and only the thistle manages to

clear of stone, have been forced from this stony-hearted land. Each generation has exhumed a few more of the rock slabs, and so, through the centuries, little clearings have grown. At best, however, even to-day the year's income don't average



Among the baskets.

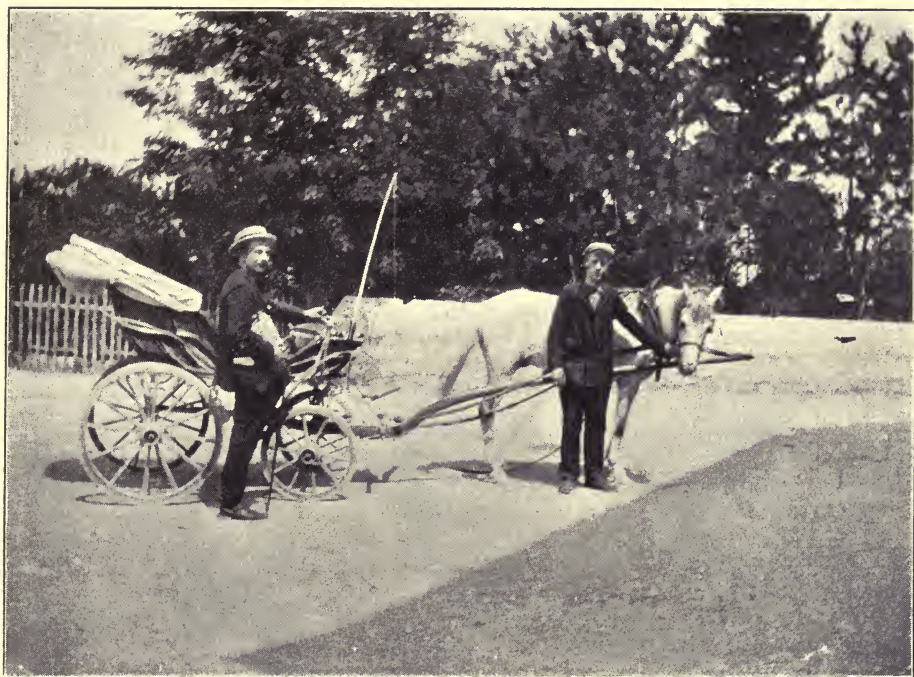


Flirtations.

these men a gulden, or florin, a day—not even 40 cents. What tide of fortune scattered Slovenians into this God-forsaken country and induced them to remain, is difficult to conjecture. Like the Albanians at Zara, they are maroons from some great Volkerwanderung possibly, and having been bid to remain, have stayed through the ages.

The Slovenian farm houses fit well into the out-door picture; four-square buildings of concrete over stone, with the roof rising up from either side to form an apex over the center. Pretty little

apples are their chief marketable products. Lunch is given these laborers at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, and at nine in the evening there is wine. There are no labor unions among these peasants, and one works until the task is completed. Nor is the educational status of labor such as to unfit it for outdoor work. Children are compelled to attend school between the ages of six and fourteen. Then they take to the fields. At twenty-one the men enter the army for a three-year term, and with that, one's education is complete. A lit-



The "buggy" from Divaca on the railroad.

gardens, combining the artistic and the practical, and flanked with the sun-flowers in stately rows, surround these homes.

Many of the houses, and almost all the arable land in this region, is held by well-to-do "ober-bauers," or landed farmers, each of whom will have from twenty to fifty peasants to work his lands at a florin a day and fare. Occasionally, however, the peasants turn capitalist also, and having received a given contract from the "ober-bauer," will engage laborers to assist at the work at a wage of from 16 to 36 cents a day. Plums, grapes and

tle German and a bit more of Italian, in addition to the Slovenian, make up the usual accomplishments.

One of the world's natural wonders lies out-doors in this land of stones—the Cave Region of St. Canzian. This is a series of canyons, palisades and caverns, that in many ways rivals our Mammoth Cave, saving that the American cavern is much larger in its subterranean possibilities.

To tour the Caves of St. Canzian is to put oneself completely under "one-man power." For upwards of two hours, the



The guide to the caves.

visitor is alone with an old Slovenian guide, and at many points the stranger

could be suddenly stunned with a blow, robbed, and thrown over the precipice, and it would be the easiest thing in the world to convince a jury that he had slipped and fallen. Were this palisade-land a few hundred miles further to the southward, no one would dare to go through thus unattended. An Austrian club, however, has taken over the tourist-try—despite the general friendliness of the peasants to the tourist—and already railings, etc., are being provided.

The scenery among these palisades is magnificent. Virgin forests, interlaced with trails, hide the canyons, and until one reaches their very brink—whence one may look up some narrow defile, or far down the steep wall of rock to a roaring, foaming torrent, just beyond the cavern mouth he has just left, or is about to enter—he is unsuspecting of their presence.

From the town of St. Canzian the Reka River winds to the first of these cliffs, whence it makes a plunge of some 320 feet, partly in full view of the visitor, and otherwheres through hidden ways, whence it finds passage through



"There are no labor unions among these peasants."

the massive gorge to the next palisade. There a narrow defile makes place for it, and the stream next appears to view as a little pool, dimpled by the breezes blowing ever in this land of mystery. High up, on every side, sheer and uncompromizing, the rock walls, with only a stray bit of weed to indicate a trace of soil, tower; while at their tops, where a mere rift of sky peeps in, the creepers overhang. Again, as far below, a placid pool of blue marks the river's resting place. Not even the camera can do justice to the scene.

The caves themselves, also, are interesting. Although containing fewer curious forms than does our Mammoth Cave, many of the chambers in these caverns are decidedly larger and equally impressive as the best in the Kentucky cave. The entries, reached by narrow trails hewn from the face of the precipice, and overlooking wide gulches of glistening rock, moreover, are far more romantic. The entire region, in fact, is just such a one as romancers delight in. One looks for Cavemen to-day about the place, and half fears for ghosts of the Romans,



The basket bearer.

whose remains are likewise occasionally found.



Transportation in Istria.

After a few hours among these caverns, the visitor returns to the open again, and takes a trail leading to the inn at Mattovan, beneath whose arbors the cooling Istrian wine awaits. Save, perhaps, for a stray German tourist, with "wander-pack" on back and cane in hand, the scene is typically Slovenian. One sees the Emperor-King's assessor chuckling the comely peasant girls beneath the chin as he questions them of listings and taxables, while they take it all in very good part, and respond with sly quips and jestings. Round the wooden tables of the inn there are gathered the old men of the village, smoking a bit of tobacco purchased with the kreusers of passers, and nodding their heads sagely to whatever may be said by their cronies.

Close beside stretch the thick, plastered walls, joining the low, thatched homes of the peasants with the barns, and through their open door-ways chickens and ducks meander, while in the barnyard, inside, great oxen nap in the shade. Over the road the peasant folk, women as well as men, cut the grain with the sickle, while the merry Slovenian songs rise above the rhythmic swish of the falling grain.

Kith and kin of these folk have come

to the States, and their letters of life and of wages across the seas fill the peasants with wonderment; for here at Mattovan, where the best room in the inn is to be had for thirty cents, one breakfasts on coffee or milk, and at noon there are beans and fresh cabbage and salad and in the evening the ubiquitous chicken the year round; while meat is for the feast day alone.

But the hand of change is beginning to invade quaintly-primitive Istria. In the winter, the young men are coming more and more to leave their homes, for Trieste and other cities, where guildens are to be gained more readily, and the tiresome work of tending the stock and clearing snow from the King's highway, and perchance digging a rock or two, is substituted for something more lively. As a result of these annual migrations, changes are crowding on. City dresses attire the young Slovenian women, and city watches in the vests of the men replace the good old-fashioned clocks. It is the old story of the city coming to the farmer, and of the husbandman yielding to the new, and before the world is half aware of it, the primitive Slovenian of Istria, with his charming out-of-door life, will be a thing of the past.

Sea-Sunset

In the Harbor of Honolulu

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

Olive the sky, and olive-green the sea
 Entranced with calm. The winds have held their breath
 For days. An iridescence like the wraith
 Of long-dead rainbows glides unceasingly
 Hither and yon, where waves were wont to be.
 Awhile the color-ghost-dance rioteth,
 Till, like the flash of change from life to death,
 The light dies out, and leaves the shadows free.

Then through the gate their sable touch unbars
 Comes Orient Night. With cloud-hair all undon,
 And on her breast the new moon's opal arc,
 She leans along the bastions of the dark
 Out over the sea-mirror, and one by one
 Slowly puts on her diamonds—the stars.



"Camping" on the lawn at Stanford.

Earthquake Days at Stanford

BY ALICE WINDSOR KIMBALL

"I KNOW one thing—that I'll never as long as I live kick over an ant hill just to see what the ants will do. I know how it feels to be an ant."

That is what one Stanford girl said, a few hours after the earthquake of April 18th had shaken us out of our beds. It is safe to say that every one of the thousand people living on the Stanford University campus was asleep at five in the morning, for with final examinations three weeks distant, the eleventh hour grinds and all-night seminars had not yet begun.

What we did during those eventful thirty seconds most of us cannot say—pretty much what the ants did, doubtless—ran without an idea in our heads, except some persons who were too nearly paralyzed by fright and the feeling of utter helplessness to try to move. One of the three hundred and sixty men in En-

cina Hall says that he sat on the edge of his bed waiting for the walls to crash in upon him, saying to himself, "This is the end! This can't last!" Suddenly what seemed a tidal wave from the big tank in the attic over his room poured through the ceiling, giving him an involuntary morning tub. *That* made him run—the water was something he could escape from.

It was a similar conviction of the futility of any effort to escape which, as she expressed it, "petrified" one girl to her bed, with her hands clenched under its iron side-rails, waiting for the rocking to stop, until a chiffonier pirouetted over on one castor and was slatting down on top of her. The latter proved her incentive to leave.

At Encina, men ran, jumped from windows, slid banisters, climbed down fire-escapes, anything to empty the building.



"The tower of the church, which had cut the blue sky with its perfect lines for a college generation."

in the few seconds which it really took. Eight men were held up on a fire-escape by the first one's momentarily losing his nerve when it came to swinging to the earth from the lowest round. With stones dropping around them, "the situation was a trifle nervous," as one of the held-up phrased it. Many of the men have no idea of how they got out of the building, but out they were, and scattering to various houses where they might exchange pajamas for garments better suited to the light of day.

At first, only shivering Encina knew that the buildings of the Quadrangle were damaged by the shock. Some of the men saw the big chimney fall—others the "Gym," the half-finished library, the top of the Memorial Arch—or, most heart-rending of all, the tower of the church, which had cut the blue sky with its perfect lines for a college generation. To the dwellers in the campus houses, there came at first no suspicion that the damage was more than to chimneys and plastering. Former earthquakes in California had done that sort of job, though not so completely, perhaps. We set a new record for quick dressing, however, for one never knows what is the beginning and what the end of an earthquake. Suddenly from the street outside came the shout, "The church-tower has fallen!" and again.

"Look at the arch!" For the second time that morning our hearts stood still, as we rushed to doors and windows, saying to ourselves: "It isn't true! It cannot be!" Even when we *saw*, in the heap of dust, the shattered outlines of the buildings, we could hardly believe that it was not all a bad dream. It was then that we forgot our houses, our fallen chimneys, ruined walls, broken china—we hung on our wraps and rushed to the Quadrangle, with the one hope that things might not be so bad as they promised. What was proved or will be proved by subsequent examinations of the buildings can never obliterate the impression of that first glimpse. It was despair that seized us at the sight, and for the first time in our lives we wished that the Quadrangle had not been so beautiful, that its ruin might not have been so tragic a sight. Keystones were hanging from the arcades; great blocks of masonry had been shot from their places under the eaves of buildings by the oscillation of the heavy tiled roofs; side-walls were cut out of the stone-work as from a paste-board doll's house.

The one thing which lightened the gloom of that early morning inspection was the remarkable achievement of poor Louis Agassiz, who dived from his pedestal on the front of the Zoology Building,

and buried his head in the tiled pavement, pointing pathetically with outstretched forefinger at the wreck of the arch. This sight was inexpressibly cheering to most of us. We dubbed him the "head-foremost scientist in the United States," and many other irreverent names, agreeing with a former "Chaparral" editor that though our inverted friend might have been a fine fellow in the abstract, he was certainly no good in the concrete.

Some belated Providence must have been watching over us as we walked in and out of that ruined Quad., under the arch, where a ton or two of masonry was hanging, ready for the next shock, for it was not until we had gone back to our houses, as dazed and confused as though we had been hit in the head that the next temblor came. It was that second shake which convinced people that out-of-doors was the best place in which to spend the day. Why go inside, anyway? We were making our coffee—café noir with a vengeance—over bon-fires, as few homes boasted a kitchen chimney, and bread and butter may be prepared quite well on one's front lawn. After breakfast came the gathering of the clans at the

telegraph office, where a sign on the door informed us that all wires were down—we had no communication with any point—and that if telegrams were filed they would be sent at the first possible moment. Knowing the size of the headlines that *would* get through at the first moment, we took small joy in thinking of our families at home.

Meanwhile, many of the college men had already gone on guard duty around the buildings, which were roped off and further protected by danger signs. At the Museum, where curio-hunters had gathered within a half-hour after the shock, the sentries were armed, as were those patrolling the campus for the next few nights. Guard-duty was not the lonely task that it sounds, for during the first day few of us could keep away from the Quad. As soon as we turned our backs to the ruined tower, the campus looked much as usual; the lawns were as green and placid as ever, the roses in perfect bloom; even the dearth of chimneys failed to impress one. A thousand times we looked around suddenly at the clock tower to learn why the time was dragging along so slowly; a thousand



"We turned our backs to the ruined tower."

times we listened for the chimes that had become a part of our life. The day grew close and oppressive as it wore on, the sun burning a small crimson hole in the smoky air. Everywhere was a sort of still tenseness and a quiet for which the days of the typhoid epidemic here had furnished the only precedent. All the diversified life of our little world had stopped—stopped dead still, like a machine with a broken shaft. The track team, the crew, the 'Varsity baseball and tennis men, all "trained up to the limit," within five days of their all-important contests, were dismissed from the training table, the student-body nominations scheduled for the eventful eighteenth were tacitly postponed, the 'Varsity debaters laid their speeches away in the bottom of their trunks, plans for Senior week were abruptly dropped.

Out on the lawns, which surprised us by their lack of yawning cracks and uprooted turf, sat the college public, talking of the one topic in its many phases. In every group were a few whose faces showed the racking suspense which a family in San Francisco could cause. A few anxious souls started for the city in automobiles or other vehicles, the former being ordinarily seized for emergency use on reaching the city limits. We were as completely marooned as though the Stanford campus had been a desert island. Not a train passed through Palo Alto, our only means of communication with the rest of the world consisting of stray automobiles, which came tearing down the county road loaded with refugees and their remaining worldly goods. Every machine which stopped in the town was immediately surrounded by crowds of listening people, and in the silence which followed, the wildest guesses on the part of the half-distracted fugitives were believed as Gospel truth. Thus it came about that on the campus that day one could hear absolutely any conceivable report, including a contradiction of all former stories. We were told that Chicago had sunk into Lake Michigan; that New York was wrecked by the same earthquake that had ruined San Francisco: that a tidal wave might drop in at any minute; that five thousand "ghouls" were chasing down the county road from the city, and five hundred lunatics roam-

ing up from the Agnews Asylum—all due to meet at Palo Alto. The reception of such wild rumors by skeptical college folk whose sporting spirit had not been completely destroyed may be easily imagined. We named our expected visitors Jay Ghouls & Co., and waited for their advance agents to arrive. One appalling dread was weighing us down, nevertheless, for under all our show of cheerfulness we knew beyond a doubt other shocks would follow. There were several during those first hours, and our real state of mind was attested by the ghastly pallor which the slightest quiver produced. For days afterward, if one scraped a chair on a porch floor, people were fairly out through the windows on the instant, and we wished it were possible to maintain a speed limit for pedestrians, fining all going faster than a walk.

Early in the day a report was circulated which naturally disturbed us more than former tales had been able to do. It was said that the Lick Observatory had sent a message by automobile from Mt. Hamilton, to the effect that a reactionary shock would occur at ten o'clock. The industrious Paul Revere who took it upon himself to warn people was rewarded with varying remarks of belief or derision. "Get out," said one stout-hearted soul, "and have your earthquake by yourself—we've had ours." Yet even the probability that the Lick Observatory would have warned us in time to escape the first shock, were it possible to foretell earthquakes, could not make us breathe quite so freely until long after our few unshattered clocks had struck ten.

Toward afternoon, every one grew restless under the strain, and many walked to Palo Alto to get away from the ruined Quad., for no other wreckage could depress us as that had done. To while away the time, one could watch storekeepers trying to clear away the debris in their places of business; one even received presents of perfume and tooth-wash with damaged labels, handed out through jagged show-windows. College "queeniers" who happened to have drawn their allowances on the seventeenth took their favored ladies to a candy-store; others, less wealthy, sat in abandoned wagons and ate thick and succulent ham sandwiches; sometimes a man and a girl

would pool resources of two and three cents respectively, and invest in peanuts, for conventionalities, for the most part, did not obtain, and meals on the campus had not been exactly elaborate that day. The spontaneity of college doings was completely gone, however; there was an undercurrent of tragedy everywhere. The two lives lost in our own community brought home to us the sorrow which the calamity had caused in all its far-reaching paths of devastation, and it was not heartlessness which made the college attempt a surface imitation of its ordinary life—it was rather a desperate reso-

marked the location of the burning city. When dark settled down, the men lit camp-fires in the driveways of fraternity houses up and down the Row, and sat around them, talking in a subdued fashion or trying to "jolly up" with mandolins and guitars. Down the line somewhere a group started to sing "Hail, Stanford, Hail!" but the first line, "Where the rolling foothills rise," proved too keenly reminiscent of the day's experience, and the song ended in a shaky laugh. From another camp-fire there arose an extemporized version of the Glee Club's "Foolish" song:



Members of the "Chi Psi Lodge."

lution not to stop and think.

Reports from the city became worse and worse, and as night approached, every one of us certainly lost much of the nerve which had sustained us during the day. Our spirits sank with the sun, for twilight was a ghostly hour around those unlighted ruins. The need of companionship which had kept people in groups all day was intensified by the growing darkness, and the steps of the houses were solidly banked with dusky figures. There was something contagious in that forlorn and helpless mood, and though some might assume cheerfulness, it was but a pretense at best. We could not bear to look at the red glare in the sky which

"Earthquakes? Well, I should smile!
I don't know why,
But the less I try,
It seems that I feel earthquakes,
And more earthquakes, earthquakes,
earthquakes, all the while!"

There was enough point in that frank avowal to make "the row" take its toes off the mark for a minute and forget that it was waiting to jump at the slightest wiggle on the part of our *terra infirma*.

We had thought that the day would never end, but somehow wear along forever; yet even undergraduates are not of such elastic fibre that they can stand an eternal see-saw from tragedy to attempted

comedy, and the groups finally scattered to their respective houses. There were few, however, who stayed inside their shaken homes longer than necessary to find a blanket and a pillow, and the camp-fires finally died down in the midst of a circle of Indian-like figures, some staring wide awake, others dozing in uneasy and troubled snatches, for the usual peacefulness of sleeping under the open sky was absent, banished by a certain irony in the presence of that menacing redness in the same sky with the unchanging stars.

To the small minority who spent the night indoors—that is, in lower halls, away from chimneys, with front doors braced open that the next shock might not inconveniently close them—"in bed with our boots on," most assuredly—the night seemed as endless as those out of doors. Not a candle could be left burning, lest it should be overturned when the expected happened, and never yet were houses so inky black as ours. It was impossible to stop thinking of the hideousness of the night in San Francisco, for every minute or so we could hear dyna-

miting, like the rumble of heavy artillery. Like something else, too—the earthquake which our tense nerves translated every little sound and movement to mean. A thousand times in the course of the night our hearts would suddenly jump into our throats and pound like trip-hammers, and a ghastly feeling of chill would creep over us, at a quiver in some portico of the house or some sound from outside. Once an hour, however, the voices of the guards would come ringing from one man to another around the Quadrangle, and on up the campus streets, bringing inexpressible relief with their "One o'clock and all's well!" "Two o'clock! Time for the next shift!" Then would follow the welcome passing and re-passing up and down the Row as the exchange was made.

When the sun finally rose, it disclosed many strange arrangements which had been made under cover of darkness. Not all of the open-air advocates had abandoned ordinary comforts, for beds stood on front lawns, screened by shrubbery if it was entirely convenient, or else frankly revealed to the public view. "Good morning!" the men sang out from lawn to



"Others saw the 'Gym.' fall in."



"Side walls were cut out of the stonework as from a pasteboard doll's house."

lawn, in sarcastic tones. "Did you feel the shock at three?" "Nice not to be shaken out of bed to-day!"

One sorority, sleeping comfortably in brass beds, with bright-colored parasols pulled down over their faces, evidently shared Dick Swiveller's opinion that "even an umbrella would be something." In the early daylight, figures shrouded in gay kimonos scudded into their houses, apparently unobserved, but followed by suppressed chucklings from adjacent yards. Some people had even left the campus and slept up in the hills, forestalling the telegraphic advice of one frantic parent (whose message came by mail six days later): "Run to the hills to escape tidal wave!" At the outdoor breakfasts it was plain that every fraternity had its quota of refugees from the dormitories or other houses more badly wrecked than its own. The prediction of famine gave the house-managers something practical to do, and early in the day they made trips to Palo Alto, bringing back staples which suggested an impending siege.

The comparative safety of twenty-four hours gave people a little more nerve than they had possessed the day before, and

they began to pull themselves together, and look for something to do. The word was passed from house to house that two faculty members would take telegrams to Oakland, or even to Sacramento, in an automobile, carrying an operator from the campus office. The hall of one professor's house was converted into a temporary office, and for three hours a line of students handed in messages and money for "relief work" in their own families. As a result of the automobile trip, Stanford messages were among the first received throughout the East.

We began to get courage enough the second day to try to make ourselves a bit more comfortable, though we still preferred the freedom of out-doors to a possible cage of broken walls. We had porch parties instead of lawn fetes; we even swept up fallen plaster, threw our broken china on the ash-pile, and arranged to eat dinner indoors—those of us who could get a chimney patched a bit. The Chi Psis, whose lodge had skated off its foundations, and looked like a wrecked house-boat, moved their household effects out to the tennis court, arranged different apartments with appropriate furnishings, and "kept open house"

for several days. For a block in any direction, you could hear them batting out rag-time on a somewhat demoralized piano placed against a back-stop bearing a Pabst beer sign at each end. On the side of their former residence was a legend which read:

"House for Rent.
Enquire Within.
Will Remodel to Suit."

On another street, the Kappa Sigmas gathered around their fire-place—a heap of bricks on the ground, where it had fallen out of the side of the house—formed a circle, some inside, swinging their feet

Junior opera helped the nurses to arrange trays for patients brought from the city on hospital trains; other young women collected, sorted and sent clothes to the relief headquarters; sewing bees in the sorority houses fashioned tiny garments for the children of destitute San Franciscans. "I'm willing to sew for a baby who isn't particular," promised one college girl, who handled a needle about as deftly as a hand-spike, but at the end of the afternoon she proudly displayed a triumph of infantile millinery which she termed "the offspring bonnet."

Meanwhile, dozens of athletic young fellows wearing the red "Stanford Relief" ribbon which meant transportation



"The Chi Psi Lodge had skated off its foundations."

through the hole where the hearth had been; others on the remains of the chimney, and sang songs of the old fire-side, with sarcastic emphasis.

Every one felt the need of action, and when on Friday morning a mass-meeting of the student body was held (in the open air, it is needless to state), dozens of students, both men and women, volunteered for relief work in the city. It was finally decided to allow no girls to leave, but as there was a vast amount of work to be done in Palo Alto, they could be of service without going to the city. Muscles developed in basket-ball proved equally useful for dishwashing at the Guild Hospital; pretty girls from the chorus of the

on the Southern Pacific, and passage through the "dead-line" in the city, were performing many unaccustomed duties. As they returned from their work, many incidents followed them. For instance, we heard how a certain "stunt" man of the Glee Club, who was riding down from the city in the baggage car in order to throw empty milk cans off at the proper stations, found a varied assortment of "properties" right at hand, and proceeded with a series of impersonations. With a much-traveled suit-case and a bulldog which was chained to a trunk, he was transformed into a race-track sport; a carpet-bag helped the tout ensemble of a professor of paleontology. Then in quick



The Palo Alto gate, April 17, 1906.

succession came a fussy old lady, with many valuable parcels, and refugee types from all nations. The train crew, audience for this impromptu vaudeville, was incapacitated for duty until the stunt man left the car at Palo Alto.

With Dr. Jordan's announcement that college was closed for the rest of the semester, came the scattering to all the quarters of the earth which we all dreaded

and tried to delay. To the Seniors especially it was an abrupt leave-taking. There was no orderly succession of events to mark the passing of the graduates, no gradual breaking away from the associations of four swift-moving years, no final wrench of parting from the long arcades, where the red lanterns of the Prom Concert sway from branches of bamboo and palm. Instead the Seniors slipped off in the confusion almost unnoticed with no good-byes save perhaps to those who also sat on suit-cases at the station and waited for the first train out for the railroad schedule was simplicity itself—south-bound trains were due soon after passing the "Palo Alto" redwood tree, while a whistle from Mayfield station meant that a northbound one would presently happen along.

Stranded on the campus, waiting for money—cash by express—many college folk lingered for a week or more; letters came, followed usually by mailed telegrams sent the day of the earthquake. Nothing infuriated the hale and happy survivors more than placid and unruffled relatives who calmly wrote: "How dreadful about San Francisco. I'm glad you were too far away to feel the shock." And this after one had squandered his last cent trying to get a message through to a presumably frantic family. An offer of a home occasioned great envy among all one's classmates, while a select few



The Palo Alto Gate, April 18, 1906.

whose telegrams were sent "in care of Palo Alto Relief Committee" were rendered almost unpopular by having such agitated kinsfolk.

But it was good to see the fathers appear on the scene—nice, comfortable souls, with tickets and uncommonly fat stacks of bank notes in their wallets. And it was good, too, to hear them say after they had come tearing across the continent to fetch some Freshman daughter from this shaken country: "Did you ask if you can come back to Stanford next year? That's for you to say. But it seems to me that it is the duty of every Stanford student to return and help build up his university once more."

An assurance like that takes the bitterness out of a farewell to ruined towers. One's father felt the same way toward *his* college, of course. Why hadn't we real-

ized it before? One "game sport," starting for a trip abroad, uttered a prophecy: "When I get over there, I know they'll show me all their famous old colleges, like Oxford and Cambridge, but I'll just say: 'Oh, yes! You've a pretty venerable-looking lot of old buildings around here; you've quite a bit more antiquity and tradition about you than we're likely to have for some time—but you just show me a university with a good, live fault-line in its back yard—one that's apt to show up with a nice set of earthquakes in assorted sizes, about once in so often—that's what makes a hit with *me!*'"

And after the smile had passed from our faces, we translated this defiant sally into one more expression of an underlying truth—that it takes more than an earthquake to shake or discourage the "Stanford Spirit."

New England to "The Queen City"

BY "JAC" LOWELL, author of "New England Snap Shots"

From mountains green, from cloud-capped granite hills,
From throbbing marts and peace-protected farms,
We send to thee a shout of grand "good-wills,"
We praise the strength which stays thy heart and arms!

Since Pilgrim sires their homeland builded here,
Our souls have ever loved the men of hope,
The men who do not bow to foolish fear,
Who, beaten back, have courage still to cope.

Unnumbered such have won our love and praise,
But none have gained a greater, deeper share
Than those who walked thy fair and noble ways,
And *still* are true, though Ruin pauses there.

Thy stalwart sons, thy daughters sweet and true,
Deserve the praise which we with joy extend;
May God's own grace their future days imbue,
May constant strength with peace and gladness blend!

* * * * *

A host of hails our hearts to thee bestow—
O Golden Queen beside the Peaceful Sea!
With all the world we'll watch thy glories grow,
And sing the songs of days that are to be!



BY KATHERINE ELWES THOMAS

THE doves of St. Mark can make proud boast of ancestry in unbroken line to those famous carrier doves of the thirteenth century which Henry Dandolo, mighty Doge, intrepid commander and valiant crusader, utilized while besieging Candia to transport despatches of vast moment. These announced progress of his expedition, and eventually of wide-sweeping victories, fame of which is gloriously handed down to the present day, are evidenced in priceless works of art set as a seal upon Venice for all time to come.

Those early carrier doves, having first been tried for their historic task by despatching back and forth through the interior of their native islands of the Adriatic, were then taken by the Doge to the seat of war, from whence their safe return as trustworthy bearers of the great tidings proved the progressive idea entertained by the gallant soldier in this respect to have been no idle dream impossible of fulfillment.

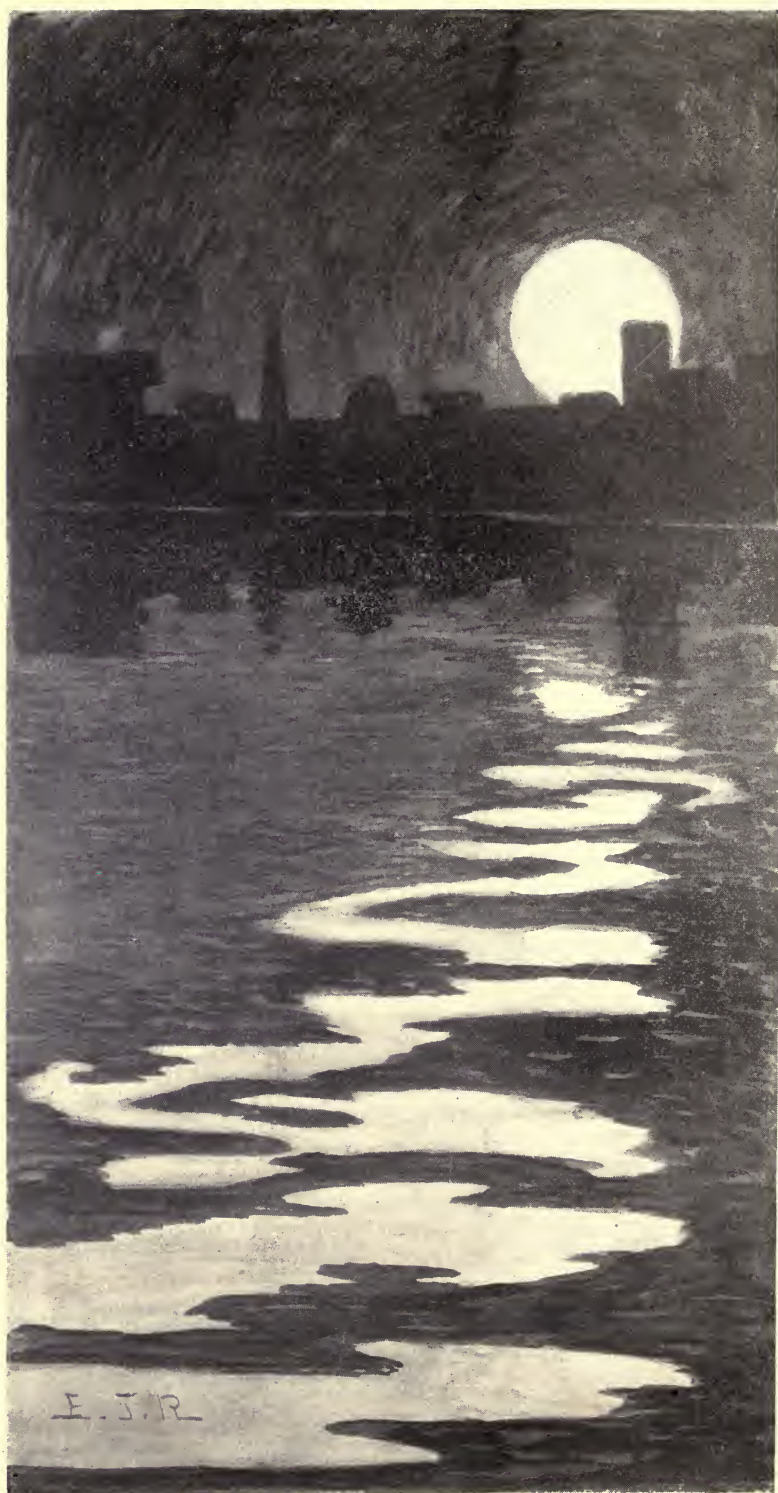
The old chronicles tell but briefly of how the whole city went for a while quite mad with joy and excitement when the pigeons, fluttering down, brought with them announcement of victory that meant so much to the Venetians. They do record, however, how at this crisis the Italian Government, with one of its happy bits of characteristic sentiment, declared

the birds from that time forth, throughout all the ages, blessed, and as such to be forever after held in reverence and maintained at public expense.

So it is that from that day to this the pigeons of St. Mark have been as typical a feature of the city of the Adriatic as are the black-hooded gondolas gliding through sunshine of the perfect days and starlight of the even more perfect nights as they thread the torturous water-ways of Venice.

But if the city went mad at first arrival of those carrier doves bearing the Doge's proud announcement of victory, it went yet madder when the great army with Dandolo at its head came sailing back to the shores they had quitted with such conflicting feelings and unworthy jealousies on part of the Government, and such grim determination in the hearts of the commander and his soldiers.

Never in all its history was Venice in such splendor of gala attire as that donned for the reception of the magnificent Dandolo. Having gladly accepted it all, and joyously played his part in the stupendous ovation, that mightiest of Doges, and most illustrious of Venetian warriors set apart Palm Sunday following his return as the day of appropriate blessing and ovation to the carrier doves, which from that date were to become the emblem of the city, and be known to all pos-



"Reflected in ever-changing beauty along the waters of the Grand Canal."

terity as the pigeons of St. Mark.

From every balcony and window in Venice streamed afar banners and pennants. On the Grand Canal the festival spirit woke to life in a blaze of resplendent color that ran riot in the fleets of gondolas, from which music of the human voice kept time to rhythmic plying of oars.

Within the Piazza St. Mark, the sight was one that has never been eclipsed for regal magnificence. Most splendidly imposing must have been the spectacle when the Doge, magnificently appareled, attended by a retinue in which walked the officers of State, ambassadors from foreign lands, and patriarchs in many times a king's ransom of fine apparel, to jubilant blare of silver trumpets, as with all the pomp and panoply of ducal ceremony there was made the grand tour of the Piazza.

Where to-day the four massive bronze horses paw the air with mighty hoofs above the west entrance to St. Mark's, the principal ceremony of the day took place in liberation of large numbers of pigeons. A little roll of paper tied to one foot of each bird caused it to make uncertain flight, and in the majority of cases to fall to the ground. These pigeons thus readily caught by onlookers, were kept by them for Easter Sunday, when, by order of the Government, the owners made them into pies for dinner on that date.

For those that escaped, a historic future was assured. Whirling aloft to finally settle thickly upon upper portions of the royal palace and the Byzantine domes and spires of St. Mark, was to the ever-ready superstition of the Venetian indisputable indication that the protection of the long-dead Saint from which the church takes its name having been thus directly sought by the birds, they were from that moment to be dedicated to St. Mark in acknowledgment of his having so unmistakably proved in their behalf the patron saint of Venice.

The pigeons of St. Mark having, with all due ceremony, been pronounced sacred and under direct protection of the tutelary Saint of Venice, the Government thereupon duly placed them under practical earthly care of the Superintendent of Corn Stores, who was solemnly instructed to publicly feed the birds at the

city's expense every morning in the great Piazza. This practice was kept up until the troublous times incident upon the revolution of 1797 when the poor birds had a sorry time of it, feeding where and when they might, and suffering sad depredations upon their numbers at the hands of the irreligious hungry ones.

Immediately, however, upon restoration of law and order, the municipality among its first official acts decreed the regular daily feeding of the pigeons be at once resumed. The only change made was, that instead of receiving their quota of the city's corn at 9 o'clock in the morning, it was scattered broadcast to them at two in the afternoon.

At the present time this old custom is observed in the abeyance, and the feeding of the pigeons of St. Mark is now wholly dependent upon the bounty of strangers, which, happily, is most generous.

Following their great exploit of carrying safely the messages of victorious war, for which they were duly canonized, these birds have ever since remained, typifying peace which has been symbolized by doves from time immemorial.

In canonical lore, St. Gregory (604 A. D.) one of the four Latin fathers of the church is always depicted with a dove upon his shoulder or hovering over his head.

In old missals and carvings of St. Benedict (543 A. D.) the device is his inseparable companion, and with the addition of a lily, indicates his sister, Saint Scholastica.

Again, St. Theresa (1583 A. D.), patron saint of Spain and foundress of the Scalzi, reformed Carmelites, is temporarily portrayed with dove and heart emblazoned I. H. S., or with an angel holding a flame-tipped arrow.

Of the two birds liberated by Noah at the time of the flood, the second returning with an olive branch in its mouth, chronicled the first carrier pigeon on record.

Above all others of the feathered tribe the dove was chosen as the form in which the Holy Ghost was made manifest to man upon the trinity of occasions of the Annunciation of the Virgin, the baptism of St. John, and the Feast of Pentecost.

Feeding the pigeons of St. Mark is not alone the supreme delight of every boy

and girl who goes to-day to Venice, but is as well marked a feature of enjoyment to almost every man and woman to whom thought of the charmed hours spent in the Piazza is one to which memory ever after fondly clings.

Any one inclined to doubt the sagacity of pigeons has this incredulity dispersed upon the first day of a stay in Venice. Further, they realize that the stalwart Italian at present enjoying a monopoly of selling in the Piazza small papers of dried corn for one or two soldi, according to the size thereof, is not only a thoroughly familiar figure to the pigeons of St. Mark, but one recognized by them as an old and beloved friend.

In the thousands of birds making their home in this place, certain ones would appear detailed as scouts to keep the corn-seller forever vigilantly in sight, for no sooner does a stranger approach to buy his humble ware than with a whirr from every part of the Piazza, the pigeons fairly darken the air in haste to benefit by the approaching largesse. From end to end of the great open court, the oncoming rush of winged clans centralizing upon the new-comers, show not the faintest trace of fear, as they alight upon heads, hands and arms, nestling up to the throat,

anywhere, in fact, that a foothold can be obtained in the greed of anxiety to reap a lion's share of the bounty dispersed.

Cooing, strutting, flaunting themselves in pride, circling aloft, flying hither and yon, brushing with their wings the centuries old works of art on every hand, they thus take undisputed possession of the place, and people who, for the time being, pursue their business or take their pleasure in the Piazza St. Mark.

With the declines of the sun and change from bluest of Italian skies to gorgeousness of prismatic coloring reflected in ever-changing beauty along the waters of the Grand Canal, teeming with gondolas bearing in dolce far niente of motion their freight of human beings, the pigeons with sleepy spreading of wings for upward flight, nestle against the Oriental glory of the mosaic facade of St. Mark's. Upon the quartette of gold bronze horses brought by Dandolo from triumphal arches of Nero and Trajan, upon the ledges of roofs and domes of the church, in every nook and cranny of the ornately sculptured buildings on three remaining sides of the Piazza, the pigeons sleepily call to each other a soft good-night, as cooing in the waning light they nestle close to rest until the coming of the dawn.



The Soul of Ramirez

BY MAUD HEATH

I MET Donald Ramirez twenty years ago. He was then a man of about sixty, but appeared much older. He was, as his name indicated, of Scotch and Spanish parentage. Tall and thin, almost cadaverous looking, his shoulders bent and walking feebly, he produced an impression of extreme age until one observed his eyes. They were keen and black and habitually fierce in expression, giving one the notion that they never closed, and that nothing escaped them. For the rest, he was a quiet old man, reticent in manner, and with few friends. His Scotch ancestry showed plainly in his high cheek bones and straight, inflexible mouth, and his intense Spanish eyes, his only visible heritage from his father, seemed an anomaly in so ascetic a face.

He apparently took a fancy to me and gradually grew to spend nearly every afternoon in the hot, stuffy telegraph office, where I was day operator. His was the only decent house in the place—a small town on the edge of the Mojave desert. It was built in the Spanish style around a court, with many shade trees about, and the thick adobe walls absorbed even the fiercest heat of summer, so that the rooms were always almost cool. Many a night I've sat with the old man until midnight, smoking his fragrant cigars and listening to his peculiar views of life and death. I was only a boy of twenty-one then, just out from the East, and so homesick for the old New England farm and so disgusted with the everlasting heat and the shiftless half-breeds that I would have thrown up my job and gone back to God's country if it had not been for Ramirez's level-headed advice.

I did not hear the old man's history until I had known him nearly a year, and then he told it to me himself—not in detail, but by fragments that were easily filled in. It seems that he had married, when he was about forty, a young half-Mexican girl, who died in giving birth to a daughter. Ramirez had a nurse for the

child, and when it was older, a governess, so that she was practically never out of his sight until she was sixteen. He literally idolized her. He showed me her picture once. She was a beautiful girl, a little like her father, but with a passionate mouth and eyes and a slightly weak chin.

Well, when she was sixteen she ran away with a professional gambler—Jim Avery was his name—who had been hanging about the town for a few months. Where or how she had managed to meet him her father never knew. She left a pathetic little note, saying that it broke her heart to leave him, but she could not live without Jim, and would napa forgive them?

Ramirez made no effort to find them; he merely shut himself up in the lonely house with his old Mexican housekeeper and waited. After two years he received a message that Dolores was dead, with her baby son, who had breathed but once. He replied by telegraph, asking to have the bodies sent home. They were buried behind the house under a tree where Dolores had played as a child. Her father learned in some way that Avery had not only neglected his wife after he tired of her, but had been cruel to her.

When he had finished the story, which was told in snatches between long silences, he said: "Some day Avery will come back here. Then I shall kill him."

He said it quietly, as if he had said, "I shall go to town," but there was on his face a look of settled, vindictive hate that I never saw on any other human countenance.

Ramirez had some of the most extraordinary ideas I ever heard expressed. They were new to me then, and made a great impression upon me. One belief that he held and acted on was a sort of fatalism. If an experience, good or evil, belonged to a man, he said, it would find him, though he strove to escape it, and would come no sooner for all his efforts to

attain it. As an illustration, he pointed out to me, when my attacks of homesickness were most violent, that if I was to go back to the East, nothing could prevent me. If I was not to go, all my fretting and striving would have absolutely no effect.

He at last inoculated me with his Oriental fatalism, and I understood without being told in words why he made no apparent effort to avenge the death of his child, who had been the apple of his eye. His seeming passive indifference was in reality a fierce concentration, that he believed would inevitably draw, in time, his enemy within his reach. Secure in this belief, he could afford to wait, patiently as a spider in his web waits for the fly that is fated to entangle itself in the meshes he has prepared for it.

One of his theories, however, was so fantastic that I think it was a mania. He expatiated upon it at great length. It was to the effect that each person's soul or spirit—the indestructible ego—was materialized at death in the form of a bird or animal. He said that psychics could see them as they left the body, and at times while the person was still alive. As nearly as I can recall it, he believed that all good people possessed souls with wings. Very saintly women and young girls' souls took the form of white doves; those of strong-willed, right-living men were eagles; and some frail, but well-intentioned people had souls that appeared as humming birds, or even butterflies. Persons not altogether good, but in whom good predominated, took psychic form as birds of ill-repute, such as hawks and vultures. But whatever winged nature was demonstrated, they flew away at death to a higher state of existence, where they entered immortal bodies and developed on an advanced plane.

Evil people, in whom there was no good developed, had souls which materialized as animals or reptiles, which were unable to leave the earth, but were doomed to exist in their animal form until they found a body either owning no spirit, or with one weak enough to be deposed. They then took possession of it and lived another earth life, possibly acquiring enough virtue to attain a winged soul, or sinking to lower depths of depravity. By these evil souls, Ramirez said, all the crime and

sin of the world was conceived and accomplished. Persons who were habitually deceitful and treacherous materialized souls in the form of snakes; cruel, heartless natures were symbolized as tigers, and sensual, gluttonous people appeared as swine. He would often amuse himself and me by the hour, theorizing as to the soul appearances of well-known living men or historical characters.

It was a gruesome belief, and I remember thinking that I must be a hopeless case, for the only way that I could imagine my soul would appear, if suddenly liberated, was as the most homesick little fox terrier ever seen, who would start out for New England at a record gait.

Our friendship continued for two years or more, and I had grown very fond of the old recluse, when one morning his housekeeper, Theresa, came running down to the office in a panic of terror. She had found Ramirez dead in his bed and had seen something fearful and supernatural that she could not describe. Her story was so mixed with prayers to the saints and muttered exorcisms that I could not make head nor tail to it, but I went up to the house and found the poor old man dead, as she had said. He looked peaceful, as most dead do, and as if asleep.

The arrangements for the funeral were hurried through, as they must be in such a climate, and he was to be buried beside Dolores and the baby, as I knew he would have directed. That night half a dozen of us sat up with the body. None of the others had known him very well, and they smoked and talked cheerfully. Along toward dawn I suddenly caught sight of a tarantula in the corner of the room. I had always been afraid of the villainous-looking creatures, and got up to find a stick to kill it, but as I moved it disappeared, and I concluded that my nerves were a trifle over-strained, and consequently I was beginning to imagine things.

After the funeral the next day I looked over Ramirez's papers, and found a will, properly drawn up, disposing of all his property, most of which went to distant relatives. Several books on occult subjects were left to me, and the last paragraph of the will read: "To Jim Avery I devise and bequeath my undying unrelenting hatred. When he returns, whether

I am in the body or out of it, I shall kill him."

I supposed his trouble had affected the poor old fellow's brain, but there was no one to dispute the will, and the estate was easily settled up. The man to whom the house was left came down to look it over, but did not try to rent it, so it remained locked and empty, and gradually acquired the melancholy air of abandoned houses.

Matters remained in this state for three years. I had settled down into harness and had almost given up praying for a transfer. Ramirez's memory was already growing dim, when one afternoon, as the Los Angeles express slowed down at the station, Jim Avery stepped off the rear car and shook hands with the loafers standing about, as if he had been absent but a month.

He was a small, fair man, with crafty cold blue eyes, and might have been any age from thirty to forty-five. He had the typical story-book gambler's hands, soft and white, and wore a large diamond ring.

He was, I think, the coolest, most self-controlled man I've ever seen. In the two weeks he stayed in town, I never saw him display the slightest emotion of any sort. In poker games where several thousand dollars changed hands during the evening, he did not betray by the flicker of an eyelash, any especial interest in the outcome. And he seemed utterly impervious to fear. One night he got into a row with a Mexican card sharper. The man pulled a knife and Avery caught his wrist with a clever twist that made the Greaser drop the knife and howl with pain. Jim gave the weapon a kick and sat down to deal the next hand without a change of color.

Finally, one night about two weeks after his arrival, there had been a big game running all the evening. They had played until after midnight, and Avery had pretty well cleaned out the crowd. As the men started up to the bar for a "night cap," one of them said to Avery: "Say, Jim, I'll shake you to see whether I treat the bunch or you go alone to old Ramirez's grave."

It was a bluff, but Avery took it all right and picked up the dice box.

"High wins. One shake," and he rolled out the dice. "No pair. Never mind

shaking, Bill, you can't get anything worse than that. Where is the old chap's grave?"

He started off, as nervy as ever, instructed to bring back some devil weed that grew on Ramirez's grave, and nowhere else in the vicinity. A few of us loitered towards home, but paused to watch Jim hurrying along the white road. There was a full moon that night, and every cactus and rock showed up as plain as by daylight.

Avery disappeared among the trees, and we went on a few rods, when we heard the most blood-curdling, hair-raising scream. We turned and ran for the house, and the screaming continued. It was as if a man was being tortured to death by fear. It did not sound like pain, but like the unreasoning, mad terror of nightmare. It seemed miles that we ran before we came to the graves. Avery was lying prostrate between the two mounds. His eyes were staring and his face livid with fear. Clinging to his throat was the most frightful-looking tarantula I ever saw. It was enormous in size, and its eyes gleamed in the moonlight with a demoniac glitter. Its hairy legs were gathered up, as if ready to spring, but the man had evidently made no effort to throw it off. He had apparently stooped to gather the devil weed, which he still held in his hand, when the tarantula had bitten him on the wrist, already swelling.

As soon as we could collect our senses, we lifted him up and carried him back to the saloon. As we touched him, the tarantula disappeared. I'd swear it did not jump nor crawl. It simply vanished.

There was no doctor within ten miles, but we did all we could think of—poured whiskey into him as long as he could swallow, but it did no good. And all the time he kept up that awful screaming, as if in abject terror.

Talk about the next world! I never want to see any one else suffer as that poor wretch did, no matter what he's done. For six mortal hours we watched him through all the stages of agony that precede death by tarantula poison. His whole body swelled and turned black. He went from one convulsion that racked his frame like the inquisitor's wheel, to another. As long as he could make a sound, he called frantically for Dolores, mingled

with Spanish words that I could not understand. Toward the end he grew blind and delirious, begging for water that he could not drink when we gave it to him.

It was seven o'clock when the last convulsion tore him, and merciful death that had delayed so long received him. We straightened his body out on the billiard table, and I went to my room for a sheet to cover it. When I came back the same tarantula was crouching on Jim's chest. I called the boys, and they saw it also, but

as we approached the body it disappeared.

I do not vouch for the truth of Ramirez's theory of soul materialization. There are the facts. He fully believed that Avery would return and that he should kill him. Avery did return. Through an apparent accident, he was induced to visit Ramirez's grave, where the tarantula bit him. He died in horrible torture. Could it indeed have been the soul of the old Spaniard, implacable and relentless, waiting patiently for years, as the man had waited, for its revenge?

The Point of View

BY RUTH G. PORTER

Age Speaks.

The wind wails through the leafless trees,
The rain-drops patter on the mold,
The last brown leaves fly here and there,
And all the world is cold—is cold.

The leaden clouds go scudding by,
The flowers are gone from hill and plain,
The ocean wildly sobs and moans,
And all the world is pain—is pain.

Comes Youth; comes Age. From youth to death
Is but a step for lass or lad,
'Tis cold, and pain is in the heart,
And all the world is sad—is sad.

Youth Answers.

The sweet wind plays in leafy trees,
Where light and shadow softly meet,
The song-bird's silvery music flows,
And all the world is sweet—is sweet.

Beneath, the ground is starred with flowers,
The sky is soft and blue above,
The ocean sings a song of peace,
And all the world is love—is love.

Comes Youth—and Youth may last away,
For merry heart in lass or lad
Will keep grim age and death away,
And all the world is glad—is glad.

Jack London, Lecturer

BY P. S. WILLIAMS

EVERY county and section has its peculiarities of climate and other natural conditions, exercising a marked influence on the character and customs of the people. A clay soil leads naturally to more brick buildings, and men of well-balanced energies are as directly a product of a temperate zone as lovers are of moonlight nights.

Just what kind of soil and climate make literary folk is not a matter of scientific record. One would naturally look for all poets to be born in the sunny South, but Carmen came from the icy north. New England has had her great poets, and many others have thrived and sung in chilly lands.

Nevertheless, literary folk, like fish, do come in schools. Whether it be power of example or of association, the air they breathe or the meat they eat, it is a fact that Ohio, for instance, boasts comparatively few prominent men of letters at present, while in her next door neighbor, Indiana, a poet is born every minute, and playwrights and novelists in proportion. And so it is all over the States. Among them, California is one which fairly bathes in a literary atmosphere.

A young man returning East, once remarked to the writer on the number of young people he found in California who were interested in and attempting things literary, and almost as his comment was uttered, a young Californian, Jack London, burst radiantly forth as a star of first magnitude in the literary heavens. His achievements, though remarkable, merely represented the full bloom in a literary rose garden—California, rich in romantic setting, tradition and impulse. There have been others, and it goes without saying there will be more.

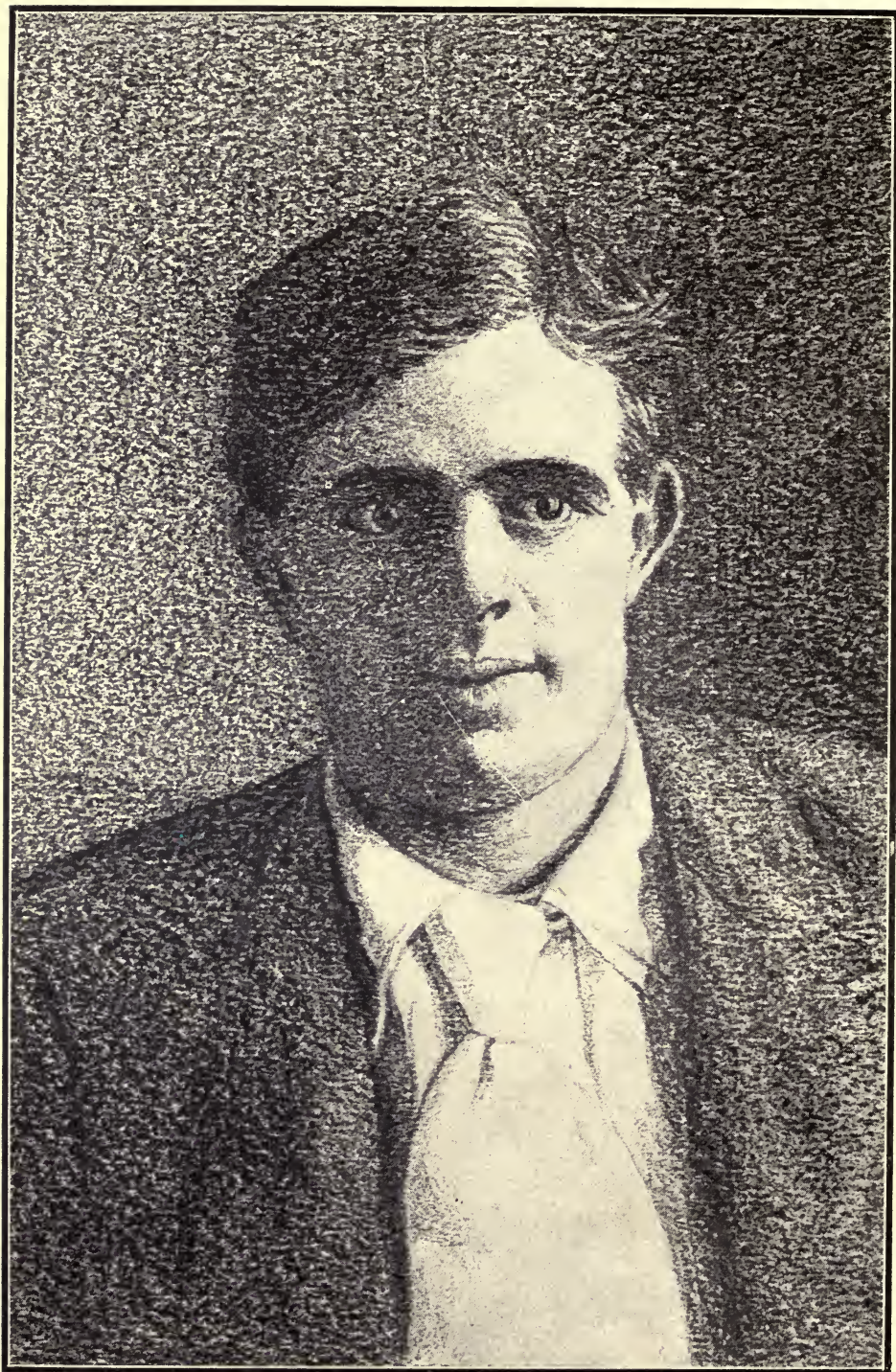
London has since continued much in the public eye, as readily enjoying as commanding publicity. The interesting story of his literary struggles and successes is too well known to concern us here, but during the past winter London

appeared on new ground—the lecture platform.

As a man who wins in war or politics or finance is now invited into the magazines, regardless of literary training, so a successful writer is sought by the lecture bureau, regardless of his experience as a public speaker. This is a day of advertising and the best lyceum attraction is first a man of famous achievement—secondly, he may be, but often is not, a lecturer.

London has been a good drawing card and has therefore pleased his manager, if he has not always pleased his audiences. London himself was not especially pleased, nor found the work agreeable. To begin with, he has logically argued that, like literature, the lecture platform has its own specialists by nature and training, of whom he is not one. The Slayton Lyceum Lecture Bureau of Chicago, ingeniously persuaded him that people who bought his books were entitled to see him, so London generally prefaced his talks with an explanation that he appeared before audiences rather for inspection as a wild animal than as an entertainer.

It worked so well that he covered the country from Maine to California. The night of the first engagement at Mattoon, Illinois, no definite programme having been fixed upon, London rather informally reviewed the rough and varied experiences which have made the man an author. This narrative commenced back even of his days as a newsboy in San Francisco, and concluded with his term as correspondent during the Russian-Japanese war, covering such exciting epochs of his career as the whaling voyage and trip to the Klondike. A goodly portion of humor was interspersed withal, one of the best received anecdotes concerning a long portage in the Klondike, where the gold seekers laboriously backed their provisions and other necessities from one body of water to another. On



Jack London.

... Drawn from portrait by Alice M. Resor.

the way, London encountered a fellow-traveler with whom he stopped to rest from the weary journey.

"Do you know what I am going to do when I get back to the States?" asked the stranger. London did not, but he presumed he was going to hear how his new acquaintance was going to spend his "pile" at the end of every Klondikers' rainbow. "Well, sir, I am going to get married and have a large family, and some day I am going to gather them all about me and tell them about these awful hard times I've had up here in the Klondike, and then if they don't weep I'll lambaste the stuffing out of every darn one of them."

Readings from his own works were sometimes made a part of London's programme. While really an easy and expressive reader, he does not flatter himself that he is a specialist in this line, either, and the reminiscences experimentally offered at first proved his most satisfactory form of entertainment—considerably more popular than his social-political lectures. When he is well started, London is a ready, unpretentious talker, and has an engaging smile which quite captivates the ladies.

After his sensational marriage to Miss Charmion Kittredge in Chicago early in the season, Mr. London was not approved in some of the more Puritanical communities, and it goes without saying that his radical sentiments were not always approved either. To one protest that came in to the lecture bureau from a preacher, the secretary made answer, suggesting that if the reverend gentleman had read London's books he should have discovered that there was a brutal streak in the author's nature and been prepared for it.

A genius is apt to be personally disappointing. One is apt to fancy that because great in one thing, the genius is great in all things instead of the one-sided personality in many cases he really is. A great writer, for instance, is unlikely to be much of a business man, of which rule Mr. London is himself an excellent example.

While on the road, he was guilty of frequent delightfully unbusiness-like performances, such as paying fare at full rates because he had thoughtlessly locked

his mileage book in his trunk; nor could he be persuaded but that such as these were not legitimate items for his expense account. On one occasion the whole sixth floor of the Studebaker Building, where the Chicago bureau is located, was thrilled with holy horror to encounter an item in London's account: "To one stomach ache—50 cents," which presumably was a bill for medical services. The crowning feature of these little incidents was London's remittance of something over two hundred dollars in currency to the bureau by mail. The night it was sent the remittance was caught in a fire, and was destroyed. Mr. London refused to make it good.

"Why should I?" he asked. "I registered it. I sent \$400 to my own bank in California at the same time."

"I suppose you would expect them to make that good had it been destroyed?" commented Secretary Wagner, of the bureau.

"Sure," London assented.

"It's not customary to send such remittances in that manner," said Mr. Wagner. "No business man would do it."

"You shouldn't expect me to be a business man," replied London.

"We'll sue you," declared his manager.

"Go ahead," retorted London, to whom all publicity is grist for his mill. And there the matter stands at this writing, while in the meantime the best of feeling obtains between London and Wagner, the latter declaring the author to be a fine chap, despite his deficiencies.

In his experience talks, London kept religiously away from his literary work, but aimed rather at the events which had moulded his character. In short, in what he did, as well as in what he said—in such incidents as narrated above—London's lecture tours emphasized the peculiarities which make up his picturesque personality. The times have been rare indeed when London has donned a dress suit, and not since the last of these historic occasions has he tolerated a starched shirt. He wore on the platform the customary soft shirt, with collar attached, which has become standard in his attire, and was only amused when this informality shocked a gathering of society

ladies whom he addressed in one city.

The eccentricity in dress may be explained purely by his notion that it adds to his comfort, but it is nevertheless reasonable to suspect that London may also be partial to it more or less consciously as the garb of the wage worker whose cause he so vigorously champions.

It has been intimated that his socialistic theories antagonized wealthy patrons of his lectures, and this in fact has been the chief occasion for disfavor where any has been in evidence. It is even thought that London takes particular pleasure in ramming his revolutionary theories down their throats in the most radical form, and there is foundation for the suspicion.

The night before London's recent wedding the writer chanced to be in his company.

"I understand, Mr. London, that your socialistic theories stirred some of them up at a college town the other night," remarked one of the small party.

"Did it offend them?" London inquired, smiling pleasantly.

"People feel curiously on these matters. Awhile ago I had the pleasure of talking to a select audience in New York. It was an organization of substantial and able men, but a rule which prevails with them forbids anything from being made public which transpires at their club meetings; so I, therefore, am not permitted to name it. In introducing me, the chairman was extravagant—very—in dwelling on the tolerant spirit of the club and the courtesy with which they extended a hearing to persons holding views contrary to their own. I gave

them about the line of talk which I delivered at Oberlin—with some other things in addition. Well, before I got through they were all up in arms, and the chairman was the fiercest of all. They hotly challenged my statements, and fired questions at me that were hair raisers.

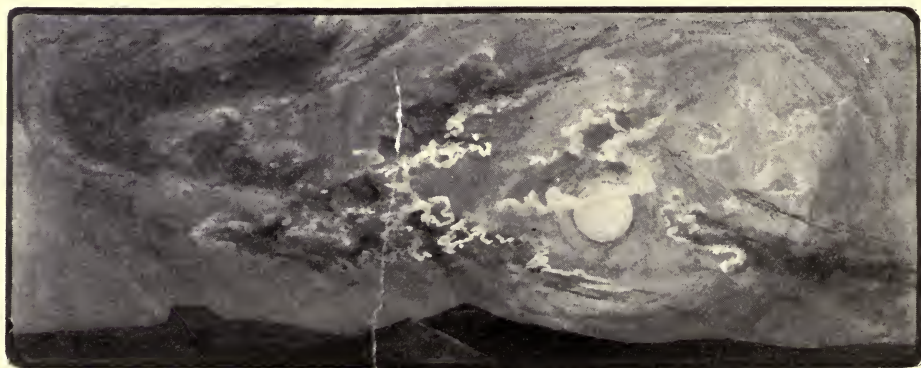
"Now, I could have attacked the morals of that company," continued London, "or taken issue with them on any other subject than their money-bags, and they would have given me nothing but smiling attention and courtesy. When you hit a rich man's dollars, then you offend."

London takes socialism very seriously. Despite this, he carries with him a Korean servant, which possible inconsistency is frequently commented on about hotels where he stops.

"He even sat in his chair and let that heathen Jap bring him a drink," indignantly declared one hard-headed capitalist who had become rich by shining his own shoes and shaving himself for some three score years.

"That's all right; he is conserving his strength to exploit socialism," ingeniously explained a defender.

And London does give time and energy to socialism, and it is valuable time and energy. He takes his political and social creed very seriously, but probably in the future he will disseminate the thought through the printed more than the spoken word, except for independent talks to labor bodies, for London's lecture manager says he was a one season novelty on the platform, even though a successful one, and London himself firmly declares that this has been his first, last and only lecture tour.





"Grub Pile."

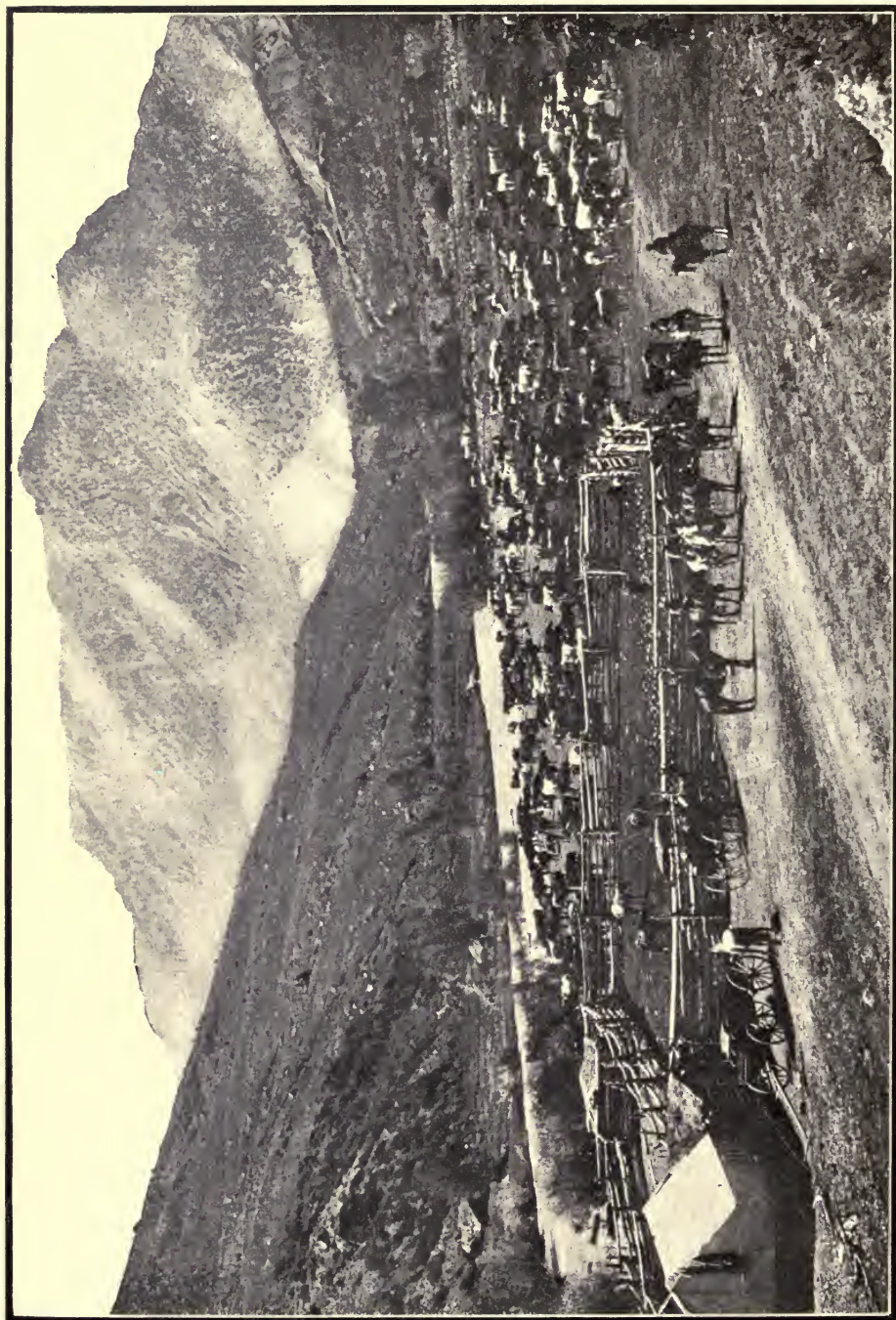
Knights and Barons of

Our Western Empire

BY JOHN L. COWAN

IF the time ever comes when America will have anything that can be called a national heraldic system, as seems inevitable from the almost universal, if sometimes undignified, scramble for coats of arms, the cattle brands of the West ought to deck a good many escutcheons. They have been instrumental in creating more than their just proportion of the members of the aristocracy of wealth, and are inseparably linked with a history as stirring, as romantic and as lawless as that of the golden days when knighthood was in flower. The period to which they belong needs but the softening touch of time to give it a glamor of romance as attractive as that which surrounds the memory of the days of Chivalry. If the Cattle Barons can boast of no King-Makers like Warwick, they can "point with pride" to many of their number who have made governors, legislators and judges; who have dictated laws and observed, disregarded, enforced or overthrown them as best suited their purposes. Although now shorn of much of their power and deprived of great areas

of their former territories, they yet hold the balance of power in seventeen Western commonwealths. If compelled by circumstances in some places to buy and fence their own demesnes, they yet appropriate to their own private use and benefit the public domain, consisting of fully one-fourth of the land surface of the Republic, exclusive of Alaska and outlying possessions. The industry they control is the leading one over more than one-half the area of the United States. Six of their number at the present moment occupy the executive chairs in as many sovereign States. Four United States Senators and twenty-one members of the national House of Representatives officially give their occupation as stock-raising, but this is only a fraction of the number of Washington statesmen who owe their wealth and their political preferment to hooves and horns. In numbers, wealth, power and influence, therefore the cattle barons need not shrink from comparison with the greatest of the feudal lords of England and the Continent.



Round-up at Ten Mile Range, Colorado.

Then, too, if an ex-cowboy President succeeds in over-riding the Constitution and in establishing the principles of autocracy (as some of his political enemies profess to fear), what more natural than that the origin of the monarchy should be symbolized in the insignia of the nobility? If this seems extravagant, surely it is no more so than the great majority of the scares gotten up by the yellow journals and the magazines that deal in the literature of exposure. Even in their most irresponsible moments, neither the Emperor of Germany nor the Czar of all the Russias ever attempted to dictate to their subjects the size of the families they should rear. Yet our own good-natured despot, not content with curbing the Senate, ruling the House of

"Theodore, the Great Unterrified"—for has he not bearded the Standard Oil Octopus, the Omnipotent Beef Ogre, the Tillman Pitchfork, the Congress of Mothers, the sacred privilege of the Senate, and the Wrath of the Muck-Rakers; braved the stench of the Augean stables of departmental affairs; and given the lie direct to more men than one would care to count? Nothing but unlimited tenure of office is needed to make of him the most absolute despot on the rolling world to-day; and that, we are told, may be his for the asking. The Senate has long ago become but the vermiform appendix of the body politic, neither useful nor ornamental, a source of annoyance, discomfort, irritation and disease, and needing only an anaesthetic and a sharp



The round-up.

Representatives, reforming the corporations and the orthoepy of the English-speaking races by executive order, regulating the railroads and remodeling the whole social and industrial system, has appointed himself universal censor, dictator, god-father and midwife to the American people. With a confidence in his own infallibility that is truly sublime, he dictates to the muck-raker the precise kind and quantity of muck he shall rake; to the father of a family the number of children he shall bring into the world; and to his fellow sovereigns in Europe and Japan, the usury they shall exact from weaker brethren. History will write his name,

knife to remove it by an operation that would be neither painful nor dangerous. The House has been compelled to bow to the will of The Boss, and no doubt the august heads of the members of the Supreme Court will soon roll into the yawning basket of the executioner, or be crushed by the terrible Big Stick. Not even Louis XIV ever had as much justification for the boast, "The State—it is I," as has this strenuous ex-knight of the plains. Therefore, when a few more centuries have rolled into the Limbo of things that were, and when we have risen to the dignity of an American College of Heraldry, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture that august



A knight errant of the plains.

body religiously collecting and interpreting all sorts of abstruse and forgotten data concerning the origin and significance of the quirt, the lariat, the bronco, the spreading horns, and a multitude of obscure and puzzling symbols and mystic combinations that now deck the hides of many a roving herd of cattle on the Western plains. Perhaps the "baton sinister," of doubtful and ambiguous distinction, of Old World heraldry, will be paralleled by a noosed rope; and the lion, the dragon, the unicorn and other time-old symbols will be blotted from American escutcheons to give place to the tarantula, the bob-cat, the coyote, the prairie dog and the bucking bronco. Any kind of quarterings will look well on a shield of gold and crimson—and that the Cattle Barons may surely claim as inalienably theirs.

The cattle range and the shambles have been the training ground of a good many members of our adolescent aristocracy. In that strenuous school of statesmanship have some of our brightest minds received their sole initiation into the arcana of shirt sleeves diplomacy. When the perspective of history has blended the glaring high lights and the blackest shadows with the mellow half-tones, who knows but it may become as fashionable to boast of ancestors who rounded up steers with Roosevelt as it now is in England to brag of forebears who crossed the Channel with William the Conqueror

(known to his own irreverent countryman as the Bastard), or in blessed old New England to claim the homage of the grandfatherless multitude because of the exploits of some disreputable old bigot who burned witches with Cotton Mather? When that day comes, if it ever does, a few lines in the records of the State brand office will count as an unquestioned patent of nobility.

Although the Cattle Barons still rule the greater part of our country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, yet the cowboys—those redoubtable Knights Errant of the Plains, every year find the opportunities for the modern joust and tournament more restricted. The States of Texas, containing grazing lands exceeding in area the whole German Empire, is subdivided into a multitude of wire-fenced principalities on which a few unarmed and often unmounted serfs perform the duties that used to fall to the lot of the picturesque Centaurs, distinguished from the common herd by gauntlets, chaps, slicker, lariat and the inevitable six-shooter. The transformation of the Cattle Barons from a lawless band of freebooters into a landed aristocracy has been attended with a wonderful growth in their prestige, power and influence; and with a corresponding decline in the condition of their retainers. Wherever the open range is cut up into private ranches, the cowboy of the souvenir post card, the Wild West

show, the yellow-backed novel and the magazine short story quickly disappears. He used to dominate the scene the whole way from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border; but his camping ground has been narrowed down to comparatively restricted areas in Indian Territory, Oregon, California, Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona and the Dakotas. Most of it is included in that great region that used to be known as the Great American Desert. Much of it appears to merit that name even yet, to the traveler who happens to traverse it at a season of the year when the short, rich grass that feeds tens of millions of sheep and cattle has turned brown and sere, but which, for all that, remains the best and most nutritious hay that nature has anywhere provided. Adjacent to the vacant public lands are the great King and Kennedy ranches of Texas; the Miller ranch of Oklahoma; the Carey, Hartzel, Duke, Sylvester and Mackenzie ranches of Colorado; the Haley ranch of Wyoming; the Parsons ranch of Utah, and scores or hundreds of other Western principalities, each one of which is large enough in area and production of sufficient revenue to give its owners rank along with Russian Grand Dukes or German princelings. On these private ranches the every-day life of the cowboy is no more dignified than that of the medieval swineherd used to be, and no more exciting than that of the goose girls of Holland to-day.

Even on the open range—which is small only in comparison with what it used to be, still amounting to more than six hundred million acres—the life of the cowboy is quiet and peaceful when contrasted with conditions in the days when the Indians roamed the plains and disputed the ownership on equal terms with their pale-faced brethren. Nothing, unless it be an occasional brush with sheepherders, or a still more occasional “settlement” with a horse-thief or a rustler relieves the monotony of punching cows and watching them chew the cud of contentment. The cowboys still know how to handle firearms, but through the '70's and well into the '80's this accomplishment, as it is now considered, was as much of a necessity as the ability to ride a bronco or swing a lasso. Even after the Comanches had been settled on the reservation at Fort Sill, it was not unusual for a band of them to descend upon a cattle “oudfit,” stampede the herd, and scalp such of the cowboys as happened to be caught unawares. In those days, the Santa Fe trail, forty miles wide and seven hundred miles long, from the ranges of Texas to the shipping points in Kansas, was one of the world's most important commercial highways, traversed by millions of cattle in herds containing anywhere from five thousand to twenty-five thousand each. The Texas trail now lives only in the memory of a few superannuated Knights of the Plains, whose greatest delight it is to regale the



“Cutting out.”

younger generation of cow-punchers with fantastic tales of the wild life they used to lead before the subjugation of the Great West by wire fences and steel rails.

The area tributary to the Cattle Barons and vicariously ruled by the Knights of the Plains is every year becoming more restricted. Irrigation, transforming the semi-arid wastes into the most fertile and productive lands on the continent, is clipping great stretches from this feudal Empire. However, it will be many decades before all the lands that are capable of reclamation will be intersected by the revivifying ditches and made attrac-

tive to the homesteader. Other portions of the American Sahara can never be turned into productive farms, and will probably never be put to better uses than grazing. On these narrow limits the cowboy of the future will be confined—a degenerate descendant of the Western Centaurs, his calling deprived of the freedom, danger and romance that made it attractive to the bold and enterprising, and reduced to a dull, commonplace, prosaic level in comparison with which the heart-breaking monotony of life on a Long Island truck farm will be considered exciting and nerve-racking.



Branding a calf.

A Memory

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

Out of the hills of long ago,
A strange, weird, solemn music steals;
And the vision it brings, the face it reveals
Looks with a glance that softens and heals
Out of the hills of long ago.

Out of the hills of long ago,
Yea, with the gleam of a summer day,
The voice and the eye-gleam beckon away,
Until as a child in fancy I stray
Far in the hills of long ago.

Out of the hills of long ago,
I would not bring her again if I could;
For the white young brow, and the yellow flood
Of curl, and the voice would be gone, were she wooed,
Out of the hills of long ago.



Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, who was in command of the Pacific Division of the manoeuvres of the U. S. Army at American Lake, Washington, in August, 1906.

The Rookie

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

The Rookie may be awkward; his arms and his legs may be long,
And he may have a wonderful talent for getting his orders wrong.
He's mostly all elbows and shin-bones, and his skin's olive-drab like his clo's,
But he isn't a fool, this raw rookie, when "to arms" the trumpet blows.

He may handle his gun a bit clumsy, and flunk at his drill like a dunce,
But turn him loose off in the Tropics and give him a show, just once!
He'll go through the jungle or desert, he'll sweat and he'll bleed and die,
And he'll never surrender, this rookie, while the Stars and Stripes shall fly.

He's been known to get rather boozy and act like an ass and fight,
When his pay is in his pocket and he's run the guard at night;
But put him to work where there's scrappin' and Uncle Sam's something to do,
Then you bet he's sure and steady, and he's worthy to wear the blue.

Some day he is bound to get it from a dirty, sneakin' foe,
Hid in a bamboo thicket where the slimy bayous flow.
Then the rookie falls a-swoonin' and the fever does the rest,
While his pulse goes racin' awful, and the bullet tears his breast.

He'll fight the Red Cross steward who would take him to the rear,
And his dying whisper'll rise to the echo of a cheer;
And he'll lie there just as patient with the death-blur in his eye,
While the tropic sun is blazin' from the brassy tropic sky.

And he'll tell the nurse and surgeon: "You'd better see to Bill,
He's hurt lots worse'n I am, an' I can wait until——"
Ah, yes, till the Great To-morrow shall shine from other skies;
Then God forgive the rookie as he turns about and dies!

The "Taps" is sounding shrilly that last, long, sweet good-night,
And the rookie, he is resting forever from the fight.
The flag floats free and lovely against the burning sun,
For the Conquest it is ended, and the hard, hard Battle's won.

When Uncle Sam Plays War

An Account of the Manœuvres of Camp Tacoma, American Lake

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS



THE United States from its foundation as an independent Government by our forefathers, has been fundamentally an institution of peace. In pursuance of this major principle, the weapons of offense and defense—that is to say, our standing army and navy—have been relatively small. Therefore, in times of war the stronger part of our armed forces, numerically speaking, has been composed of volunteers. After the long calm between the belligerent days of the Civil War and the hostilities with Spain, an occasional crusade against the Indians on the frontier and some instances of dispersing rioting mobs, was all the active service our army knew. Scattered about over vast stretches of country in little posts, the tendency was towards stagnation, and the public came to regard the army as an expensive luxury, unless, indeed, its protection were needed. It is just to say that this system of maintaining numerous military garrisons for small bodies of troops, who were shifted from one to the other in never-ending succession, was a great disadvantage to the forces themselves. There was little or no opportunity for any work other than mere routine and no practice whatever in field exercises and manœuvres.

Although the United States had grown from an infantile nation and passed through the formative period to an established place among the great Governments; although, by conquest and peaceable negotiation its borders had been extended from the terri-

tory of the original thirteen States to the Pacific shore, tradition taught that, in spite of the fact that we had taken upon ourselves new obligations which demanded protection, we must still eschew the danger of "the man on horse-back." The self-complacent, all-wise civilian, who can always tell how the thing should have been done and how it will be done, who directs the movements of armies in unknown lands and the destinies of States from his autocratic easy chair at home, sat back and explained with superior ignorance how he could turn a million men into the field in the twinkling of an eye if

Kinley, the most gentle and conservative of Presidents, gave the people their way.

And what was the result? Our small organized army, with its very restricted resources, the army that we had suppressed, if you please, as a parasitic luxury preying upon the peaceable tax-payer, was called upon to handle a big, hungry, ununiformed and untrained horde of troops, to be whipped into shape, fed, clothed and transported to Cuba or the Philippine Islands as the exigency of the situation demanded. Obviously the task was stupendous. From the merest nucleus, practicing the cut-and-dried rou-



20th Infantry marching in review.

necessary, and beat the combined armies of the civilized globe. What was the use, then, of maintaining an army and paying for its subsistence out of the public pocket?

Then came the war cloud from Cuba and its climax in the destruction of the Maine. Where were all the olive branches of peace and the protestations of brotherly love? A great, bloodthirsty nation clamored for revenge. The savage was alive again, crying down your little restrictions of conventionality and demanding atonement in blood. So universal was the impulse that William Mc-

tine of peace, the army had grown mushroom-wise, into a multitude, no longer to do garrison duty at isolated posts, but to try its strength and cunning against a foe that meant to kill and win.

We had the raw material, but the profession of arms, like any other calling, is not to be picked up during a few days of forced drill in improvised camps. Modern warfare is science, and it would be almost as practical to press green-horns into service as doctors or lawyers or mechanics as to take a miscellaneous crowd of undisciplined men to cope with the knowledge, experience and skill of a



Company G, Montana National Guard, in camp.

well equipped enemy. Yet such was our position in 1898, with war declared against effete and degenerate Spain, and complications of a far graver nature than the original quarrel ripening in the Philippine Islands, a country to most of us absolutely unknown. Every visitor at any one of the mustering camps will remember the incongruously pathetic, yet comic sight, of the rag-tag and bob-tail rookie, sweating and striving through the manual of arms. His heart was in the right place if his gun was not, and he was straining every nerve as he "hiked" like a long-legged kangaroo over the sand

howled dismally over the fever-stricken camps and "criminal neglect of officials."

Of course, the spirit of the American soldier took the raw volunteer through his technical difficulties, and with months of discipline and service he became proficient—or died. But the fact remained conspicuously clear that a great, unnecessary sacrifice of comfort, money, time and even life was made by the lack of trained reserved forces to supplement the work of our inadequate army.

The Government, seeing this, set about to devise means of establishing and disci-



Mount Tacoma, from Camp Tacoma.

lots, his coat tails flying in the sportive breeze, and his Chinese-make, plum-colored breeches displaying socks that were not regulation between his worn-out shoe and his knee. He was the newly-found hero whom sentimental, brass-button-struck girls fed pie and cake, and all the other deadly concoctions they could make or buy, and as a result of no previous physical training, and appetite quickened past digestive powers, the rookie generally found himself in the hospital on sick report, while the papers

plined such volunteer organizations. The serene days of cloudless calm were past. We found ourselves with Cuba, the Philippines, and, provisionally, Porto Rico, besides some smaller acquisitions, on our hands, and old theories had to give place to new practices. The simple conditions existing when the Declaration of Independence proclaimed us a baby nation in our Governmental swaddling clothes, were not those that confronted us in the complex maturity of the nineteenth century, when we had hybrid off-spring of our

own born of war, to take care of. Victory brings its penalties as well as its rewards.

Hitherto, each State had supported its militia or national guard, mostly for Fourth of July parade purposes, or to satisfy the military aspirations of very young gentlemen who liked the sound of a title and the look of a uniform. When the call to arms came in the late war, the dilettante trooper of street parades developed quickly enough into the patriotic man of arms, but he, too, by a sudden transition, passed from the parade ground to the battle field, and he knew little

and expect him to pass a college examination.

All this having been demonstrated, the Government, seeking a solution of the problem, went back to the precedent established by General Verdy du Vernois, of the Prussian army, who, in his famous tactical ride, took his staff on an expedition, supposedly through hostile country, and instructed them in the science of war, thereby laying the foundation of the manœuvres adopted by the German army. England, seeing the advantage of putting large forces into active operation, founded her Aldershot, which is not only a model



2d Cavalry Band preparing to leave camp for review.

more than the rest. He could go through the manual of arms, perhaps; he could keep step to the measure of "El Capitan;" if he were of the initiated, he could drill with his company creditably, or he might be able to turn out with the whole regiment, but all this is mere A. B. C.'s in actual warfare. He knew no more of the theories of attack, defense and retreat and of field tactics and strategy generally than a jack-rabbit. What opportunity did he ever have to learn? Assuredly none. As well take a kindergarten pupil

military training school, or camp of instruction, but also a well-supplied station where troops may be mobilized, equipped and sent out in time of war. Following in the footsteps of these older nations, still working independently and upon new lines, in 1902 our regular army assembled rather tentatively such regiments as could be spared at Fort Riley, Kansas, with Colonel Wagner as Chief Umpire. There, under his skilled guidance, the little force worked out by practical demonstration, such as sham battles, certain

prescribed problems of military science. The report of Colonel Wagner, who is since deceased, remains a classic in our military literature. In 1904 the operations were more extended in numbers of troops involved, and the first initiatory step having been taken, the real object—to get volunteer and regular organizations together and drill them not only in field exercises, but in their mutual relations as integral parts of an interdependent whole, was essayed. Still the result was not altogether satisfactory. In some in-

of maintaining the army, for seven camps of instruction, to be held at Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania; American Lake, Washington; Fort Riley, Kansas; Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; the State Manœuvre Camp near Austin, Texas; the Target and Manœuvre Reservation near Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, and Chickamauga Park, Georgia. This appropriation enabled the national guards of the respective States to participate in the manœuvres.

Camp Tacoma, on American Lake, the



A portion of the 2d Infantry, N. G. M., resting under cover, awaiting orders to move into position for sham battle, August 17, 1906.

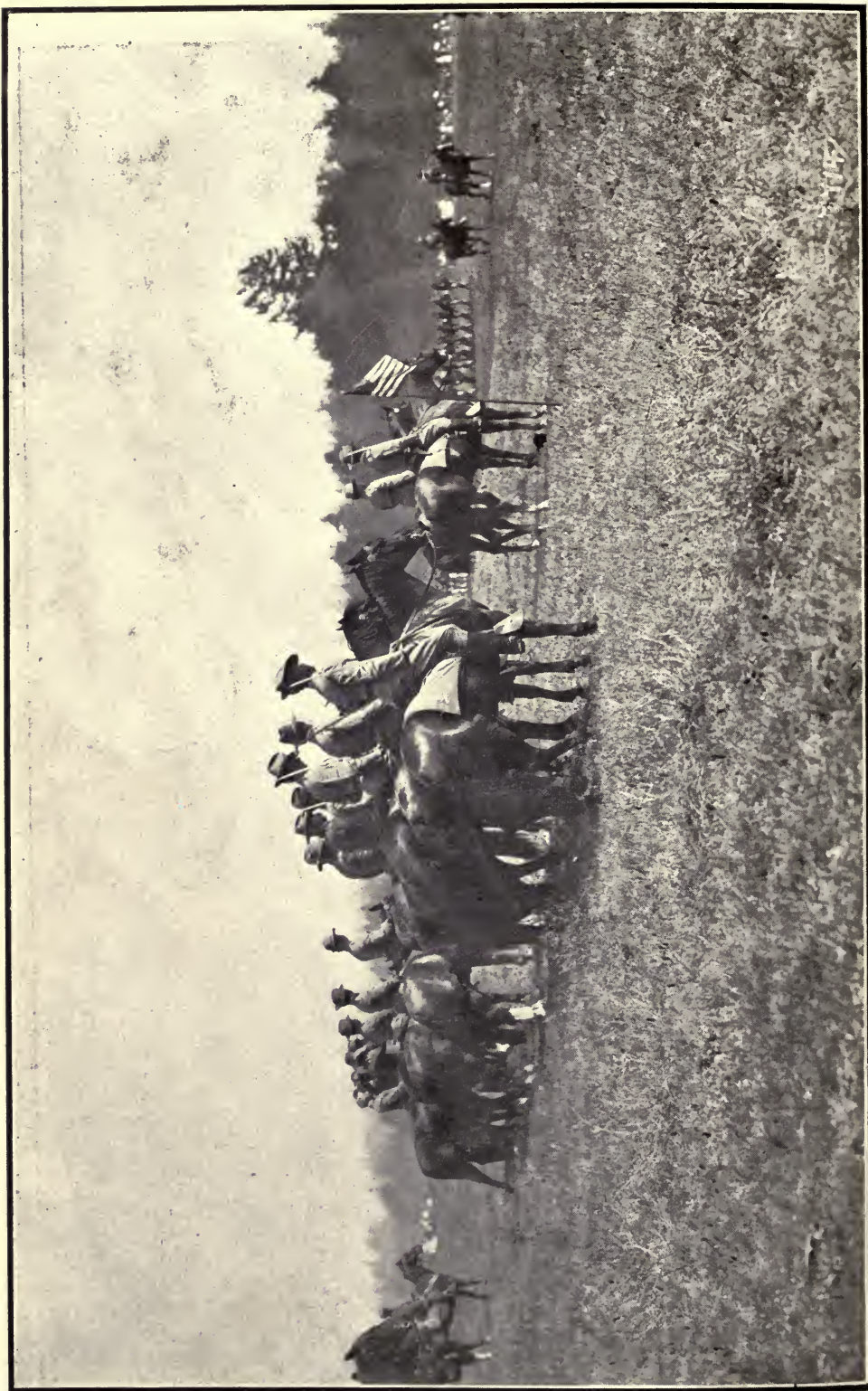
stances the intense heat at the camps made practical work in the field impossible, and at other points of assembly the real object of the encampment was made subordinate to social and spectacular features. The following year, 1905, but little was done, though there were many plans in contemplation for future operations. Finally, in 1906, by special act of Congress, \$700,000 was appropriated to be used over and above the usual expense

point of mobilization of the Pacific Division under command of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, has a particular interest because of the projected scheme to purchase it and hold it as a permanent manœuvre ground and point of assembly. In 1903, Major R. K. Evans was detailed to examine three different sites, one situated near Spokane, Washington, one at the Yakama Indian Reservation and one along the shores of Ameri-



7655

Field artillery on the trot



General Funston and staff reviewing troops.

can Lake. Major Evans reported in favor of the last-named place, and in 1904 the first field exercises were held there with Major Evans as Chief Umpire, the Government having leased the tract of land for a term of years. The country proved to be admirably adapted to such military operations, situated as it is upon the shores of a large body of fresh water and being of an easy, rolling contour. The lake is fringed with fir and pine woods of considerable density for about half a mile in depth, after which the timber thins out into isolated clumps scattered over the undulating prairie. The climate, during the summer months, is sufficiently cool to permit of active drill, long marches and all the field exercises approved by the commanding officers, without fear of heat prostration or undue hardship. The lake, fed by springs, has no outlet, and its waters are pure enough for drinking and bathing, thus furthering sanitary conditions. It is about three miles from Steilacoon, the nearest point on Puget Sound, and approximately ten miles over a good road from Tacoma, so if the Government should purchase the ground along its shores as a permanent camp of instruction, point of mobilization and supply depot, troops could be easily transported by water to any point on the Western coast or the Orient. The district seems ideally fitted by nature for the requirements of an army, and it is of little value for agricultural pursuits, the soil being poor, and under present conditions the system of irrigation inadequate.

On the eleventh day of August, the official existence of Camp Tacoma began, though for some time previous the regular regiments had been assembling, the officers in command reconnoitering the ground and preparing problems to be worked out by the two opposing armies—the Blues and the Browns. Two camps were established, Camp Tacoma proper, containing Division Headquarters, extending from the immediate vicinity of the Tacoma Country Club to the station of Murray, a distance of about two miles, and Camp Tacoma, No. 2, being situated at historic Nisqually and Huggins' Crossing, about seven miles further along the lake shore. The full list of troops assembled in the two camps composed the



2d Cavalry on the trot. Review.

following: The 7th, 14th, 20th regiments of Infantry, two battalions of the 22d Infantry, the 2d Cavalry, headquarters and six troops; the 14th Cavalry, headquarters and six troops; the 1st, 9th, 24th, 17th and 18th batteries of Field Artillery, the last two being mountain batteries; the 1st battalion of Engineers, two companies C and D; Company H of the Signal Corps; Company B of the Hospital Corps; and the 2d Infantry, National Guard of Montana; the 3d Infantry, National Guard of Oregon; the 2d Infantry, National Guard of Washington; a company of the Signal corps

to devote to field exercises, the work beginning Monday, the 13th of August, was the most important of the encampment. The first day's exercises comprised regimental drill for infantry and cavalry, and such special exercises for engineers, field artillery, hospital corps and signal corps as their respective commanders choose to designate. The programme for the second day, following logically upon that of the initiatory proceedings included brigade formations and exercises. These exercises consisted of a twelve mile "hike" presumably through the enemy's country. The return to camp was made "as if a



Lined up for camp.

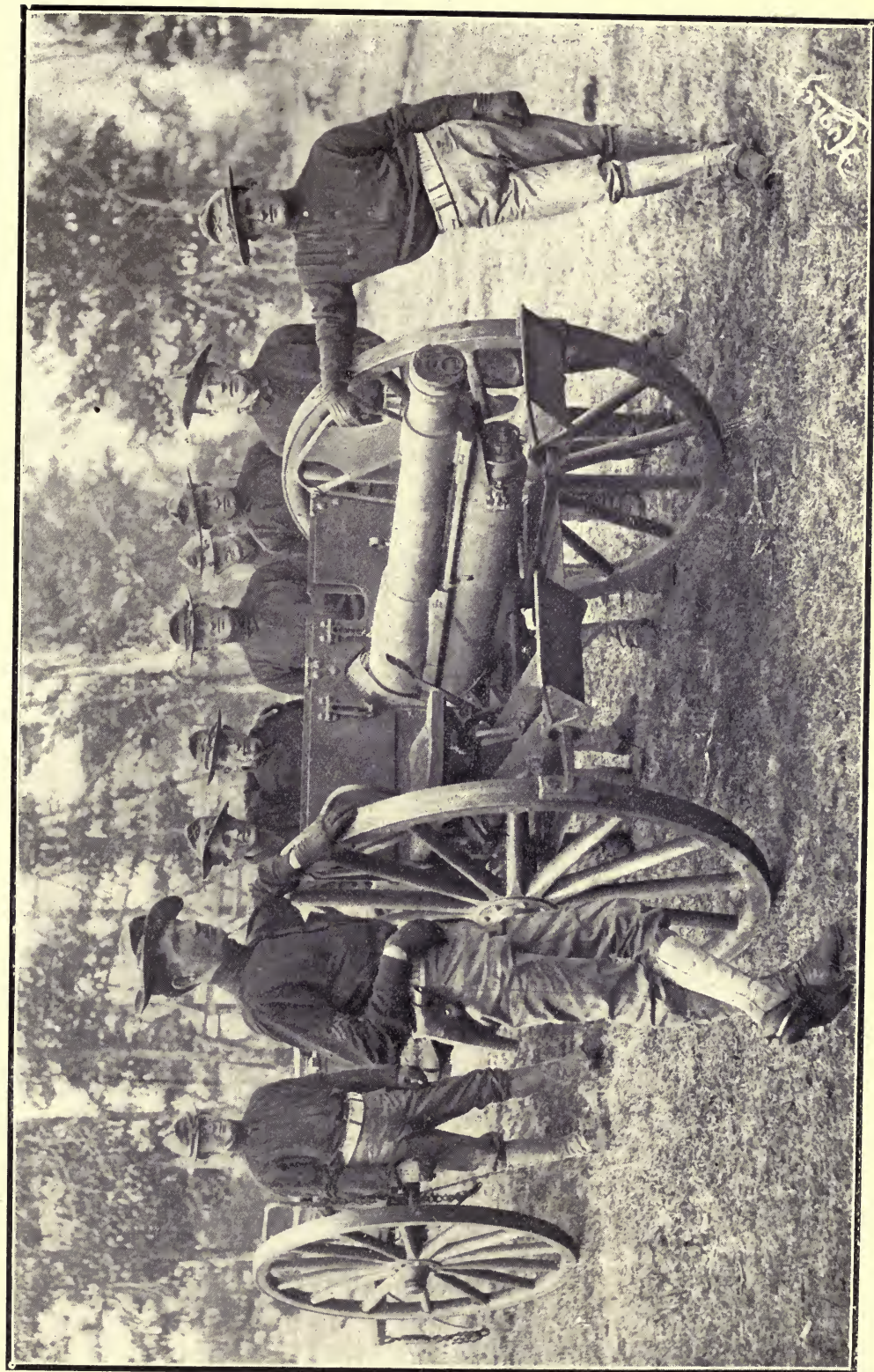
and one troop of cavalry belonging to the National Guard of the last-named State; and the 2d Infantry, National Guard of Idaho. These troops formed a total of about 8,000 men.

Owing to limited funds, the State organizations were in the field for only ten days, except in the case of the Oregon Guard, which was there a few days longer. This brief stay of the militia is to be regretted, since it takes ten days to establish a camp and perfect routine work. The regulars, on the other hand, are to remain until the first of October. For the reason that the militia had so short a period

rear guard of a large force was in retreat." Wednesday, the 15th, was devoted to the instruction of officers in manœuvres, in preparation for the elaborate sham battle between the Blue and Brown forces held on the 16th and 17th.

Thursday, the two armies, each in ignorance of the orders received by the other, started out for their respective destinations, and bivouacked for that night at points unknown to each other. Perhaps no better idea of the scheme followed can be given than by quoting from the General Orders:

"1. The first (blue) brigade will form



One of the guns of the regular artillery.

in time to march to a point near Muck Creek, south of Alexander's place, and establish bivouac there by 5 p. m. It will establish outposts to guard against attack from the north during the night.

2. The second (brown) brigade will form in time to march to a point near Steilacoom, the exact location to be designated later, and establish bivouac by 5 p. m. It will establish outposts to guard against attack from the south during the night.

3. The march on Thursday of both brigades will be as in a friendly territory, but advance guards and flanking de-

been occupying Olympia making preparations for an offensive move on the brown base at Tacoma.

"1. There will be no scouting during the night of August 16th and 17th, and in advancing on the morning of the 17th, both forces will act as if in the near presence of the enemy in time of war. Small detachments will not be sent far from the main body, except for observation purposes, in which case they should not open fire, but endeavor to return with the desired information without firing.

"2. The distance between the various parts of the command will be observed as



This picture represents a spot that is typical of the nature of the "open" country in which the manoeuvres were carried on.

tachments will be thrown out for instruction purposes. Fences taken down will be repaired after the command has passed through. The main columns will march on the roads.

"Friday, August 17th.

"General Situation.

"A large force of browns is defending Tacoma as a base, and has constructed more or less elaborate entrenchments south of that city, with outposts near American Lake. A large blue force has

prescribed, as nearly as circumstances will permit.

"3. The Chief Umpire will have recall sounded at such time as he may consider that the movement has been completed, after which the brigades will be returned to their camps and dismissed."

The brown army having received fictitious information that the blues had been seen at a given point, proceeded in that direction, and coming upon the enemy unexpectedly at another quarter, a lively fusillade followed, in which infantry, cav-



The lake shore, showing the wooded country.

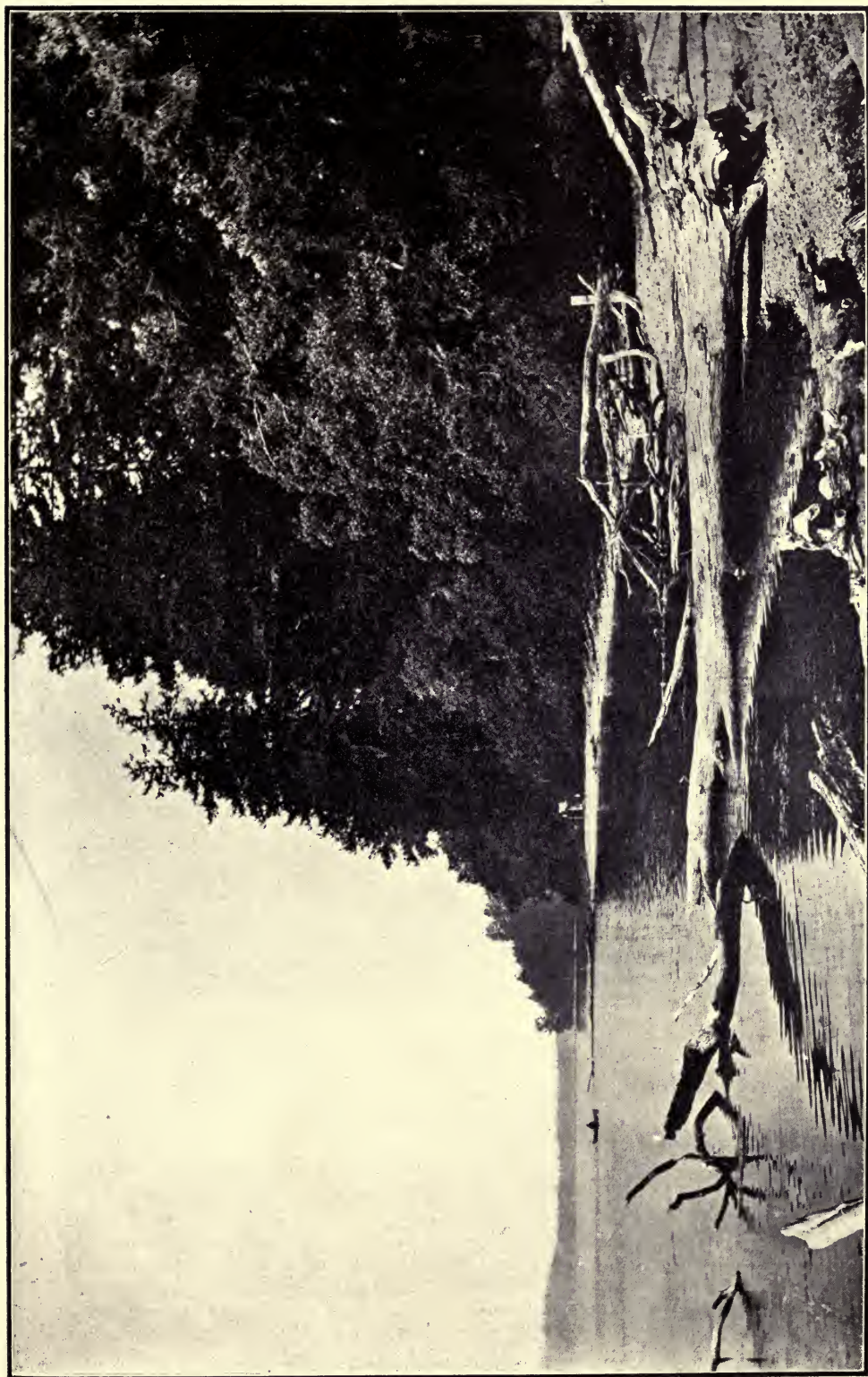
alry and artillery were engaged. The contest was declared a draw by the Chief Umpire, recall was sounded, and the two armies returned to camp before five o'clock on the evening of the 17th. This mock campaign was not without its amusing incidents. An outpost of browns halted a commissary wagon driven by an unhappy detail of blues, who, having been put through the usual form of halting and questioning, disclosed the fact that the wagon contained various and sundry pies, cakes and other toothsome delicacies destined for some Colonel, but dear to the heart and stomach of "Billy Khaki"—the American soldier boy. Obviously, these things were legitimate spoils of war, so the browns arrested the protesting blues, consumed the dainty morsels, and made their prisoners "hike" all the following day.

Saturday was devoted to the instruction of officers and the campaign just closed was discussed.

On Sunday came the spectacular climax of the entire week's programme, in the form of a review of the troops by General Funston. A large, open field adjoining the Country Club grounds was chosen for this occasion, and the General and his staff took their position upon a slight prominence commanding a view of the broad sweep of gently sloping prairie. At an early hour, trumpets sounded assembly, and through the two camps ran the bustle of preparation. Companies were falling in, bands playing, regiments forming, and the inspiring rumble of artillery, mingled with the tramping of measured foot-beats and the neighing of cavalry horses. The review was for the people. This was their picnic and holiday. The actual manoeuvres had been impossible for an outsider to follow, scattered as the armies were over miles of territory; their movements and their whereabouts were known only to themselves. But this was a different matter. At a most auspicious time and place the whole glittering array would pass, a splendid column, and the public could and would be there to see what these men of Uncle Sam could do. From the neighboring cities, towns and country they flocked, a motley crowd, carrying kodaks, lunch boxes and babies, and long before noon there was a solid, multi-colored wall

of humanity extending along the guard lines and pressing eagerly down to the limiting posts of the manoeuvre field. The General and his staff took their places; battery after battery, troop after troop, regiment after regiment marched upon the field and took appropriate formation so far across the open country that the scintillating lines seemed more like a long, compact whole, than a mass of individuals. There was an interval of waiting. The sun beat down hot from a clear sky, and as an occasional aide galloped past, heavy clouds of dust hung in the still air.

The crowd was shifting, stirring, a huge composite, spoiled child, tired of waiting for the show. At last there was a movement among the serried ranks; a column was advancing; the notes of a band came clearer and louder; the line grew more distinct, until one could distinguish the perfect time of the thousand feet, the swinging rise and fall of the thousand haversacks as if some huge shuttle were in motion, and the glint of sunshine on the thousand guns. On they came, past the reviewing officer, the band falling out to take position facing the General and his staff. Then "double time, march," rang the command, and from the cadence of quick time each passing company of infantry fell into that peculiar trot without a falter or a break. The crowd forgot that it was tired; forgot the dust and the heat, and stared open eyed at the perfect ranks, passing with the fine precision of a mighty, complex machine. Another regiment followed, another and yet another, the State troops and the regulars scarcely distinguishable in point of excellence. Then the field artillery passed in column of batteries, the long, even lines wheel to wheel, muzzle to muzzle; the steady "men behind the guns" looking grimly fit for their posts. The command was given, and they were off on the trot. The cavalry advanced on the walk, the mounted bands playing martial music; then once more the command, and lo! with never a waver nor break nor a hoof-thud out of time, the squadrons trotted past! There was a surging wave of enthusiasm, and cheers welled up involuntarily from the spectators, the primitive, inarticulate shout of pride—just pride that made one feel



On the shores of American Lake.

it was good to be an American under the shadow of the fair, free-floating flag. And the soldier—God bless him—he was a worthy guardian of “that star-spangled banner” and the “land of the free and the home of the brave.” The vast, unbroken column had passed. There was a restless shifting, a movement of indecision and uncertainty as the people hesitated whether to go or stay in the doubt if all were over. Then off in the distance, against the dark border of pines fringing the field, the dust rose into a thick, rolling, dun-colored canopy, baffling the sight of straining eyes and quickening curiosity, as eager, listening ears caught the

away and the scattering crowd looked upon the empty field where that magnificent pageant had passed but a moment before, strange, impressive thoughts of the grandeur and strength of our army awed even the most frivolous observer. If this were merely play, what, then, was the reality?

The one thing demonstrated was that the crude militia of yesterday, with even the little training it had received, was a creditable force fit to be called upon for the gravest responsibilities of war should its services be needed by our country. It is to be hoped and desired that the United States will maintain permanently these



The Country Club, which was the social center of the camp.

jangle and rattle of steel, the regular hammering of hoofs, and in another moment the artillery, then the cavalry, trotted by. Once more the column circled the field, approaching on the gallop. One thought of “Die Valkyrie” on the wings of the wind, and all the sanguinely splendid action of an army plunging headlong into the fray. On, on, on they charged, a mighty defender, an awful foe. The ground shook with the hurrying column, the air rang with a wild shout, then an echo and a blurr of dust, and it was gone. And as the heavy cloud rolled

seven camps of instruction, or others similar in size and number, abolishing the numerous petty posts which served their purpose nobly in the days of Indian warfare, but as the conditions which made them necessary are forever past and there is larger work to do, so should there be provided proper places for extended operations by regiments, brigades and divisions. It is to be furthermore urged that in the future a larger appropriation be allowed by Congress in order that the State troops, who are avowedly most in need of such training, may have a longer

time in the field in which to perfect themselves in the practice of arms. Henceforth these national guards are to be taken seriously, as a dignified reserve force, which, although pursuing other everyday occupations, are ready to assemble at a crisis and bear the brunt of the fight with intelligence and credit equally with the regular army.

The encampment at American Lake was satisfactory in all respects. A General of ability and tact, surrounded by a competent and courteous staff, extended

encouragement and aid to regular and volunteer alike. The earnestness of the men themselves made possible a term of actual military practice profitable to all concerned, not only in warfare, but in the broader lessons of fraternity and friendly co-operation. So there was only regret coupled with the desire to work together again, a common force with common interests and a common end in view, when the volunteers leaving only pleasant memories, "folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away.



Autumn Storm-Sky

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

A wall of purple cloud across the South,
Embrasured like the Great Gibraltar's face,
With giant guns upon the battlements
Firm-fronted to the mutt'ring North wind's ire—
Compact, immovable, commanding, stern.
High in the distant West, fleet after fleet
Of battleships all decked and turreted
Come floating down in orderly array—
The cloud-craft of the war roused hurricane.
Far in the East, where foothills, ridge on ridge,
Stand guard before a gateway to the South,
A panoramic battle scene is spread—
Puffs of white cloud, like field artill'ry's smoke,
Rise up and drift away, and rise again
From moving batteries far up the slopes.
Low down on the horizon's line, a strip
Of sky bright as a silv'ry stream, divides
The earth from warring clouds—in outline there
Dark-winged and lone, like some grave herald of
Defeat's import, a bird flies slowly on.
But, hark! from out the frowning North there comes
A thunder-shock—the stinging lightning's flash—
A sweep and shower of hail like bullets fall—
Torrents of autumn rain chill all the land;
Gray grows the sky—fade fleet and fort and fray.

What the Governor has to Say



Albert E. Mead, Governor of Washington.

You ask my opinion as to the advantages of the joint manœuvre camp or camp of instruction such as that held this year at American Lake, where the soldiers of the regular army and the organized militia of the States are consolidated for field exercises on a large scale. I am thoroughly convinced of the great advantages accruing both to State and nation from camps of this sort, provided that they are conducted properly and the instruction given is of a high class. Since

under the military system of the United States the greater fighting force of the nation in time of war is made up of volunteers, and since the regular army is the nucleus about which the war establishment of the nation is built, it is but fitting and reasonable to unite the militia—the foundation of the volunteer army—and the regular army for instruction purposes in time of peace. This joint instruction promotes a better feeling between the two arms; it gives the militiamen and the regulars equally higher respect for, and greater knowledge of, the other, and in a camp such as that of this year at American Lake, it teaches those lessons so vitally needed by an army and so woefully unlearned prior to our wars. To put it briefly, such camps as these held in time of peace teach our fighting forces those things regarding camps and movements of troops that will prevent such enormous loss of life from disease as characterized our mobilizations in the war of 1812, in the Mexican war, in the Civil war, and in the war with Spain. The practical and professional instruction given at these camps cannot fail to be of immense value to both rank and file.

To my mind, the American Lake site is an ideal one for the purpose of these joint camps of instruction, and I know I am far from being alone in this view. I trust sincerely that the Federal Government will acquire the site and hold there annually camps of instruction and joint manœuvres, and also build up a large permanent camp.

ALBERT E. MEAD,
Governor of Washington.

Montana

By Margaret Ashmun

No longer ruled by passion crude and rash,
She lies at peace through all her loyal length
Like some fierce creature tamed by love and lash,
Subdued at last, but joying in its strength.



EAST



NORTH



OAKLAND

VIEWED FROM
TOP OF THE
UNION SAVINGS
BANK BUILDING



WEST



SOUTH

GREATER OAKLAND

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

WITH every day that passes, it becomes evident that while the fire destroyed San Francisco's business section, and practically brought everything to a stand-still for a time, the earthquake did very little damage in comparison. It is evident that earthquakes are not as serious as they are thought. The actual damage done is easily discernible, now that the fire debris is being removed, and this damage may be traced to several distinct causes. Land, in certain sections of San Francisco, fell away. This was, in every instance, made land. The sinking occurred over fills made over swamps or over streams, where no provision had been made to carry away the subterranean flow of water. Some of the larger buildings in San Francisco caved in. This was due to frauds, faulty building in municipal contracting. The same cause contributed to the destruction of a single church tower in Oakland, and to the demolition of the buildings at Palo Alto.

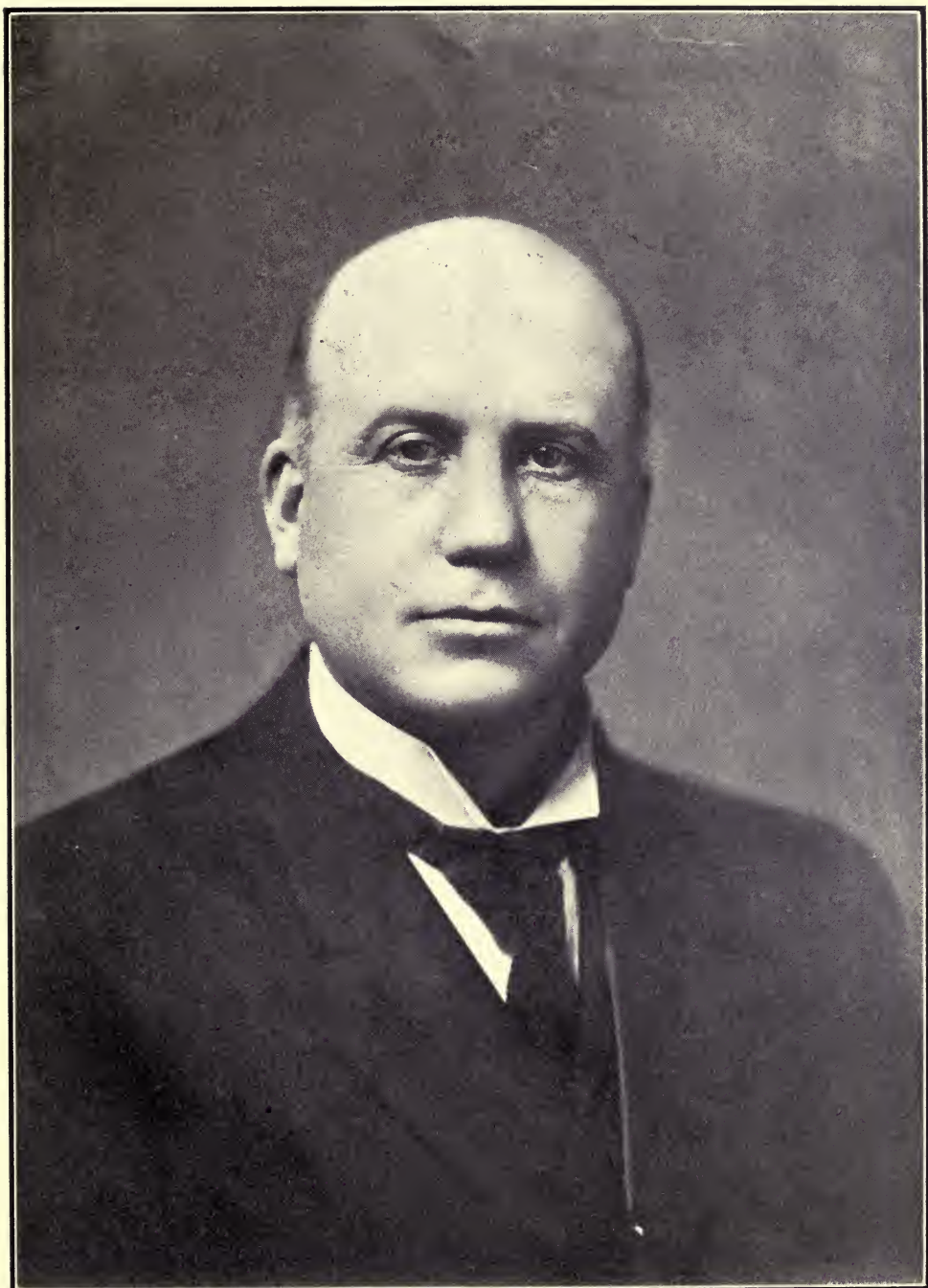
The great State of California is still the wealthiest in the Union. It still has the same climatic advantages, its agriculture is just as diversified, its mining has gone right on as if earthquakes had never happened; there is more commerce and more manufacturing than ever before. The chances for fortune-making are more abundant because the fire created larger opportunities for all. Young men are coming to the front by the hundreds. These young men are the builders of empire.

The knowledge has come to us all, by a succession of recent events, that earthquakes are not particularly Californian. Following close on the heels of the shake-up in San Francisco and along the peninsula, there came successive earthquakes in Maine, in Michigan and in Arizona and New Mexico, Manila, Japan, Italy and Germany, and so it is evident that all earthquakes are not Californian, and it also follows that while confidence in the stability of Californian underpinning was slightly shaken it was not permanently disturbed.

Some time ago, in October, 1903, the Overland Monthly published an article in which the prediction was made that Oakland would some day become "A Great Metropolis." In making the prediction, the writer of the article stated that it was only a question of time when Oakland would enjoy an immense wholesale trade,

be a manufacturing center, and become a great distributing point for the business interests of California, and from the entire nation to the Orient. It was supposed that this would be accomplished through a keen, though good-natured, competition with San Francisco. It was not supposed that a great fire would drive thousands of the citizens of San Francisco to seek the hospitality of Oakland. It was not supposed at that time that the fire would send a great many of the factory buildings to Oakland to remain permanently. Oakland, through the fire, claims an accession of a hundred thousand citizens, and Oakland is now a great metropolis. It is the purpose of the "Greater Oakland Edition" of the Overland Monthly to show the world what Oakland has done since October, 1903, and what is the purpose of its strong men for the next few years. This edition will show that Oakland is not pent in as to territory or opportunity, and that while San Francisco will undoubtedly arise from its ashes "A City Beautiful," a great commercial entrepot, with a splendid maritime and land commerce, that Oakland is destined to become one of the largest, if not the largest, of all the Pacific Coast cities, in truth "A Great Metropolis," and thus make good the prediction of this magazine.

The fire drove many away from San Francisco to permanent establishment on the Oakland side, but it is a strange fact that the great upheaval in the city by the Golden Gate has already taken on the appearance of a blessing in disguise. New men and new blood are appearing to take the place of old men and old methods, and while this is true of San Francisco, in its wonderful re-birth, it is also true of Oakland, for everywhere you may see new names and new faces, new firms and energetic methods. It seems as if thousands of people were finding their way to the city of Oakland to take advantage of the regeneration that is going on in California, not only as a commercial and a social change, not only in a political and ethical sense, but in all directions that make for great improvement and prosperity and larger opportunity, and nowhere in all California is the opportunity so open, so manifest, and the prosperity so easily grasped as in Oakland, the greater Oakland of to-day and to-morrow.



Frank Mott, Mayor of Oakland.

Scharz, Photo.



San Pablo Avenue, looking north from 14th Street.

Oakland as a Municipality

By Frank K. Mott, Mayor City of Oakland.

FIFTY years ago, the straggling hamlets nestling among the magnificent oaks that adorn the slopes from the Contra Costa hills to the bay marked the site upon which has grown a magnificent municipality—the city of Oakland. Favored by nature as few cities are favored, with a superb outlook upon the gateway to the Orient, the portals of which open directly in front of this splendid city, Oakland stands to-day undisputed in her right to claim first rank among the important municipalities of the Pacific Coast.

Half a century and more has passed since the pioneers wended their way to the beautiful groves along the eastern bay shore, and there began the building of a great city. For many years the early Spanish settlers hereabouts had found an outlet along the San Antonio for their product. Remains of the old embarcadero still stand in East Oakland, while survivors of those days before and during the gold times, still recount the stories of the Peraltas and the other Spanish dons who counted their cattle by thousands and their land by leagues.

With a population of not less than 200,000, with an endowment of natural advantages unsurpassed, with a public school system unequaled, with facilities for commerce and manufactures, not better on the Coast, with climate as perfect as California climate can be, with business, social, religious and fraternal activities highly developed, these are some of the advantages which Oakland offers in its invitation to the world to come and be one with us.

Oakland possesses as one of her natural heritages, a magnificent water park, Lake Merritt, in the very heart of the city. Work is progressing rapidly toward the improvement and adornment of this beautiful sheet of water by the construction of boulevards along its shores, and the parking of large tracts adjoining it on the south and north. No city in America, and I doubt if there be one the world over, which

offers such an outlook as this superb water park does for beauty of setting.

Oakland also possesses one of the best street railway systems in the United States, and it is being constantly improved. Two trans-continental railways find their terminus in Oakland, the Southern Pacific Company and the Santa Fe. A third, the Western Pacific (the Gould system) has rails now laid in this city, and its trains will be in operation within two or three years. And it is far from unlikely that James J. Hill, the wizard of the Northwest, will also find an entrance here for his projected road to San Francisco Bay.

Oakland's banks, stable and strong, hold the splendid record of never a failure in their long, honorable careers.

Factories and warehouses, springing up as if by magic, are lining the harbor front. Four great ferry systems, three of the Southern Pacific, the fourth the Key Route, supply excellent trans-bay service.

On the social side, we find the city one of the musical centers of the Coast. We find clubs and many other organizations devoted to the higher affairs of life. We find the churches of every denomination large and powerful factors for good in the community. We find a superior class of population, what might be termed a picked population, drawn to the city by the many attractions it offers, not only to the home seeker, but the investor, the merchant, the manufacturer, the artisan and the professional man. Well ordered in its civic life, well sustained in its attitude toward all that makes for the comfort and best interests of its citizens, I do not hesitate to place the city of Oakland among the best communities of the country.

The city is progressive; it is forging ahead at a remarkable rate; it is fostering public improvements and is giving attention to the needs of a rapidly developing municipality intelligently and broadly.

The city has two organizations of business men, the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Exchange, both of which, in their respective spheres, are actively and enthusiastically concerned in the welfare of the community.

Public work has taken on a new aspect, and private enterprise is forcing improvements at a rapid rate. Not only is the city taking on a new aspect, but there is a quickening of spirit throughout which makes for future develop-

ment as at no time in the city's history. Evidence of this is at every hand. Modern methods of dealing with such items as the improvement of public streets, the "undergrounding" of overhead wires, the construction of public buildings, the handling of public affairs in general, are being employed. In short, a city in fact as well as in name, is springing forth to give evidence irrefutable of the character of those who are proud to say they are citizens of the city of Oakland.

Oakland as a Railroad Center

E. P. Vandercook.

UNTIL very recent years the city of Oakland has been known only as a place of residence. It has been known and ridiculed as the bed-chamber of San Francisco. It has been said that Oakland was vaccinated for a city, but did not take, and all this, in the face of the fact that geographically considered Oakland may be considered the Queen City of the Pacific Coast. Situate on a gently rising plateau, reaching from the bay to the mountains, its natural beauty enhanced by every variety of landscape and natural coloring; blessed with the most perfect climate of California, is it at all strange that old Oakland was content to be a city of homes? Covering a territory sufficient for a population beyond the million mark, with an acre of ground instead of a twenty-five foot lot for nearly every inhabitant; a place where people loved rest and sunshine and flowers more than the hum of factories, or the screech of locomotives, or the creaking of trucks, is it strange that Oakland was so slow to realize its importance as a commercial center and as a railroad terminal? Was it strange that the first railroad to pass through Oakland took advantage of its great opportunities and attempted quickly to reach for everything in sight? Could the promoters be blamed for their foresight or criticised for their desire to control the great possibilities on the eastern side of the bay? A community

half asleep made this situation easy for the invaders, and for many years it was generally understood that there was no room for more than one railroad in Oakland or on the east side of the bay. It was also industriously circulated that this community was inimical to railroads, as well as to all large industrial or quasi public corporations. In spite of the assertion "it could never be done," the Santa Fe Railroad gained an entrance without fuss, and cheaply, to the northern part of the city. Later the Western Pacific Railway (the greatest boom to the Pacific Coast that has happened since the days when the Central Pacific Railroad was built across the Sierras by its wise and sturdy founders), after a careful investigation of all the inducements offered for terminal sites on the Bay of San Francisco, selected this city as its terminal. That the Southern Pacific Company, with its millions invested on the east shore, is very much alive, and has been reluctant to divide the plum, is entirely natural. It is not to be supposed that these giant railroad corporations have overlooked a single feature of the natural strategic position of the city of Oakland. With a water front upon the great Bay of San Francisco sufficient in magnitude to provide for the commerce of the Pacific; with a perfectly landlocked harbor, reaching into the very heart of the community on the eastern shores of the



Broadway, looking north from 13th Street.

Bay with hundreds of acres of land available along the water front for factory sites, for warehouses and for general commerce, it is only reasonable that Oakland should occupy a most prominent position among the cities of the Pacific Coast as a railroad terminal. It is not necessary that Oakland's growth should be dependent upon the grand old city of San

of new railroads, has been entirely disproven.

The great success of the splendid local system, known as the Key Route, in establishing its terminal on the most valuable western water front of Oakland and in building its line and feeders into the very heart of the city, shows how easy is the approach.

Three overland roads, practically holding



Looking west from Broadway.

Francisco, nor is it true that Oakland's growth is at the expense of San Francisco. On the other hand, it has been the stranger who was the first to notice and appreciate the importance of the city of Oakland as a commercial factor. It is true, we claim, that the Greater San Francisco means the Greater Oakland, and the Greater Oakland means the Greater San Francisco. There is absolutely no cause for conflict of business interests between the two cities. It is not the fault of Oakland if it can afford cheaper manufacturing sites, if it can bring ship and rail together along its entire front and harbor any more than it is the fault of San Francisco, on account of its eminent location, at the head of a great peninsula and bordering upon the Golden Gate, that it should ever grow in size and importance. The fallacy which was industriously circulated throughout all Eastern centers to the effect that a Chinese wall existed around Oakland, to the detriment

their terminals in Oakland, should mean three more, and if Oakland does not too modestly shrink from proclaiming and announcing its great resources to the world, there is no reason why this side of San Francisco bay should not be a zealously sought terminal for many railroads. It has been satisfactorily established that shipping of all kinds can be done as economically here as any port on the Pacific Coast. It has been also well established that where ship and rail can meet, the greatest economies result in the handling of produce or of manufactured articles of every description, and this is the great claim which Oakland can justly make.

By ordinance of the City Council of the city of Oakland, any railroad company is granted the right to pass along the water front along the west side and along the south side of the city limits, consequently there can be no shut out possible.

Oakland Chamber of Commerce

Edwin Stearns, Secretary Oakland Chamber of Commerce.

THE Chamber of Commerce stands for the best interests of Oakland and Alameda County. It is broad in its principles, conservative and progressive. It is the disseminator of facts; hence its conservatism. Its every statement must be backed up by reality, otherwise its work is open to criticism and its value as a medium through which the people of the city and county speak to the outside world cannot prove of value. It is not the tool of any faction or class, but represents all factions and all classes for the uplifting of the county and bringing into it a desirable class of inhabitants, manufacturers, and all lines of business or professions that go to make up a big population. The work of the

Chamber of Commerce is as the endless chain, or as some of the vaudeville shows are pleased to advertise, "a continuous performance." New literature is sent broadcast at all seasons of the year, and results in some instances are not attained for several years. It requires in some instances many and forceful arguments to induce parties in some sections of the country where the heat of summer is so oppressive and the cold of winter so unbearable, to give up the ties that surround them, and come to a new country where the seasons differ so greatly from what they have been accustomed to, but it is the duty of the Chamber of Commerce, after once ascertaining that the party is interested in the section, to keep after him.

It is necessary to answer personally his letter of inquiry and send several kinds of literature, never forgetting to say to the writer that if the literature does not contain all the information upon any subject he may desire that a simple request will furnish the requisite information. It is a follow-up proposition. In case the first lot of literature does not bring any request, the next month, when a new lot comes from the printer, something additional is mailed. If the original writer has lost his interest or has decided to go elsewhere, or even to remain where he is, the literature is not lost. It still has an advertising value, for it may lie on the desk or table of the first party, and be seen by some friend, taken, read and the second party become interested in Oakland or Alameda County. Just as a magazine is read by each member of the family and then is "borrowed" by a friend of the family, and thus another entirely new set of readers absorbs its contents, so does the literature sent out by a Chamber of Commerce reach untold hands. When in the course of a twelve-month, upwards of four hundred thousand pieces of literature are mailed, calling attention to the advantages of a city or county, it is not optimistic to say that close to a million people read that literature, and become at least slightly acquainted with Alameda County and Oakland and their products, manufactures and possibilities. Even if but a score of those readers are sufficiently interested to write for additional information, and subsequently become residents of the city or county, every merchant and professional man in the county is benefited. There are all kinds of merchandise to be purchased, the home to be furnished, food for the members of the family, shoes and clothing for all, and it is not to be supposed that a year passes but what the services of the doctor and lawyer are needed. In the first

Commerce, thence by replies to letters received, resulting in the parties coming to Oakland and talking with the officers of the Chamber of Commerce, and finally with the erection of the factory, often after local capitalists have taken stock in the enterprise, and thus given it added impetus and a stronger local interest.

The Chamber of Commerce is but the reflection of the interest manifested by the citizens of a community in the community itself. It mirrors the civic pride and progressiveness of the community—ask the secretary of any Chamber of Commerce the number of members in that Chamber; then ask the population of the city or county, and as a thermometer registers truthfully the climatic conditions, just as truthfully will the membership in a Chamber of Commerce measure the civic pride and interest of her citizens in that section. In Oakland, with a population at the present time of two hundred thousand people, the membership is, in round figures, about one thousand, with additional members being elected at each meeting of the Board of Directors. But then the population has almost doubled in the past year, and so busy have the officers of the Chamber been in locating new-comers, manufactories and merchants that but little time has been left in which to make any attempt at securing new subscribers.

The permanent exhibit of the products of the county maintained in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce is to the stranger an index of what can be accomplished and of the climatic conditions existing. When a stranger sees with his own eyes, without traveling through the entire county to learn of its products, what is the result of tilling the soil, he can and oft-times does make up his mind that he does not care to look farther for a place in which to locate with his family. He enthuses over the agricultural products, marvels at the



Oakland Chamber of Commerce.

place, there is the home to be purchased or rented, and insurance placed thereon; thus every new family is of benefit to every line of business.

Not only residents are sought, but manufacturers, and that so very many new manufactories have located in Oakland and surrounding cities can be in many instances traced to the literature first sent out by the Chamber of

Commerce, and starts out with a firm determination to add to that exhibit the next season at least one or two samples of his prowess, that will eclipse those on exhibition. To a stranger, when he sees in the local Chamber of Commerce the very exhibit which, in competition with every county in the State, took the first prize and gold medal at the State Fair, as did Alameda County, this year, he



A corner in exhibition room Oakland Chamber of Commerce.

needs look no further for a location in which to settle. The exhibit should also contain samples of all the manufactured products of the county, as well as the agricultural, and thus a visit to the rooms be but the reflection of the possibilities and advantages of that county. With a first-class exhibit to back up his statements, the time of the secretary in convincing a new-comer that this is the section in which to locate is very materially lessened. The exhibit talks for itself, and saves the secretary anywhere from half an hour to an hour's talk with each new-comer or prospective settler. There is a duty every citizen owes to the local Chamber of Commerce, in addition to being a member thereof, and thus assisting in publishing and disseminating the literature to attract additional citizens, and that is, at all times when a stranger is visiting him, take him to the Chamber of Commerce, introduce him to the secretary, and ask questions concerning the productiveness and manufacturing importance of the section. There is not a man or woman in the entire community who cannot in some manner aid in the great work, and thus by interesting themselves in their own county and city, assist in interesting strangers. Hundreds of thousands of people in the Eastern States are to-day actually hungry for reliable information concerning California, and the best portion of the State in which to locate for their respective lines of trade, or peculiar fitness for certain lines, and if the specific conditions do not exist in one locality, the Chamber of Commerce or its representative should truthfully so state and refer the party to the one portion of the State that will prove satisfactory, for it is far better to have one satisfied family locate in any community and thus advertise to their Eastern friends that fact, than to have a score of unsatisfied individuals or families tinging their letters to the East with the stroke of the hammer. In brief, the Chamber of Commerce should be the Mecca sought by all new-comers for reliable information, and then, and then alone, is the work of the Chamber what it should be, a reflection of the conditions which prevail.

Every matter of importance to the city or

county, in which all classes are interested should, and generally does have its inception in the Chamber of Commerce. There is the one place in which meetings of citizens are held to discuss matters for the common welfare of the locality. There the committees are appointed to do things, and see that things are done pro bono publico. Take, for instance, the late fire in San Francisco; it was at the Oakland Chamber of Commerce on April 19th that a meeting of citizens was called, and the Oakland Relief Committee formed. Through the efforts of this committee, over one hundred thousand refugees were sheltered and fed three days after the fire. Here it was that for months the usual work of the Chamber was substituted by the greater work of humanity. Here were the addresses of over three thousand business houses and professional men registered, that their former customers might find them. This list also proved of inestimable benefit in furnishing the Postmaster-General with these three thousand and over additional places of business, resulting in the additional force of the Oakland Post-office of over thirty additional men. The Oakland Chamber of Commerce was the prime factor in securing through our representatives in Congress the location of the U. S. Land Office in this city; also a sub-internal revenue office in the Federal Building, at which local importers, distillers and cigar manufacturers may pay their internal revenue taxes. Through the efforts of the Chamber several appropriations for the betterment of Oakland harbor have been secured, the last appropriation being for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to obtain which the Chamber of Commerce sent a committee to Washington. The committees of the Chamber worked hard and successfully to secure the entrance into Oakland of the Santa Fe and the Western Pacific railroads, and is at all times ready to assist other trans-continental lines to locate their terminals in this city. The lighting of Broadway, Washington and Twelfth streets with electrolers, now about to be erected, was the work of the Chamber of Commerce. At the present time there are no less than a score of new enterprises considering Oakland as the city in which

to locate. Of this number, two represent a half million dollar investment each. All matters taken up by the members of the city or county Government tending to the good of either city or county, and which are strictly of a non-partisan, non-political nature, are pushed to completion in many instances by the con-

certed action of members of the principal mercantile organizations. In brief, the work of the Chamber of Commerce is to do all in its power and at all times that which will redound to the best interests of the county and city—and it generally does it.

Oakland--A Manufacturing Center

By Edwin Stearns.

○ OAKLAND to-day ranks as the second city in California as a manufacturing center, and it is no idle prophecy to state that when the United States census is taken in 1910 it will be well to the fore as the principal manufacturing city on the Pacific Coast. It is not a dream or the wish expressed in words, but has ample facts upon which to build such a prophecy. The very location of the city makes it imperative that as competition increases in all lines of manufactures, the expense of such manufactures must be considered by the manufacturer, and here it is that Oakland will come to the fore. The manufacturer to-day in seeking a location must look to the expense of handling his merchandise as he never had to before, for every handling of the crude material before landing in the manufactory, as well as each handling in the manufactured article between the factory and the firm or individual to whom it is consigned, means just so much additional expense, and must be included in the cost of manufacture.

Situated as Oakland is on the Continental side of the great Bay of San Francisco, in the coast center of this great State, from whence it is an actual necessity to ship all merchandise going either north, south or east by rail from San Francisco, through Oakland, or in other words that the land journey of all merchandise shipped from San Francisco and other points on the peninsula must of necessity start or finish on the water front of Oakland, it is but natural that the manufacturer is to-day locating in this city. Oakland is the natural and geographical site for the factory, and this fact is being comprehended to such a degree by

wide-awake manufacturers that, during the past two years more manufactories have located in Oakland and adjoining territory than had ever builded in any previous ten years. The reasons therefor are many and are being made known not only by literature sent out by the Chamber of Commerce, but also by the manufacturers who are settling here, and who, in giving their reasons for thus locating, cause the other fellow to do a little thinking of his own, followed by an investigation, and then follows the selection of the new factory site.

With a land-locked harbor in which vessels may lie in any storm, protected from the heavy winds and fogs, with absolutely no thought of dragging anchor, and in a harbor of sufficient size to accommodate all the shipping of the Pacific Ocean, and to the edges of which harbor the trans-continental trains run out on the piers, is it any wonder that the Eastern manufacturer is casting longing eyes at this city on the side of the bay in which the railroads terminate? That Oakland has not long ere this been the port of entry of all the trans-Pacific steamships is due solely to the lack of deep water, and thus the danger to large deep-draught steamers in attempting to land at one of Oakland's piers. The United States Government has done much to obviate this danger, but it is necessary that the Government do more. The owners of the water-frontage upon which there are piers have dredged from the pier-heads to the channel to a depth equal to the channel, and just as soon as the Government will dredge that channel to a depth commensurate with the commercial importance of the harbor, just that much sooner will Oakland



13th Street, looking west from Washington.

be the terminus of the big ocean liners. It is puerile to say that the management of the big steamships will not land where they can put a crane into the holds of their vessels and lift the cargo direct without extra handling on to the trains for any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico, rather than to load their freight on to a car, which in turn must again be handled, and time lost in transferring by ferry, and again handled before being attached to the great iron horse which is to take it to its destination. So with manufactures, it is nothing less than an absurdity to think a manufacturer will, without necessity, have his wares handled and rehandled each time with an additional cost, which must be made up in the cost of the merchandise to the buyer. In this city the raw material for the manufacturer may be landed at the rear door of the factory by ship, and the finished product shipped by rail from the front door, or vice versa. This is an advantage that the up-to-date manufacturer is considering more, and is forced to do so as competition increases, and that is but one of the reasons that the sites suitable for manufactures are being so eagerly sought and purchased in Oakland and adjoining territory. Statistics show that the total output of manufactures in Alameda County in the twelve-month between November 1, 1904, and November 1, 1905, amounted to \$13,285,197. From November 1, 1905, to date, more manufactures have located in Alameda County in total number than in any two or three years preceding, and at the present time there are very many others seeking desirable sites, two at least of which will mean the expenditure of half a million dollars each, and the employment of many hundred hands. With fifteen miles of water-front, and with at the present time three trans-continental railroads terminating in Oakland and others surveying in this direction, can any fair-minded person say that the manufacturing importance of this city is not the most important feature in the growth of the city? To-day Oakland can boast of the largest cotton mills west of the Rocky Mountains; the largest coal bunkers in the State; the largest magnesite works in the West, immense iron foundries, lumber mills and yards, ship-yards, in which the largest wooden vessels ever built on the Pacific Coast have been launched; electrical works which compare favorably with those in any section of the State; canneries which are second to none in the United States, and which have more than a local reputation, for the asparagus eaten by

the Royal family of England is put up in an Alameda County cannery; syrup works; cracker bakeries, candy factories, steel works. The Alameda County wineries are noted all over the world, and their output last year was, in round figures, eight hundred thousand gallons, refineries, rug manufactories, immense salt works and sugar refineries are among the principal manufacturing outputs of the county and city. The nurseries are large shippers; furniture manufactories, shoe factories, flour mills, extract manufactories, immense potteries, brick kilns, carriage factories, ship and boat builders, large borax works, art glass works, artificial limb manufacturers, immense agricultural implement works, dairies, engine works, ink manufactories, soap works, preserves, macaroni works, organ manufacturers, overall manufacturers, electric and steam railway car-works, stove-works, silk, cotton and hemp works or mills, are but a portion of the many manufactories of Oakland and surrounding territory within the confines of Alameda County.

The dredging and building of a sea-wall and piers on the Western water front with a depth of water sufficient for the largest ocean-going ship to reach the piers in safety, which work is now in process of completion, means more to the manufacturing interest of Oakland than the layman can imagine. It means that within a very few years the great ocean liners will have their terminals in touch with the railroad terminals—a union of ship and rail—where the manufacturer can receive the raw material and ship his manufactured goods to any part of the world with but the single handling. More and more as the advantages are becoming known to the manufacturer, so are the possibilities being considered and fostered, and just to that extent is Oakland forging ahead as the manufacturing center. The establishment of a factory in any community adds much more than the output in salaries and the amount expended for power and material, for it is in itself an advertising medium. Each article stamped with the location of the factory is an advertisement for the city, and the larger the factory and the more sought after its products, the better the advertising. Then, too, the addition to the population is of such importance to some communities that to secure that additional population small towns offer a bonus in the shape of tax indemnity or free land. Not so with cities of the size of Oakland, for with the advantages that this city possesses for the manufacture of any article which must needs be



Shipping in Oakland Creek.



Oakland's splendid deep water harbor.

shipped or the material must be brought to the factory from a distant point, the business man is eager to grasp. Thousands of men are employed in the largest yards of the Southern Pacific Company on this division, located in Oakland, not only in the usual work of railroad yards, but also in the repairing of old cars and the building of new ones; the repair of locomotives, and the casting of iron and forging of steel parts thereof. In the large shops of the Oakland Traction Consolidated Companies it is estimated that one new car each week is manufactured. In Oakland harbor, ferry boats are built and fully equipped, and on the largest dry-dock in this vicinity, oft-times United States cruisers and similar large vessels are wont to be found undergoing repairs. In fact, to-day there is a variety of manufactures in Oakland that, if enumerated, together with the number of men employed, would prove a surprise to nine-tenths of the business men of the city and that is not all, for the figures to-day would vary from those tomorrow, as there is hardly a week passes without the addition to Oakland's manufactures of some new enterprise. The shipping in Oakland harbor is increasing at a remarkable rate, as seen by the Daily Shipping Register, furnished the newspapers by the Chamber of

Commerce. New manufactories are seeking sites between the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe Railroads on the north and west, that they may take advantage of the transportation by either road, while on the south and east between the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific for the same reason. The wharves on the estuary are rapidly being built upon by factories, and spur tracks allow of the direct shipment of goods therefrom. No better facilities can be offered the manufacturer than those of Oakland, and now that the factory sites, or rather sites more suitable for the manufacturer than for any other purpose, are being built upon, the old cry of seeking the manufacturer is being supplemented by the cry, seek the site for the intending manufacturer. Large as are the manufacturing interests of Oakland to-day, ten years hence will see them doubled or trebled—for manufacturing begets manufacturing, and it is not the dream of an optimist the statement that ten years hence will see the water front of Oakland from Park street bridge to Point Richmond a forest of smoking chimneys, an almost continuous line of manufactories, and Oakland referred to as the manufacturing city of the Pacific Coast, just as she is to-day called the City of Opportunity.

An Inviting Field for Investment

F. J. Woodward.

OAKLAND and its immediate vicinity offers the most inviting field for real estate investment in California. Taking the city as a whole, property values have doubled within the last five years, and have increased fully 25 per cent since the fire in San Francisco last April. Gauged by the income it produces, the increase in value is fully fifty per cent. Yet the prices of real property (which in Oakland have for many years lagged far behind actual value) are scarcely more than twenty-five per cent of the selling figures for similar property in Los Angeles. Consequently, realty in Oakland not only yields a larger present return on investment, but has a much greater promise of advancement in the future than in the other large cities of this State. Property in Los Angeles similar to property in Oakland appraised at from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a front foot, is held to be worth from \$2,000 to

\$5,000 a front foot. Recently a piece of property in Oakland was leased for a rental equivalent to good interest on \$6,000 a front foot. At the prices now prevailing here for realty, this property would be considered dear at \$4,000 a front foot. In reality, it would be dirt cheap at a much higher figure.

There are many reasons why there will be a large advance in values in the near future. Among them are the enormous increase in population, the development of the interurban street railway system, the incoming of the Western Pacific, which will make Oakland the terminus of another transcontinental railway system, and afford the city a new outlet into the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, opening up an extensive tributary region, which has heretofore lacked transportation connections with Oakland; the development of port facilities, and the improvements now in progress



SCENES IN OAKLAND HARBOR

*Land locked harbor
upon which transportation
by rail and water are united*





Mr. F. J. Woodward.

along the water front, and the expansion of manufacturing industries. In the near future, electric car lines are to be extended into Contra Costa County and down the rich and populous fruit and vegetable district lying south of the city.

A fine tourist hotel, in course of erection in the suburbs, will supply a long-felt want, and at the same time have a stiffening effect on adjacent property. The assured erection of two large modern hotels in the business district is an evidence of growth that will have a stimulating effect on business and building.

The building activity not only in the city of Oakland, but the entire urban district of which it is the center, is unprecedented. This activity has now continued for five years, and is more pronounced and general than ever before. Nevertheless, the demand for stores, offices, residences and apartments far exceeds the supply. Large firms are seeking in vain for adequate business accommodations. The rapid increase in population is shown by the increase in water services. During the month of August, 800 new water services were installed in Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. 600 were installed in July, indicating an increase in the resident population of not less than 10,000 in two months.

Large tracts of choice residence property in the outskirts of the city, in and outside the municipal incorporation, is being laid out and built upon, intersected with excellent streets, and supplied with rapid transit facilities to

the business center and the bay ferries, constituting no small factors in fixing the speculative value of real estate. A splendid system of suburban roads is adding to the general growth and assisting to make it permanent.

At a recent election, a bond issue was voted for the construction of a system of sanitary sewers, which insures a great improvement in the health conditions, already good, which will mostly contribute to the general upward tendency of realty values.

Coupled with the extraordinary building activity, is a correspondingly brisk movement of the market, the demand for desirable property outstripping the offers. Projected park improvements are destined to have a decided influence on the future valuation of property.

The stability of the real estate situation in Oakland is due to the exceedingly conservative valuations which prevail at present and the permanent character of the industrial, business and population growth.

An example of the conservatism characteristic of Oakland and the business methods of its people is given in the fact that although business and population have doubled within the last six months, the market value of real property, generally speaking, has risen less than thirty per cent, an increase far below the increases in income. Is it unreasonable to conclude that an equalizing advance in values must inevitably ensue?

In some parts of the city, business property has gone up three or four hundred per cent during the past five years, and may still be counted cheap. Property on Franklin street, that was begging in the market at \$300 or \$400 a front foot, three years ago, cannot now be bought for less than \$1,000 a front foot, and is hard to get. The same property in Los Angeles would to-day be held at from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a front foot. Residence property that is held in Oakland at from \$75 to \$100 a front foot, sells for \$150 or more in Los Angeles. In the outer suburbs, lots are sold here at from \$20 to \$30 a front foot that would bring from \$75 to \$100 in the Southern city, which illustrates the comparatively low prices at which choice property is appraised in this city, prices which are altogether disproportionate to the volume of business and the rapidly increasing number of inhabitants.

This abnormal condition cannot long endure where prosperity is so firmly established and the demand for building sites is so active. Oakland is now taking on the broad lines of metropolitan life, has taken to herself a heavy wholesale and jobbing trade, and become a great amusement and educational center, all contributing factors in the growth which creates value.

The Merchants Exchange of Oakland

By Wilber Walker.

The following extract from the By-Laws will explain the scope and duties of this organization:

OBJECT.

First—Its objects are, primarily, to bring the merchants of Oakland together as an organized body, that as such they may better protect their individual and collective interests.

Second—For an organized effort to promote the best interests of the city of Oakland commercially, by inducing immigration and encouraging new manufacturing industries, increased transportation facilities, and giving moral support and encouragement to the several departments of the city and county Government whereby extensions, improvements, sanitation, morality and charity may be advanced, and our citizens mutually benefited.

For nearly twelve years this harmonious and progressive body of men have followed the spirit of this declaration of principles and objects.

At the present time it is in a very prosperous condition, having just occupied new quarters at 419 Twelfth street.

During its existence it has inaugurated many measures for the improvement of mercantile conditions in Oakland, and has co-operated with other public bodies in measures for the public good.

Better streets in Oakland and better roads leading to Oakland have received the earnest support of the directors.

The tunnel and connecting roads will always be a monument to the Merchants' Exchange.

The successful Alameda County Exhibits at Sacramento State Fair in 1903, at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 and at the Portland Exposition in 1905, were gathered and managed by commissioners chosen from the Merchants' Exchange. These expositions were handled in a creditable manner and without a breath of scandal.

The celebration of the Fourth of July has also been the particular care of this organization. At the present time much effort is being expended in the line of a consolidation of the sister cities of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley into one municipality.

Many other matters of public interest are



PAST PRESIDENTS OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

Geo. K. Fish. D. C. Brown. Geo. W. Arper. F. Sinclair. W. V. Witcher, Pres.
A. H. Schlueter. H. G. Williams. A. Jonas. Theo. Gier. J. F. W. Sohst.

being considered, which space will not warrant speaking of.

The present officers consist of: Harry G. Williams, president; Herman N. Gard, vice-president; John C. Downey, treasurer; Wilber Walker, Secretary.

This organization, being entirely independent, can be relied upon to act for the best interests of the merchants and the people of Oakland generally, without fear or favor, having only the public good in view.

aster, and recognizing the fact that a generation must have passed away before San Francisco could rehabilitate herself, many of them looked over the business possibilities of Oakland on the Continental side of the bay, with

Oakland's Wholesale Trade

Walter G. Manuel.

THOUGHTFUL and far-seeing men contend that the two great commercial cities of the United States will eventually establish themselves on the two greatest harbors of the two greatest oceans; viz., New York harbor and San Francisco bay.

New York does not concern us, because that city has had time to grow, and to a large extent has matured. It required two hundred years for the "Star of Empire" to travel westward from the founding of New York to the establishment of a city of commerce on San Francisco bay. Because the waters of the bay shoaled on its continental side and were washed deep by tides on its peninsula side, a city was established, where boats could land. The city flourished, became rich, great and beautiful. It far outdistanced all commercial centers bordering that greatest of all highways, the Pacific Ocean. Rich Oriental cargoes of tea and silk consigned to New York were unloaded at her docks, ferried across the bay from the peninsular to the continental side and re-shipped to their destinations.

In the meantime, the continental side of the bay had sought federal aid, had deepened its waters, invited shipping and railroads, and was fast establishing manufactures and a large satisfied population. The great fire of April 18th to 21st, destroyed much of the vitality of San Francisco. After a sufficient time had elapsed to permit her business men to fully comprehend the far reaching effect of the dis-



Mr. George Meredith,
Secretary Oakland Clearing House.

the result that every available foot of eleven miles of waterfront is being acquired and improved for commerce.

The population of Oakland has doubled within the year, and is now believed to be 225,000, and by way of illustration, the increase in wholesale business, the statement is made that the customs house entries at Oakland have increased to twenty-five times their number of six months ago.

The present situation in Oakland with its possibilities for rapid development is apparently unparalleled. With a foundation suitable on which to build a great city; with an abundance of room to grow; with perfect drainage; fronting and looking directly out the Golden Gate, Oakland is favored geographically far beyond that of other cities.

Wholesale and retail merchants in great number, with long established lines of business, are seeking suitable locations within her borders. Building of all descriptions is so active that artisans cannot be secured, and still, strictly speaking, there is not available for renting purposes a single store, warehouse or domicile of any kind in the city. From the viewpoint of the Oakland wholesalers, the only cloud on the commercial horizon is the hostile attitude toward Oakland of the transcontinental railroads reaching San Francisco bay points. With their help, I would venture the assertion that no other city on the American continent would show the growth of Oakland in the next decade. Here is presented activity and opportunity far beyond that of any city within my knowledge. As a field for the wholesaler and manufacturer, it is my judgment that the finger cannot be placed on a spot on the Pacific coast line that even remotely approaches it.

Oakland Retail Trade

Wilber Walker, Secretary Merchants' Exchange

THE retail trade of Oakland is, at the present time, in a very healthy condition.

When the retail merchants were compelled to rely on Pacific Coast jobbers for their supplies, it was very difficult, in fact, almost impossible, to keep up the assortment needed to do a successful business. At present most of the leading retail houses keep an Eastern buyer



Mr. Theodore Schlueter, Bell-Oudry, Photo.
A prominent retail merchant.

busy most of the time, and novelties, as well as standard goods, are put upon the Oakland market at the earliest possible moment after their production. In dry goods, clothing, shoes, furnishing goods, carpets, furniture, hardware, crockery and many other lines, Oakland may well be proud of the stocks shown to prospective purchasers.

At the present time, more than a quarter of a million people purchase a portion or all



Oakland's great hotel, The Claremont, now in course of construction.

of their supplies in Oakland, and it is no small task to cater to the wants of such a large number of buyers. But the retail merchants of our city are equal to the task, even when the population of our section has been almost or quite doubled during the last three months. Scores of purchasers of San Francisco have supplied their needs in Oakland since the San Francisco fire, and we believe have been well satisfied under the circumstances. The retail merchants of Oakland rely on quality and price to sell their goods, and do not take kindly to trading stamps, coupons, fake premiums and other devices used in some localities to make the people believe they are getting something for nothing.

For many years the trading stamp craze has been conspicuous by its absence. Agreements among the different lines of merchants have kept the city free from this objectionable parasite.

The retail merchants of Oakland believe in advertising of a legitimate nature, and are generous patrons of the local press and other

stantly increasing population its retail trade must constantly increase.

If the people of the eastern shore of San Francisco bay will give loyal support to their merchants, there will be no doubt of the development of the retail trade of Oakland.

Oakland as An Ocean Port

By Harold Murdock.

WERE it possible to pull aside the veil of futurity which hides from view the Oakland of the next decade, what a sight would greet the eye! Forests of sail, spars and funnels, lining the quays on either side of Oakland harbor, and cargoes being handled for entry and export by the crews of ocean-going craft from the ports of the entire civilized world, will be the dream fulfilled of Oakland's ocean-going commerce.

Practical work toward the deepening of



Scene in Piedmont Park, Oakland.

genuine methods of making known to the public stock prices and qualities.

A perusal of the local papers will show that our merchants believe in the judicious use of printer's ink. The retail merchants have also been able by mutual agreement to rid the city of programme advertising, which is advertising in name only, without any benefit perceptible to the advertiser. Most of the retail merchants are members of the local organization, the Merchants' Exchange, and are thus kept in touch with each other. In this way the local conditions are kept in view and much needless competition is avoided. This is the day of organization, and any person who thinks he can be in a class by himself will soon find out his mistake.

Oakland as a commercial center has a bright outlook. Its manufacturing industries are increasing by leaps and bounds.

Its third transcontinental railroad is nearing completion. As a center of a large and con-

Oakland harbor and the building of docks for the handling of commerce is going steadily forward.

The present contract for deepening the channel from the bay of San Francisco to the properties of the Oakland Dock and Warehouse Co. will give a 25 foot depth of water at low tide, and 31 at high, thus accommodating vessels of the deepest draught. The width of the channel is 300 feet, and the length of this point is 22,000 feet. The east end of the channel, from the Oakland Dock and Warehouse wharves, to the Tidal Basin, is 3,000 feet in length, and will show a depth of 17 feet at low and twenty-three at high tide.

At the Tidal Basin the channel divides, one portion following the Brooklyn shore to the Tidal Canal, with a low tide depth of 8 feet, and the other on the Alameda side will show 12 feet at low tide. The combined frontage of the two arms is 13,000 feet.

The total pier-head lines will show 64,000



View in Piedmont Park.

feet of frontage, or in the neighborhood of 12 miles.

The ultimate depth of the channel in Oakland harbor will be 30 feet at low and 36 feet at high tide. As an evidence of this, all bridges being built are compelled to put in foundations at a depth of 30 feet at low water.

The importance of Oakland harbor at the present time is no small matter.

Prior to the disaster that befell San Francisco, the tonnage movement was in excess of 5,000,000 tons annually, and new conditions have materially augmented this volume.

It is not an idle statement, nor yet the fancy of a visionary, but rather a forecast, founded on sound conditions, to say that the Oakland of the future will be, beyond cavil, the most important port on the western coast of the United States.

Improvement and Development of Oakland Harbor

By May Elder Leslie.

⊙ OAKLAND harbor, owing to its unique natural advantages, is the key to the commercial situation on the Pacific Coast, affording, as it does, an almost perfect connection between the ocean traffic and the immense overland traffic, which is, and must be, carried on at this point. It is difficult to estimate what increase of commerce is likely to result from the improvements now going on in this harbor, which have, in fact, been going on since the year 1874, and the work will necessarily receive great impetus from recent events, which have turned the eyes of capitalists and investors this way.

Through the deepening and widening of the channel which is now going on, this will become a harbor for deep sea vessels, with a deep,

broad channel which can be kept by all kinds of vessels in all kinds of weather; a harbor most desirable in the respect that it is so absolutely land locked that no disturbance to shipping is possible, as would be the case in a more open harbor; also in the fact that it is so easy of access to all overland railroads. It will be a harbor with ample anchorage, free from rocks and shoals, with good holding ground, and with perfect protection from wind and waves; also the entrance of the harbor is in such proportion to the harbor proper as to insure perfect tranquility. Moreover, through the efforts of the large interests now locating on its water front this harbor will be amply equipped with all appliances for loading and unloading vessels.

The original project for the improvement of Oakland harbor was submitted in 1874. The harbor was to consist of two training walls at the entrance; a tidal canal of one and one-half miles in length to connect with the tide waters of San Leandro bay, the estimated cost of these improvements to be, in round numbers \$1,815,000. This was approved by Congress, and during the progress of the work slight modifications were made, consisting of the raising of the training walls to full high tide level; increasing the tidal canal to 400 feet in width; the building of three steel draw-bridges across the tidal canal, and of diverting the silt laden waters of Sausal Creek into San Leandro bay.

This project, with the exception of the building of the dam at the entrance of the San Leandro bay (which may not be necessary) is now completed, and up to June 30, 1905, cost \$2,643,032.

The tonnage of the harbor in 1874 aggregated 154,300; in 1904 the tonnage aggregated 4,708,672.

In the River and Harbor act of 1901, Congress provided for an examination of Oakland harbor, with a view to its improvement to meet the needs of present and prospective commerce.

The project calls for a channel 500 feet wide and 25 feet deep, from San Francisco bay as far as Chestnut street, Oakland; thence 300 feet wide and 25 feet deep as far as Fallon street; thence 300 feet wide and 17 feet deep to the Tidal Basin; then 300 feet wide and 12 feet deep around the Tidal Basin.

In June, 1905, a channel 400 feet wide and 20 feet deep at low tide had been obtained as far as Chestnut street; 300 feet wide and 17 feet deep as far as the tidal basin; 300 feet wide and 12 feet deep on the north side of the tidal basin, and 300 feet wide and 8 feet deep on the south side of the tidal basin.

Sufficient money has been authorized and is available to produce a channel 300 feet wide and 25 feet deep at low tide to Fallon street, and Assistant U. S. Engineer L. J. LeConte, who has had charge of the work from the first, is sanguine that a very generous appropriation will be made by Congress this year for the improvement of this harbor. The money thus far spent is practically all for extensions in width and depth for the benefit of commerce. Very little, if any, has been spent for maintenance.

Work is now being carried on by Mr. Marshall C. Harris, under contract, who has contracted to remove material at the rate of ten and one-half cents per cubic yard. 800,000 cubic yards have been taken out under the present contract. This contract will be completed in about eighteen months, and will bring the channel 300 feet wide and 25 feet deep to Fallon street.

The improvement of the harbor has naturally induced a great increase in the manufacturing industries on the shores of the harbor. On the property of Mr. James L. de Fremery, 24 acres at the foot of 7th, 8th and 9th avenues, on Clinton Basin, extensive improvements are now being made. This property has 1800 feet of water front and 1,800 feet of bulkhead are now being constructed, also one mile of roads and half a mile of spur tracks, connecting the wharves with the Southern Pacific tracks. Mr. de Fremery is also putting in a complete water and sewer system, which will add materially to the desirability of this property as factory and shipping sites.

Oakland, A Financial Stronghold

Ross Gardner Dun.

OAKLAND is the largest city in the United States that can claim the proud distinction of never having had a bank to fail. Such a record, when one considers that over half a century has elapsed since the first bank was established, speaks volumes for the financial integrity and conservative methods of the city's institutions. The joint deposits of the various city banks to-day aggregate the enormous sum of \$43,000,000, a very large percentage of which represents the savings accounts of thousands of artisans and wage earners. Following is the list of the

Aside from the above are the West Oakland and Syndicate Banks, with large resources, which are not strictly Oakland institutions.

A good idea of the growth of the various banks may be drawn from a glance at the following semi-annual statement made in 1889, as compared with current statements.

	Resources.
Oakland Bank of Savings	\$3,893,158.48
Union Savings Bank	2,687,253.86
First National Bank	1,020,817.17
Union National Bank	1,142,325.11

The immense influx of additional business through the Oakland banks after the San Francisco disaster emphasized the necessity of a Clearing House Association, which was formed



The new home of the Oakland Bank of Savings and the Bankers' Trust Co., of Oakland, N. E. corner of 12th and Broadway.

city's financial institutions, with their resources:

	Resources.
Oakland Bank of Savings	\$17,424,812.38
Central Bank	10,276,584.84
Union Savings Bank	6,313,321.00
First National Bank	4,563,782.88
Union National Bank	3,866,112.63
California Bank	1,500,000.00
Farmers & Merchants' Bank	1,429,742.22
State Savings Bank	1,022,294.23
Security Bank and Trust Co.	907,988.58
Total Resources.....	\$47,304,638.76

and which has been transacting business since May 1st. The weekly clearings, since the inception of the organization, have been in excess of \$3,000,000.

An Oakland institution that is the outcome of the marvelous development of recent years, and the tendency to accumulate fortunes, is the Bankers' Trust Company. This corporation has deposited with the Treasurer of the State the sum of \$100,000, as required by law, and has a paid-up capital of \$300,000. The purposes of the Trust Company, briefly stated, are: 1. To act as trustee for individuals during their lifetime. 2. To act as trustee of estates of deceased persons. 3. To act as executor or ad-



W. G. Palmanteer, Pres. Central Bank.

ministrator. 4. To act as guardian of estates of minors, insane persons and incompetents. 5. To act as trustee under mortgage and deeds of trust. 6. To act as transfer agent for corporations. 7. To act as receiver and assignee. 8. To act as depository for trust funds.

The Bankers' Trust Company has a board of fifteen directors, chosen from among the ablest business men in the community, thus combining the ability and experience of many executors with the directness and despatch of one.

The recent rapid growth of the city has necessitated a material expansion in banking space and facilities.

The Oakland Bank of Savings and the Bankers' Trust Co. have decided to put up a strictly class "A" steel frame building of six stories, which, when completed, will be one of the finest structures on the coast.

The First National Bank will erect an eight-story modern steel frame building at the intersection of Fourteenth, Broadway and San Pablo avenue. The lower floor will be occupied by the bank, and the upper floors will be utilized for office purposes.

The Central Bank, when the alterations now in progress are completed, will occupy practically the whole first floor. The present quarters will accommodate the commercial department, while the room formerly occupied by a large piano company will be taken up by the savings department. The vaults and private offices will be moved back and there will be three entrances, one on Fourteenth and two on Broadway.

The Farmers and Merchants' Bank has acquired the property at the south-east corner of Thirteenth and Franklin, and plans are being made for a modern fire-proof structure, which will be used for banking purposes exclusively.

The general trend in financial circles is expansion, in order to keep pace with the wonderful and phenomenally substantial growth of "Greater Oakland."

The Water Supply of Oakland

ANY description of a large city would be deficient in one of the great essentials if it did not contain a mention of its water supply. This is particular apropos at the present time, as the city of Oakland is receiving vast attention from Eastern readers. Any account of the Oakland water supply, if fairly written, must redound to the credit of the Contra Costa Water Company, and the gentlemen who are responsible for its achievements. Such an account would show that the energy and the capital has been rightly applied. In this day of scientific investigation, when the attention of the curious is directed to germs and microbes, and when the favorite topic of those who are ever attacking the corporate interests supplying water, is to mention that absolutely necessary article as a carrier of disease, it is a great satisfaction to be able to say that nowhere in the world is there a purer or better supply than that furnished the city of Oakland.

The death rate in Oakland, with the advent of pure water, has decreased until it is lower than that of any city in the United States of its size. Having in view the importance of a good supply of pure water for Oakland, the City Council authorized the City Engineer to visit the works from time to time, and nothing was ever done without his sanction. This is evidenced by the reports of that official from the time the work began until the present, and through successive administrations. The plans contemplated the raising of a dam at San Leandro to the height of 150 feet as soon as the city's necessity demanded it.

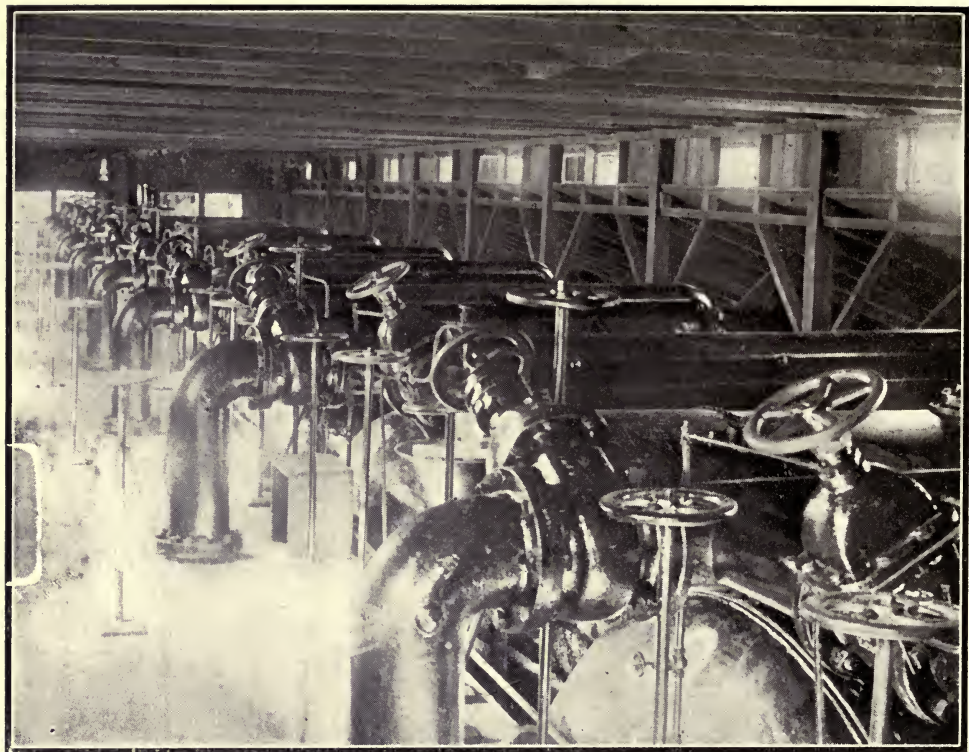
Anthony Chabot, the builder of the principal dams in the State, superintended the work in person. The dam at San Leandro won him a national reputation, and this was the one work in which he seemed to have placed every resource of his mechanical and engineering skill. San Leandro dam is 484 feet long and 127 feet high, with a distance through the base of 4,000 feet. The dam backs up a lake five miles in length and one-half mile in average width, 85 feet deep and having a capacity of 6,000,000,000 gallons.

The elevation above the city is 242 feet. It is capable of giving Oakland a pressure of 115 pounds, which would be too much for domestic use, and which has to be broken up by pressure breaks, giving a pressure of 60 pounds.

There are four waterways. No. 1 is constructed in solid rock and has a wasting capacity of 103,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours.



Edson F. Adams, Pres. Chamber of Commerce.



Filtering station, Lake Chabot, Contra Costa Water Company.

The lower waterway is a tunnel, consisting of five foot steel pipe, surrounded with masonry, and has a wasting capacity of 50,000,000 in 24 hours. Waterway No. 3 consists of a tunnel ten feet in the clear and 1,487 feet long, from inlet to outlet. The excavations for the work were carried to a depth of forty feet, and into the mountain on either side a like distance. At the outlet of this tunnel a waterway leads to San Leandro Creek, a distance of a thousand feet.

Two years were consumed in the building of this tunnel at a cost of \$160,000. Its wasting capacity is about 3,500 cubic feet per second. This is the tunnel ordinarily used in wasting water, the others mentioned being auxiliary. The capacity of these waterways may seem at first to be excessive, but experience has shown that the rainfall on the watershed of the lake is at times so excessive as to require all the capacity of the wasting tunnels in order not to endanger the dam. There is at present a four years' supply of water in

the dam, but as the city of Oakland increases in size, the capacity of the dam may be increased by raising it, as intended in the original surveys. When the dam will have reached a level of 150 feet it will be shown that a supply for ten years will be on hand, and that probably by that time the full capacity of San Leandro Creek and the watershed will have been reached.

The extent of this watershed is fifty square miles, with numerous small streams and springs. The hills are well covered and shaded by primeval forests. The country not being suitable for tillage, there are scattered over this immense area only about twenty-five families, and the company employs a man whose whole time is consumed in patrolling the entire watershed.

The water company owns all of the land immediately adjacent to the lake, an area of 8,000 acres. In the vicinity of the lake there are but two families, and there is no live stock to graze upon the hills. Every element



Main source of water supply, Contra Costa Water Company.

GREATER OAKLAND.

that might contaminate the water is carefully eliminated. This statement brings to mind an interesting comparison of the water supply of Oakland and New York City. The area of the watershed supplying Croton Lake is about 30 square miles, which territory is dotted over with villages, small towns and hamlets, aggregating a population of over a quarter of a million. The Legislature of the State of New York was compelled to pass a law condemning and destroying property adjacent to the lake in order to free its water from contamination.

The principal sources of supply are Lake Chabot and the Alvarado pumping system. Lake Chabot is situated in the foot hills about one and one-half miles east of the town of San Leandro. The dam, with an elevation of 242 feet above Oakland base, is thrown across the canyon, impounding a submerged area of 5 miles long and averaging three-quarters of a mile in width, with a capacity of 6,500,000,000 gallons, or with the present consumption from this source of two and one-half years' supply.

The company owns over 8,000 acres of land about Lake Chabot, all of which is fenced, being more than one-quarter of the entire catchment

area or watershed, making it an easy matter to prevent contamination of the waters by persons or animals.

The watershed is daily patrolled by an employee to see that it is kept free from all that is objectionable. A bacteriologist is employed who inspects the waters and watersheds, making periodical chemical analysis and with the aid of a battery as mechanical fillers, which are considered the most efficient and largest of any west of the Rocky Mountains, the water is of excellent quality and exceptionally free from organic and other impurities.

The Alvarado pumping system, situated one-half mile from the town of Alvarado, in the center of the great Artesian Belt, which receives its supply from the drainage of the Niles Cone, consists of 46 flowing wells, averaging in depth from 100 to 900 feet, and in size from 8 inches to 20 inches in diameter. The water flows by gravity to a receiver, from which it is pumped by two Allis Compound Condensing pumping engines through a 30 inch main to Oakland.

Other sources of supply are Lakes Temescal and Piedmont Tunnels.

Oakland's School System

J. W. McClymonds, City Superintendent of Schools.

THE school system of Oakland comprises high schools, evening schools, grammar and primary schools, and kindergartens. There are, in connection with the department, two high schools, one known as the Oakland High School, furnishing opportunities for pupils to prepare for any department of the State University, and offering courses also that do not lead to the university. The Manual Training and Commercial High School offers a four years' course that will fit a student for the university. It offers also a special business course of two years.

There were enrolled during the last year in our high schools 1,559 pupils. Of these, 1,145 were enrolled in the Oakland High School, while 414 were enrolled in the Manual Training and Commercial High School.

The Oakland High School is housed in a large and commodious brick building, containing well-equipped laboratories, gymnasium, etc.

The Manual Training and Commercial High School is housed in what was formerly known as the Oakland High School building, a structure not well adapted for the purposes for which it is used. One of the special needs of the city of Oakland to-day is a new, well-equipped, commodious Manual Training School where the best opportunities possible can be offered for this modern line of education.

Grammar and Primary Schools.

There were enrolled during the last year in the grammar and primary schools of this city (eighteen in number), 12,608 pupils. Provision has already been made by the voting of over a million dollars of bonds for the construction of eight new school buildings. Some of these buildings are now ready for occupancy. The Board of Education has proceeded carefully in the construction of these buildings, which, when completed, will show the best possible ideas as to arrangement of rooms and working details.

The designs of these buildings differ enough to offer variety in architecture. Four of the eight buildings, Franklin, Lincoln, Prescott and Washington schools, will be fire proof throughout. While the other buildings are Class B, they have been constructed with a view to absolute safety to the children. The halls of all the buildings are wide. The larger buildings have four stairways leading from the ground to the top story. The buildings in every instance are two stories with basement rooms. Class rooms are of uniform size, 24x32, with 13 foot ceilings. The light in every instance is admitted to the class rooms from one side—to the left of the pupils. The glass surface

is between one-fourth and one-fifth of the floor surface. Provision has been made for the installing at an early date of the system of cleaning by means of suction pipes.

The buildings are planned so as to be hygienic in every particular. The heating and ventilating apparatus is sufficient to furnish 1,600 cubic feet of air per minute for each class room, in addition to the air required for basements, halls and assembly rooms. The materials used for the construction of the buildings in general is light gray pressed brick, terra cotta, iron and granite. Plate glass is used in many of the buildings. The policy of this department has been large school buildings with large school grounds. The Board of Education recognizes that the play-ground is a necessary adjunct to a well equipped school building. In the purchase of school sites, the Board has been governed by the thought of conditions twenty years hence, rather than the conditions existing now, and has purchased large school grounds. These grounds range in area from three to nine acres.

The Child Labor and Compulsory Education Law.

The Child Labor Law does not permit of the employment of a child under fourteen years of age during school time. Nor does it permit of the employment of a child between the ages of 14 and 16 years unless that child can read and write to the satisfaction of the principal of the school.

The Compulsory Education Law requires the attendance of children under 14 years of age during the time schools are open. These two laws have had a good influence on the attendance during the past years. They also emphasize in the minds of the patrons of the schools the importance of education.

Manual Training in the Oakland Schools.

Two years ago manual training was introduced into six of our grammar and primary schools. Before this, manual training was followed only in the Manual Training and Commercial High School. Manual training has steadily advanced, until now it is deemed of absolute importance to maintain schools in the most efficient manner. This line of education, like all laboratory works in the schools, is expensive, but it is efficient. The pupil is brought face to face with his work. The thought contained in his work must find expression in materials of some sort such as paper, wood, wire or iron. The errors made by the pupil are at once apparent. He needs no other men-



Oakland High School.

tor than self. The work of the teacher is to encourage him to correct these errors. Then, too, children are always interested in motor activities. Nature's way of developing a child is largely through these activities.

The experience of our department goes to show that some boys and girls are so much interested in this part of the work of the schools that it is easy to interest them in the academic work also. We are able, too, through this means of education, to interest some boys and girls in school work, without which we might fail. The policy of the Board of Education, as expressed in resolution, is to extend manual training in our department until it is introduced into every school in the department. This extension will add materially to the cost of education.

Kindergartens.

There are three kindergarten classes connected with the Oakland School Department, one each in the Campbell, Tompkins and Clawson Schools. There is a demand for more kindergarten classes in each of our school buildings. By a decision of the Supreme Court of the State, kindergartens must be maintained entirely at the expense of the school district. The schools of Oakland will not be as well equipped as they should be until there is a kindergarten class connected with each school building.

School for the Deaf.

Some four years ago, by action of the Board of Education, a class was organized in the department for the deaf children of the city. A teacher was employed and a class opened with an attendance of from 15 to 20 pupils per day. The Legislature recognized the importance of these classes by granting \$500 of State aid to every fifteen pupils taught in any public school system. The experiment in this department has proved satisfactory. Several of the children are already so proficient in lip-reading that they receive instruction in the ordinary classes of the school.

The average attendance in this class room during the past year was about fifteen.

The schools of to-day are complex, made so by the demands of our civilization. The work done largely by the family thirty years ago is now relegated to the schools. The work of

the schools is made more difficult by the fact that a larger proportion of the population is living in the cities than formerly. The farm and workshop which forty years ago furnished employment to the boys and girls, were well calculated to develop them in character. The changed conditions brought about largely through the improvements in mechanical devices, has diminished the chances of the child for natural development, and at the same time has increased the duties and responsibilities of the schools. All this has tended, and is still tending, to demand better equipped school facilities, and better prepared teachers. The teacher of forty years ago would not be a satisfactory teacher of to-day. The class rooms in the Oakland school department in the grammar and primary grades contain from 45 to 50 pupils. A very large proportion of the school rooms contain from 48 to 50 pupils. The classes in the High School range in size from 35 to 45. More efficient work could be done with classes three-fourths the size.

The salaries paid in the Oakland School Department compare favorably with those paid in other sections of the United States, and yet these salaries are inadequate to secure the best service. California faces a serious crisis in school matters. There are not sufficient teachers in the State to meet the demands. This is purely a financial question. Times are and have been so good that intelligent men and capable women can earn more in commercial pursuits than they can in teaching. It follows that the ranks of the teachers are being depleted faster than they are being built up. Two ways are open to the public in order to increase the number of teachers—the one to lower the qualifications of the teacher—the other to raise the salary of the teacher. Which is the better way for the commonwealth?

Oakland expended last year on her schools, outside of bond money expended for building purposes, \$387,820.78. There were enrolled in the public schools during the year 14,167 pupils. Of this, 1,559 were enrolled in the high schools, 12,608 in the grammar, and 852 in the evening schools. The school census of last year showed an increase on the previous year of 2,504 pupils. There are now 19,820 census children in the city of Oakland. These do not include many pupils who took up their residence in Oakland after the 18th of April.

Oakland--City of Schools

W. E. Gibson.

OAKLAND, the city of schools, churches and homes has long been known as the "Athens of the Pacific," and this popular name has long since been accepted as a fitting tribute to its splendid facilities. Located as it is on the continental side of the San Francisco bay, and enjoying perhaps the most equable climate of any city in the United States there is little wonder that it has achieved the distinction of being an acknowledged educational center. It is a place where education, culture, climate and home influences all combine in making the environments conducive to study and improvement.

Within thirty minutes' ride on the street cars to the northward the great University of California is located. This institution takes high rank among the leading universities of America and the people of California are looking forward to the time when the U. C. will be unsurpassed by any institution of learning in the world. The plans for the greater university contemplate the expenditure of over twenty millions of dollars in the most magnificent buildings, grounds and equipments ever contemplated by any institution of learning in modern times.

The citizens of Oakland take a just pride in her public schools, and spare no expense in maintaining them on the highest standards in all departments. Only a few months ago, the people of Oakland voted almost unanimously a bond issue of nearly three millions of dollars to be expended in the erection of new, modern and substantial school buildings. Oakland has two very large and well equipped high schools, and the educational standards maintained in them are unsurpassed by any high schools in the United States. One of these schools is devoted largely to manual training and commercial work, where young men and women may be trained in the more practical courses.

In the primary and grammar schools, Oakland has no superior. There are eighteen grammar schools in the city of Oakland, with an annual enrollment of over twelve thousand pupils.

Private Schools.—In addition to the many excellent facilities afforded by the public schools of Oakland, there are many private institutions which command the respect and attention of the people from all parts of the West. Situated in the suburbs of Oakland in one of the most beautiful spots in California is the famous Mills College and Seminary for women. This college stands in the front rank of similar institutions in America. Its graduates are received for higher degrees by all the leading universities.

Polytechnic Business College.—Another institution that is making a phenomenal record in the field of business education and technical training is the Polytechnic Business College and School of Engineering. This college has just moved into its new building, which has recently been completed at a cost of \$100,000, and is said to be the largest and best equipped school of its kind in the West.

The Hotel Situation

By Preston Paddon.

IN a class by itself as regards the hotel situation in Oakland, stands the palatial Metropole, conducted for the past eight years by R. M. Briare, than whom there is no better or more favorably known boniface on the Pacific Coast. This hostelry has achieved a popularity that places it in the front rank, and its reputation is not limited by State lines. Although complete in every detail, in order to keep abreast with the new and "Greater Oakland," plans are being carried out for additional room and an enlargement in many directions.

A feature not common to hotels situated in the heart of a large city will be numerous and commodious verandas.

Between the main building and the new west wing, and fronting on 13th street, will be the Palm Patio, or court, where in the midst of tropical verdure, concerts will soothe the ear during the season.

The Metropole has always catered to the best class of trade, and is always taxed to its capacity. It contains now 150 rooms, practically all outside, and of these 50 are fitted with private baths. The building is electric



Hotel Metropole, Oakland.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

lighted throughout, and there is hot and cold water in every room. Each guest chamber has its telephone (and by means of the private exchange connection, both local and long distance can be had for the asking.) Every accommodation is at hand to serve the commercial public, particularly large and numerous sample rooms. An elegantly appointed buffet, with bil-

The guest rooms and parlors are all Axminster carpeted, and the accessory furnishings are in keeping with perfectly harmonious surroundings. The culinary end is in the hands of an experienced French chef, who, with his corps of trained assistants, attends to the wants of the inner man.

The dining room appointments and service



The elegant modern St. Mark Hotel, to be erected in Oakland at the corner of Franklin and Twelfth streets. The building will be constructed of reinforced concrete, and will be under the management of Fred Dodd, who has made such a success of the Hughes Hotel in Fresno. The plans for the building were drawn by Architect B. G. McDougall, in the Monadnock Building, San Francisco, and the contract for the construction has been let to the Lindgren-Hicks Company. This up-to-date hostelry will contain 250 rooms, 200 with baths. The entire lower floor is to be devoted to offices, smoking room, grill and lounging rooms, and liberal space for traveling salesmen's sample rooms.

liard and pool tables, as well as a barber shop, are at the disposal of the guests. The house has been thoroughly refurnished since April 18th, and when the present improvements are completed, it will be practically a new hotel.

The location of the Metropole is such that all but a comparatively few rooms face either south, east or west, thus insuring bright, sunny apartments.

are up to the standard of the best metropolitan caravanseries. There are in addition private banquet rooms, largely utilized for special functions.

Above all, there is always about the Metropole that home-like atmosphere that is absent in many large hotels, and which is the result of perfect discipline and unflinching courtesy on the part of the hotel management.

Oakland the Beautiful

By Halbert Higginbotham.

"Be this my home till some fair star
Stoops earthward and shall beckon me;
For surely Godland lies not far
From these Greek heights and this great sea.
My friend, my lover, trend this way,
Nor far along lies Arcady."

JOAQUIN MILLER.



Geo. W. Austin, Oakland's leading real estate dealer.

Webster, Photo.

OAKLAND, in spite of the fact that her location and natural resources will ultimately make her, in a commercial way, the Queen City of the Pacific Coast, is nevertheless and will always continue to be a city of homes. Nature has been most lavish; she has showered her blessings with no idea of proportion on the city at the foot of the Piedmont Hills. With a climate so equable that it rivals that of sunny Italy, and with the entire site of the city a beautiful natural park, it appeals at once to the esthetic as well as the practical.

Of recent years there has been a general demand for the acquirement of adequate land for public parks, and much has been accomplished in this direction. Prominent among Oakland's parks is the unique and beautiful Lake Merritt, situated as it is right in the heart of the city; it is accessible to all. The waters of Lake Merritt are supplied by an arm of the estuary, connecting directly with the Pacific Ocean. The water area covers one hundred and sixty acres, and it is stocked with many varieties of fish, which offer sport to anglers during the entire year. It is the scene of an annual regatta, and is largely patronized by owners of yachts and pleasure boats. The natural beauty of the lake is much enhanced by a magnificent, wide boulevard around its

entire border, which is parked with palms and suitable arboreal improvements. Other parks are Idora, on Telegraph avenue; the celebrated Sulphur Springs Park at Piedmont, which is a model of the landscape artist's skill; Leona Heights, which nestles in the hills near Mills College; the Oakland Park on Vernal avenue; Bushrod Park on Shattuck avenue, recently donated to the city by the late owner, whose name it bears, and quite a number of pretty public squares, in various parts of the city. Aside from these the city is now engaged in parking a large area immediately south of Lake Merritt, and lying between the Eighth street bridge and the Twelfth street dam.

The residences of Oakland are mostly laid out in large plots of land. Among them are some of the finest homes in California. All around Lake Merritt will be found large, handsomely designed residences, and because of the possibility of growing flowers out of doors the entire year, these beautiful places always present a scene of attractiveness and brightness. Many of Oakland's millionaire residents take special pride in their gardens, and cause it to be known that at certain times the public is heartily welcome to walk around and derive all the enjoyment possible in their home places. The profusion of flowers and fruit is such that in a few instances the generous residents permit the public to gather fruit and flowers absolutely free. While this attests the generosity of wealthy Oaklanders, it is also a significant advertisement of the productive possibilities of this favored section of California.

No city in the land has more right to be proud of her homes than Oakland. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the pride Oakland takes in its homes. With natural conditions of the finest, with scenic beauties unsurpassed; imbued with a native instinct for development, spontaneously the people have done their best—that best which is the source of their pride in their homes.

Of beautiful Piedmont, resting in regal splendor on her lofty hills, a gifted writer has said:

The surprising growth and vogue of beautiful Piedmont as a residence district within a comparatively recent period, and the marvelous changes which have been compassed in the matter of adding to the scenic beauties of that section, is one of the striking triumphs of modern artistic interurban growth.

Most artfully and beautifully these sometime barren hillsides have been changed into a series of lovely vistas of picturesque landscapes, where woodland, ramoting ravines and flowery meads form a felicitous setting for many beautiful homes.

No prescribed style of architecture is the absolute rule in the erection of these new residences. While naturally there is a strong tendency to indulge in Spanish and Moorish effects, which harmonize with the local coloring and atmosphere, a day's jaunt among the Piedmont Hills will evidence the fact that the builders have taken wide range, and almost every school of architecture has been typified here. There are early Mission houses with the characteristic patio, in a setting of palm trees. There are old-fashioned Southern homesteads surrounded by magnolia blooms, while in another section a perfect reproduction of one of the old colonial homes of New England will be found. The architecture of the grandiose periods of Queen Anne and Queen Elizabeth somewhat modified to meet modern requirements and exactions, is here exemplified on many hillsides, and in numerous instances Grecian and Roman effects are in evidence, with pillared porticos and chaste lines of grace and adornment.

On one hand one may find the stately palace of the merchant prince, with its trim lawns and rose hedges, and on the other the vine-clad cottage of the poet, nestling in the shade of the forest, but in both instances one will invariably find that the same dominating atmosphere is all pervading. There is a community of spirit among the residents of Piedmont, and not only are the houses and their grounds kept in the most beautiful order, but the care of the avenues and lanes is under the same artistic supervision, and wherever the addition of a tree, shrub or flower will add to



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Howell in the suburbs.

the general effect, all feel in duty bound to do their part to add to the charm of the scene.

With the pledged promise of two wealthy Oaklanders of a million-dollar marble palace of art to crown the crest of one of the Piedmont hills, and with the Greek Theatre of Berkeley hillside, just at hand, as the starting

points, there is good reason to believe that the same spirit of munificence will in the future be shown in the erection of other public buildings, museums and halls of recreation here for the edification of the people, until Piedmont, with its manifold beauties, will become a Mecca for all who love nature adorned with the treasures of art and the glories of its own scenic spell.



A Linda Vista home.



Judge Henry A. Melvin, Grand Exalted Ruler
Benevolent Protective Order of Elks.

Oakland's Antlered Herd

By F. L. DuShane.

THE story of Oakland's progress of the past and promise for the future would not be complete without some mention of an organization whose influence in a general way has helped largely to develop the men who are developing the city. One has only to refer casually to the thousand conservatively chosen members of Oakland Lodge No. 171 Benevolent, Protective Order of Elks, to realize that among them is numbered a surprisingly large percentage of the men who are making history for Oakland. The roster includes congressmen, judges, professional men, leading merchants and representative men from the various walks of life. The election recently at the convention held at Denver, of one of the members of No. 171, in the person of Judge Henry A. Melvin, to the highest office in the gift of the order at large, was a graceful tribute, not only to a man of sterling qualities, but to the lodge with which he was affiliated.

Oakland Lodge No. 171 B. P. O. E., was organized June 15, 1890, and included twenty-eight charter members. Of the original membership, twenty-four are still active in the lodge.

The pioneer home of the antlered herd was the Grand Army Hall, thence, as the membership increased and conditions changed, movements were made in succession to Becker's Hall, Pythian Hall, 12th and Broadway, and finally to the present and permanent home at 416 Fourteenth street.



The home of the Elk.

The nucleus of the fund for the purchase and furnishing of the present commodious quarters was secured through the agency of the Elks' street fair and carnival, held June 14-21, 1902. This netted the lodge \$14,000, and was, besides, an artistic success. To-day not only the home, but the land on which it stands (and it is valuable land), belongs to the members. The building is an ornate four-story structure. The ground floor is utilized for business purposes, excepting the space occupied by the architecturally beautiful entrance to the club rooms. The latter covers the entire second floor, while the third and fourth floors include lodge rooms and suites for the use of the members.

The days following April 18th of this year was a time that tried men's souls, and never in the history of Elkdom was a lodge plunged so quickly into responsibilities or grappled with them so steadfastly and successfully as did No. 171.

The news of the San Francisco fire had hardly reached Oakland when I. H. Clay, exalted ruler of the Oakland lodge, called into council a few of the officers and leading members, and from this meeting there developed, as the emergency demanded, an organized effort to relieve distress and want, irrespective of affiliations that will go down to history as one of the brightest spots in the darkest hour that California has ever known. The Elks' tent city at Adams' Point, was a model camp in every regard; so much so was this a fact that when the military took over the place, an officer who was sent to inspect it reported that it was up to the standard of those laid out by regularly instructed military officers.

The following is the list of Past Exalted Rulers of Oakland Lodge 171:

George E. DeGolia 1890-91; Myron A. Whidden, 1894; Edward H. Benjamin, 1895; Andrew T. McDonough, 1896; Oliver D. Hamlin, 1897; George W. Reed, 1898-99; Henry A. Melvin, 1900-01; G. Russell Lukens, 1902; H. C. Capwell, 1903; J. M. Shanly, 1904; G. W. Frick, 1905.

I. H. Clay, the present presiding officer, has had ample opportunity to prove his fitness for the position he occupies, and he is a man whom to be an Elk means the exemplification of every precept on which the order was founded.

Visiting Elks will always find the latch string out at the home of Oakland Lodge No. 171, and the cheery "Hello, Bill!" with which one is



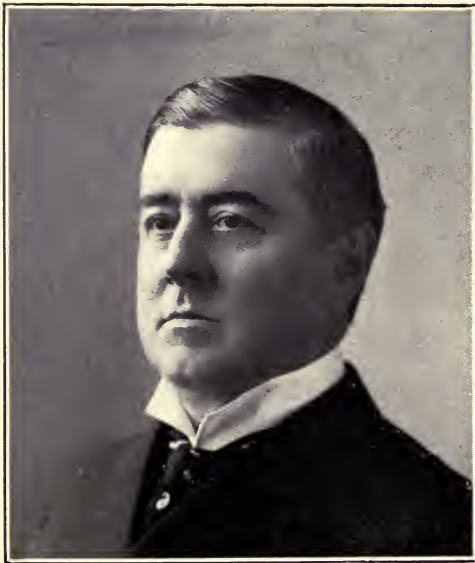
J. H. Clay, Exalted Ruler Oakland Lodge Benevolent Protective Order of Elks.

greeted will warm the cockles around his heart and remind him that to be an Elk means fraternity in its best and broadest sense.

Alameda County, California

ALAMEDA County, of which Oakland is the county seat, as well as metropolis, is beyond doubt the most rapidly growing county in California to-day. Of course, there are reasons for such a growth, and they are legion. Briefly stated, the following are some of them:

No county in the State offers better or more widely diversified opportunities for investment than Alameda; it possesses a remarkably equable climate, the mean temperature for the year being 60 degrees; no county in the State has



W. E. Dargie, President Oakland Tribune Company.



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Varney Gaskill at Piedmont, an Oakland suburb.

more fertile soil or can produce a greater variety of fruits and vegetables. Anything that can be grown with profit in any portion of the State can be raised with equal profit in Alameda County. (Note.—At the State Fair recently held at Sacramento, in competition with the various California counties, the Alameda County exhibit received first prize.)

It offers more inducements to producers, manufacturers and shippers than any county in the State; its water frontage of over thirty miles will ultimately make it an important factor in the commerce of the world.

Aside from Oakland, Alameda County con-

year amounted to over \$7,000,000, making a total assessment for the year 1906 of \$122,005,691.

The interests of the county are in the hands of a board of five supervisors, which consists of the following: John Mitchell, C. F. Horner, J. R. Talcott, J. M. Kelley, and H. D. Rowe.

With one exception, the present board has served the county for the past ten years, and it can truthfully be said that in all their work, they have builded for posterity. Every improvement undertaken has been of a permanent nature, and the annual report for the fiscal year of 1904-1905 shows an exceptionally



Mr. John P. Cook, County Clerk, Alameda County.

Dorsaz, Photo.

tains many cities and towns of growing importance. Berkeley, with a population of twenty-one thousand, is the seat of the State University, as well as a thriving commercial center. Alameda contains twenty thousand, and there are besides the flourishing towns of San Leandro, Haywards, Livermore, Pleasanton, Piedmont, Claremont, Alden, Fruitvale, Emeryville, Irvington, Elmhurst, Fitchburg, Centerville, Melrose, Newark, Niles and many others scattered throughout the county, all of which enjoy conditions and surroundings conducive to prosperity.

The increase in county assessments the past

energetic and at the same time conservative handling of the county's affairs.

Oakland's Fire Department

A FACTOR that counts much in the up-building of a great city is the protection afforded by a well disciplined and amply equipped organization for the fighting of the fire fiend. There is no branch of service connected with a city's Government on which so much depends, and which requires so great



a degree of brain, brawn and bravery as falls to the lot of the intrepid "fire laddies."

Oakland's Department has kept pace with the times, and in many ways is a model organization.

The annual reports from year to year invariably show a smaller percentage of property loss, in proportion to the number of alarms turned in than those of any of the coast cities of the same class.

To Chief N. A. Ball, whose services to the city in his capacity have been to the highest degree valuable, belongs much of the credit for the high state of efficiency gained and upheld by the department. He is a man peculiarly fitted for the position he holds; alert and resourceful, a disciplinarian without being a martinet, cool and self-poised under all circumstances, and withal in possession of every detail relating to his profession, he is fully deserving of the reputation he has earned.

The Department at present includes 138 members, apportioned as follows: One chief engineer, 1 assistant engineer, 15 foremen of companies, 9 engineers of steamers, 8 stokers of steamers, 18 drivers of carts, trucks and chemical engines, 2 tillermen, 6 stewards, 4 drivers and stokers for relief work, and 74 extra-men of engine, hose and truck companies. The equipment of the Department, scat-



Capt. of Police W. J. Peterson.
R. S. Cole, Photo.



Chief of Police A. Wilson. Webster, Photo.

tered over the city at the various stations, consists of the following: 2 second size and 1 third size La France engines; 1 second size Anren's engine, 1 second and 1 third size Amoskeag engines, 1 third size Clapp & Jones engine, 1 third size Metropolitan engine, 1 double 50 gallon tank and two single sixty gallon tanks Holloway chemical engines, six two-wheel and one four-wheel hose reels, also 4 hose wagons carrying 9,500 feet of cotton nose. Two hook and ladder trucks, with full set of portable ladders and four Babcock extinguishers, two second size platform trucks and combination chemical, one with single 60 gallon, and one with double 35 gallon tanks, with set of ladders ranging from 10 to 50 feet in length, and two Babcock extinguishers each. The total number of feet of hose in the possession of the Department is 21,000.

The additional equipment consists of buggies for the use of the chief and assistant, 50 horses, and some semi-obsolete apparatus that can be utilized in emergency.

Many improvements in the way of equipment and buildings are in contemplation, in keeping with the phenomenal growth of the city.

The Police Department

It can be said that Oakland possesses a police department that for efficiency and discipline ranks with the departments of the leading American cities. The present force is composed of seventy-one officers and men, and when one considers that Oakland's population is now in excess of 200,000, and that the city is well patrolled, too much credit cannot be given to a force that consists of one officer for each three thousand of population.

A. Wilson, the present chief, was appointed January 2, 1906, and has won his position by years of faithful service to the city, his original appointment having been made May 30, 1870. He is said, in point of continuous service, to be the oldest officer on the Pacific Coast. Notwithstanding his years, his incumbency has been, and is, one of vigor, and under his direction the department has reached its present high stage of efficiency.

Oakland's police department was organized in 1869, with a force of nine men under Captain F. B. Tarbett. In 1889 Oakland adopted a new charter, and the police department was reorganized, with John W. Tompkins as chief. He was appointed on April 9, 1889, and served



Sergeant H. P. Hend.
F. A. Webster, Photo.



Capt. of Police J. F. Lynch.
F. A. Webster, Photo.



Chas. H. Bock,
Sergeant Oakland Police Dept.
R. S. Cole, Photo.

until October 18, 1892. Since then the appointees and their terms of office were as follows:

Louis Schaffer, November 1, 1892, to August 1, 1895. C. E. Lloyd, August 1, 1895, to April 1, 1898. W. F. Fletcher, April 1, 1898, to June, 1899. S. C. Hodgkins, June 7, 1899, to January 2, 1906.

S. C. Hodgkins served as chief longer than any of his predecessors, and was, at the time of his appointment, the youngest appointee to an office in the department. His service in all has covered a period of twenty-one years, and his record has been an enviable one. He is still in the department in the capacity of police detective.

The Oakland police department was the first west of the Mississippi river to introduce the patrol wagon. This system was inaugurated in 1886.

In 1895, during the administration as Mayor of Dr. George C. Pardee, the city charter was so amended that the Mayor, City Attorney and City Engineer should act as a Board of Police and Fire Commissioners. The present members of the board are Frank K. Mott, John McElroy and Fred C. Turner.

Oakland's rapid increase in population will necessitate the enlarging of the department, and in consequence, larger quarters, both of which are in contemplation.

An automobile patrol system is expected to be installed in the near future, as well as other innovations that serve to keep the standard of the department on a par with metropolitan excellence.

The Oakland Stock and Bond Exchange

E. H. Kramer.

THE Oakland Stock and Bond Exchange was organized on May 15th, one month to the day after the disastrous fire of San Francisco. The membership subscribed at the organization was 127 members, including representatives from the banks, Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Exchange, as well as about 40 members of other exchanges. Prominent among the members who have

worked so hard to make the Oakland Stock and Bond Exchange a success are B. P. Miller, who was elected the first president; E. H. Kramer, vice-president; Charles D. Bates, who is treasurer of Alameda County; F. W. Bilger, who is vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, and, in fact, many others whose names are prominent in the financial world.

The Board was organized for the purpose of creating a market for local securities, as well as for dealing in shares of mines. The first



Mr. Bernard Pacheco Miller, President Oakland Stock and Bond Exchange.

F. A. Webster, Photo.



W. J. Laymance, chairman of Governing Board of Stock and Bond Exchange, and President Laymance Real Estate Company.

attempt to do business was on May 15th, in the Albany Hotel lobby. From there, the Board adjourned to meet in the auditorium of the Polytechnic Business College, 12th and Harrison streets. In the meantime, a lease was taken of the entire second floor of what was the Empire Theatre, 12th and Broadway, where quarters have been fitted up in the most up-to-date and convenient manner that money and intelligent architecture could procure. The architect for the new board room was A. Dodge Coburn, whose standing in the community was a guarantee of the results as they now appear.

The different committees of the Exchange consist of a governing board of 15 members, as well as an executive committee, a listing committee, and a membership committee. With these committees, the Board is assured of a success that could hardly be guaranteed to any similar organization starting in any other community. The Oakland Stock and Bond Exchange has an open board of brokers, at whose sessions the public are all welcome, and every convenience and comfort will be given to those who care to buy stocks and bonds, or to see how stocks and bonds are dealt in. The Oakland Stock and Bond Exchange means a great deal to the city of Oakland. The business transacted on the board increases the bank clearings to a wonderful extent. Considering the fact that this exchange is in its infancy, the success which it has met with at present is wonderful, and the future greatness of the exchange is guaranteed. The Oakland people appreciate the fact that the Oakland Stock and Bond Exchange is a stamp of metropolitan greatness, and they can and will lend their support morally and financially to the success of the exchange.



NEW CITIZENS' BANK OF ALAMEDA BUILDING.

The above cut represents the new building now in course of construction by the CITIZENS' BANK OF ALAMEDA. The building is 33x100, and when completed will be one of the most substantial improvements in the city of Alameda. Frank B. Gilbreth & Co., of New York, and San Francisco, Cal., are the contractors, and Oliver & Foulkes are the architects. Reinforced concrete is the material employed in construction throughout the building. The Bank will be fitted up with all the modern conveniences, and will have one of the best Safe Deposit systems in the country. Special attention will be given to ladies' accounts, and in this connection the banking quarters will be fitted up with a ladies' department and parlor for ladies exclusively. The second story of this building will be devoted to modern offices. The building, when completed, will be as near fire and earthquake proof as possible.

Thrift

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

I KNOW a man in New York who is carrying an advertising sign-board on his back to-day who was once a wholesale merchant in New York. He did not come to his present condition through dissipation, but through the vicissitudes of business. Conditions which he could not control put him completely out of business, wiped out his profits, and, trying to recoup himself, with no available capital, he became bankrupt, lost his courage and his grip, and was never able to get a start again.

In nearly all our great business houses we see working as clerks, bookkeepers, superintendents, floor-walkers or heads of departments men of fine ability who were once in business for themselves, but who lost everything through reverses, and were obliged to start again just as they did when they were young men.

There are multitudes of such cases where prosperous houses have gone down—sometimes in a single year—by the complete reversal of business conditions, by the competition of great combinations they were unable to cope with. A change in the tide of business will also often ruin a business location.

Even if there are no worse losses, it is so easy to form entangling obligations. Thousands of even the finest young men thus cramp their ability and keep themselves back for years.

*Banking Too Much on Ability, Health.
Long Life, Etc.*

The fact is, that most young men take too great chances upon their lives, their health and their ability to earn or to make money.

Some of the brightest and best young men I have ever known, shrewd, clean-cut, college-educated, worked like heroes for a quarter of a century without getting anywhere. Some of them have become involved in debt by conditions over which they had no control; others have

had serious illness in their families; accidents, emergencies of all sorts have arisen which have modified their whole life plans, and they are to-day financially no better off than when they left college.

No one is bright enough, or shrewd enough, or able enough, or far-sighted enough to provide against all possible adverse conditions. Conditions of prosperity in business are so precarious and dependent upon so many fortuitous circumstances that it is never safe to leave a family entirely dependent upon them. It is wise, therefore, to have something that is practically certain, so that, come what may, at least the family's well-being will not suffer.

There ought to be some foundation stone that commercial floods, panics, and disasters cannot wash away.

The shrewd, far-sighted business man provides for possible business reverses, and usually puts away in Government bonds, in life-insurance, or in some other reliable investment money enough to take care of those dependent upon him, or to enable him to start again in case of financial disaster. I believe that every young man should religiously resolve at the very outset of his career to lay aside a certain amount of his income regularly, until he has placed those dependent upon him absolutely beyond want, never allowing himself to be tempted to use this fund for any other purpose.

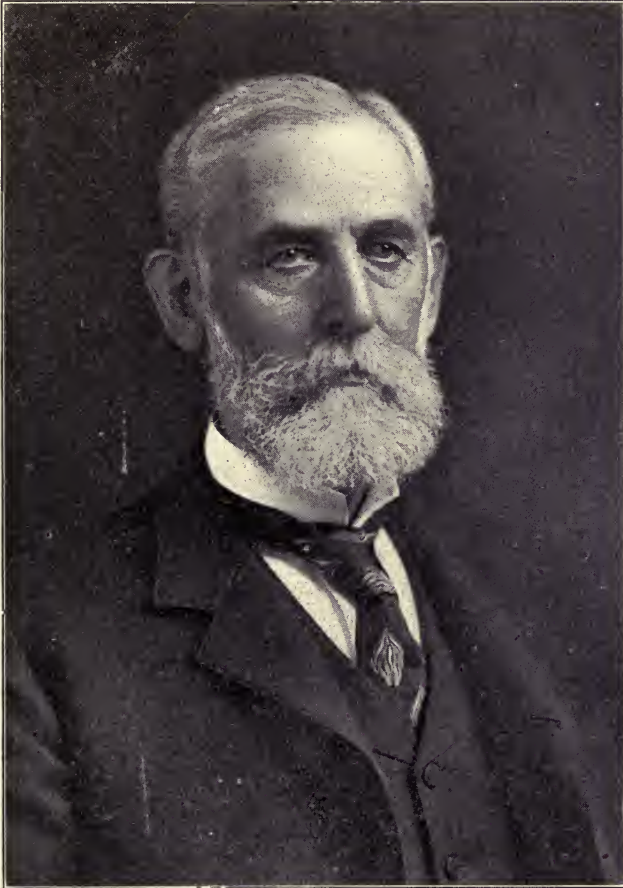
Inducing the Habit of Saving.

Anything which will encourage the habit of saving in this extravagant age is a blessing. The temptations on every hand are so alluring that it is very difficult for a young man of ordinary self-control to resist them and to save his money.

Thousands of young men who are receiving good salaries—some of them very large—never think of laying up a dol-

lar. They never see anything in their salaries but "a good time," and they never develop the habit of saving. You ask them how they are doing, and they will say: "Oh, just getting along," "just making a living," "just holding my own."

Just making a bare living is not getting on. The little difference between what you earn and what you spend is power. It often measures the distance between success and failure.



United States Senator John F. Dryden, President The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

In many minds the economy faculties are not developed, or are so weak that they are no match for the passion of spending for pleasure.

I am a great believer in the efficiency of savings-banks as character builders; but life-insurance has some greater advantages, especially in furnishing that

imperious "must," that spur of necessity so important as a motive to most people.

People can put money into savings-banks when they get it, provided some stronger desire does not overcome the inclination; but they feel that they *must* pay their insurance premium.

Then, again, money obtainable just by signing the name is so easily withdrawn for spending in all sorts of ways. This is one reason why I often recommend life-insurance to young people as a means of saving. It has been of untold value as an object lesson of the tremendous possibilities in acquiring the saving habit.

I believe that life-insurance is doing more to induce the habit of saving than almost anything else. When a young man on a salary or a definite income takes out an insurance policy he has a definite aim. He has made up his mind positively to save so much money every year from his income to pay his premium. Then it is easier for him to say "No" to the hundred and one alluring temptations to spend his money for this and that. He can say "No" then with emphasis, because he knows he must keep up his insurance.

The snap ought to be in the horse, but if it is not, we must put it in with the whip. Most people do not have iron enough in their blood to make them do the thing that is best for them.

Power in Definite Purpose.

I have known of young men who did not seem to have any special ambition, who always took things easily, who had no apparent system, or order in their lives, to be entirely revolutionized by taking out an insurance policy.

Thrift as a Life-Preserver.

"I have often been asked," says Sir Thomas Lipton, "to define the true se-

cret of success. It is thrift in all its phases, and especially thrift as applied to saving. Saving is the first great principle of all success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment.”

Thrift is not only one of the foundation stones of a fortune, but also one of character. The habit of thrift improves the quality of the character.

The saving of money usually means the saving of a man. It means cutting off indulgences or avoiding vicious habits. It often means health in the place of dissipation. It means a clear instead of a cloudy and muddy brain.

The moment a young man begins to save systematically, he becomes a larger man. He takes broader views of life. He begins to have a better opinion of himself. Trust takes the place of doubt. He may have thought before that he might succeed, but his savings are the actual demonstration that he has not only the ability to earn but also to keep his money, and it takes greater wisdom to hold on to money than to make it.

An insurance policy has often changed the habits of an entire family from thriftlessness and spendthrift tendencies to thrift and order. The very fact that a certain amount must be saved from the income every week, or every month or every year, has often developed the faculty of prudence and economy of the entire household. Everybody is cautioned to be careful because the premium must be paid. And oftentimes it is the first sign of a programme or order system in the home.

The consciousness of a sacred obligation to make payments on that which means protection for those dear to you often shuts out a great deal of foolishness, and cuts out a lot of temptation to spend money for self-gratification and to cater to one's weak tendencies.

The life-insurance policy has thus proved to be a character insurance as well, an insurance against silly expenditures, an insurance against one's own vicious, weak tendencies, a real protection against oneself, one's only real enemy.

Protecting Ourselves Against Our Own Weaknesses.

He is a shrewd and level-headed youth who, at the very outset of his career, makes an inventory of his qualities and capabilities and carefully guards his weak point. He is a wise man who learns to eliminate his great weaknesses. Many a man comes to grief because he never learned to do this.

Men of mediocre ability often succeed much better than geniuses because they guard their weak points better. They guard against possible disaster from their own defects, just as a person with some physical defect by watchful care often keeps in better health than naturally stronger people who are constantly prodigal of their strength.

If you have the reputation or the consciousness of being slipshod and unbusinesslike, eliminate as much as possible these traits which prejudice others, especially sound business men, against you. Do not go on letting your little weaknesses ruin or seriously impair all your good qualities.

I know of nothing which will cover up more blemishes, put out of sight more business weaknesses, cover up more surely the lack of foresight and thrift than a good life-insurance policy. It has proven a friend to thousands who have not been friends to themselves. It has shielded thousands of families who would have been homeless without it; it has sent to college multitudes of boys and girls who but for it would not have gone; it has started thousands of young men in business who, but for it, either would not have started at all, or would have been delayed for years. It has lifted the mortgage from thousands of homes. “Primarily devised,” says Senator Dryden, President of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, “for the support of widows and orphans, life-insurance practice has been developed so as to include the secure investment of surplus earnings in conjunction with the insurance of a sum payable at death.”

Lack of Business Sagacity.

The very consciousness that you have performed a great and sacred duty to

those you love by protecting them against even your own weaknesses and inclinations will be a great stimulus and give you great satisfaction and will make you a larger and better man.

I know men who were induced to take out life-insurance policies, and who have managed to accumulate considerable property in this way, and have gained the respect of everybody who knows them, because the possession of a good life-insurance policy indicates good business qualities.

A great many men who know they have ability in their specialties know also, from sad experience, that their business judgment is not always good, or to be relied upon. Their investments do not turn out well. Many vocations never develop the practical faculties.

I have known splendid clergymen and large-hearted professors to draw their last dollar out of the bank, to mortgage their homes even, and invest their little all in some wild-cat scheme because of the story of some smooth, oily promoter, thus hazarding, and often wrecking, all their future prospects just because of this weakness of which they were conscious, but against which they neglected to protect themselves.

Even Business Men Gullible.

But it is not alone men out of business life that have this susceptibility to being gulled.

There are some business men who seem unable to resist any temptations held out to double or treble their money in some sort of speculation.

The desire to make money quickly is a weakness even of the strongest minds. A man will listen to a scheme to make quickly a great deal of money out of very little when he cannot be approached for anything else.

Many good people have worked hard all their lives and reached middle age without a home and without any prospects of ever getting one, with no money laid up for sickness or emergency, or for their declining years, just because they took too great a risk with their little savings which have gone into holes in the ground, into worthless oil wells and mines, useless patents and all

sorts of devices and schemes, thus vainly squandering money which would have given them comfortable homes and well-earned leisure for their old age had they put it into something which was sure.

Life insurance is a splendid way for them to provide against their weaknesses—defective judgment or lack of business ability. By it they can protect themselves and those dependent upon them by putting aside a definite amount from their salaries or income where it will be absolutely safe, no matter what may happen.

Life insurance policies would have saved many of the men mentioned above from disaster, for they would have enabled them to get on their feet again by loans or by the proceeds of cashed-in policies accumulated during the time of their prosperity.

Life-insurance taken at an early age is an untold blessing to the man who fails late in life, when the fires of his ambition have begun to cool down, when his staying power has begun to wane, when he has no longer his former courage or strength to face the hardships of life all over again.

I knew a young man who took out a twenty-year endowment policy; he was poor, and had to make great sacrifices to meet his payments for many years; but he managed to keep them up. He finally became rich, but lost everything in the world except this policy, and this enabled him to start again after he had reached an age when it would have been practically impossible for him to have gotten on his feet but for this policy. Forcing himself to make these payments when he was poor, when it was a real sacrifice to do so, saved him from poverty in his old age.

* * * *

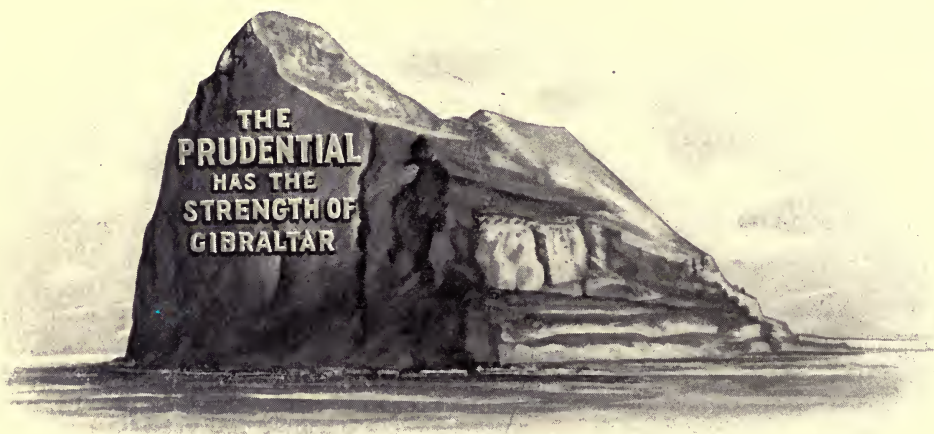
The policies of life-insurance issued by The Prudential Insurance Company of America, of Newark, N. J., of which United States Senator John F. Dryden is the founder, President and leading spirit, are especially designed and adapted to just the purposes of saving for young men to which this article has been directed. Founded upon the bedrock principles of sound finance and conducted with an eye to the true and endur-

ing interests of its policy-holders, no young man will make any mistake in associating his insurance experience with this great company. The various forms of policies which this company issues provide a young man not only with an opportunity of saving his money, with liberal returns as well, but enable him at the same time to protect his family or business interests or to provide a fund which may be used for the maintenance or education of his children.

As The Prudential has paid over nine hundred thousand claims in most instances to families where the insurance policy was the only asset at death, the enormous amount of good done by The Prudential can be appreciated.

One of the most comprehensive definitions of life-insurance ever given comes

from Senator Dryden, who says: "Life-Insurance is a wonderful business; a business with a noble history; a business with a lofty aim; a business with a magnificent purpose; a business with splendid results." The reader should be impressed with the every day necessity for Life-Insurance and the importance of immediate action on the part of those who are not insured. The Prudential is desirous of entering into correspondence with any person interested in Life-Insurance, but no effort will be made to get a policy-holder at present insured in another company to drop his policy in favor of The Prudential. The Prudential wishes to show the uninsured how they can help themselves and their families through Life-Insurance in The Prudential.



Pousse Cafe

MARCHING SONG.

(Thirty Years' War.)

A-foot and a-saddle we're far on the way
Ere sun-kiss has rosied the face of young day.
And rumbling behind us come tumbrils and
carts
With baggage and baggages dear to our hearts.
And friars and generals, deep in discourse,
While marching we forage, seize harvest and
horse,
And, as we are lucky, raid hen-roost and stall,
Or find that the enemy's taken it all.
At high-noon a skirmish with Frank or with
Swede,
Those godless dissenters from Only True Creed.
And, as we are lucky, they run first, or we,
And some never run again—so must it be.

At even a supper that stretches the belt,
Then cards or the dice on a drum's tightened
pelt,
And, as we are lucky, a flask or a cask;
So passes the evening. What more could we
ask?

At midnight a cloak and a bundle of hay,
Ears pricked for the wench who made promise
to day,
And, as I am lucky, the lassie—or none,
To shorten my sleep—and my day's march is
done!

The Highroad; the Battle; the Bottle; the Lass!
What more could I ask of the world as I pass?
Till, when I shall die for the Faith that can
save,
A comrade's brief prayer as he digs me a
grave.

—Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 06

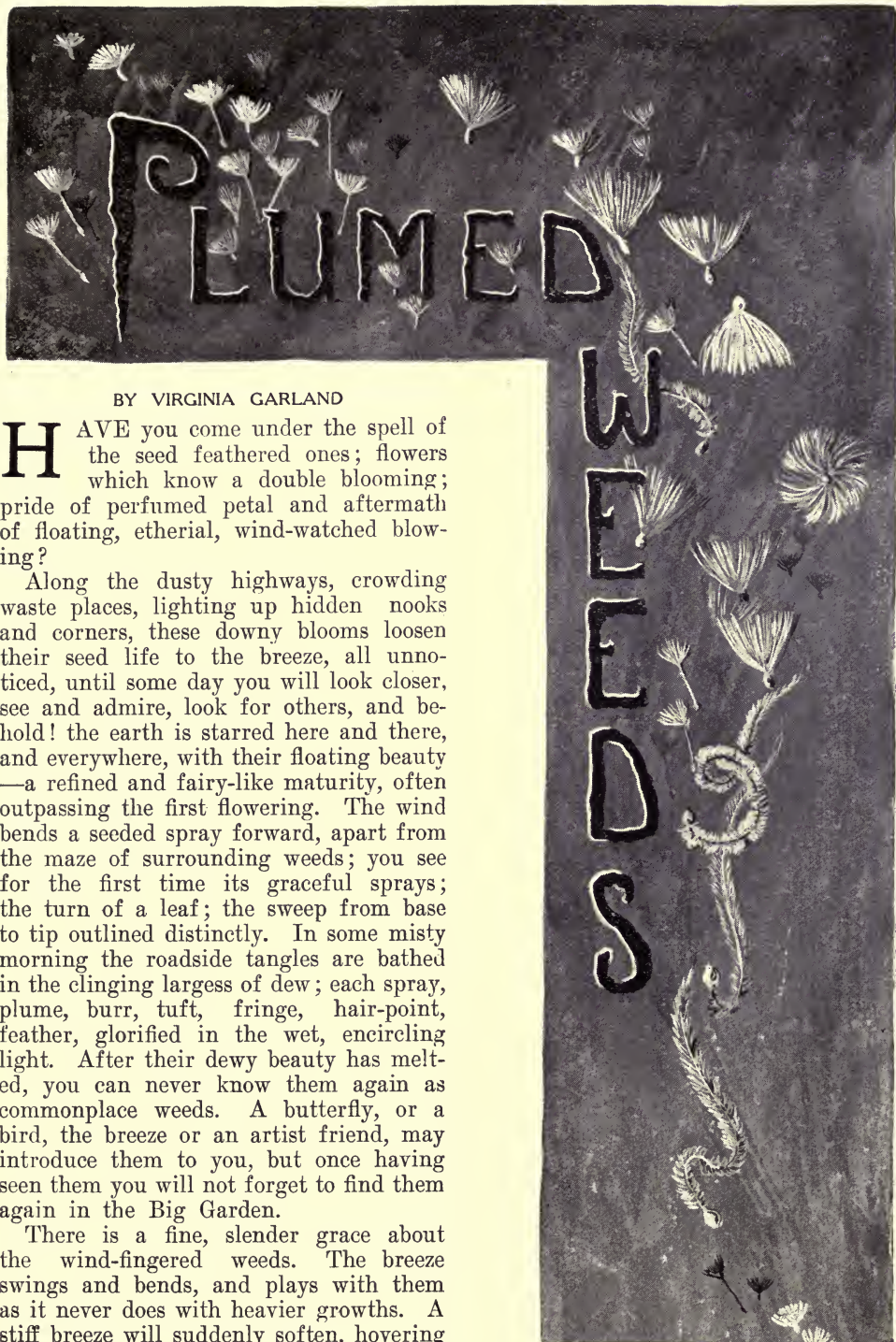


VOL. XLVIII

No. 5.



Thistle.

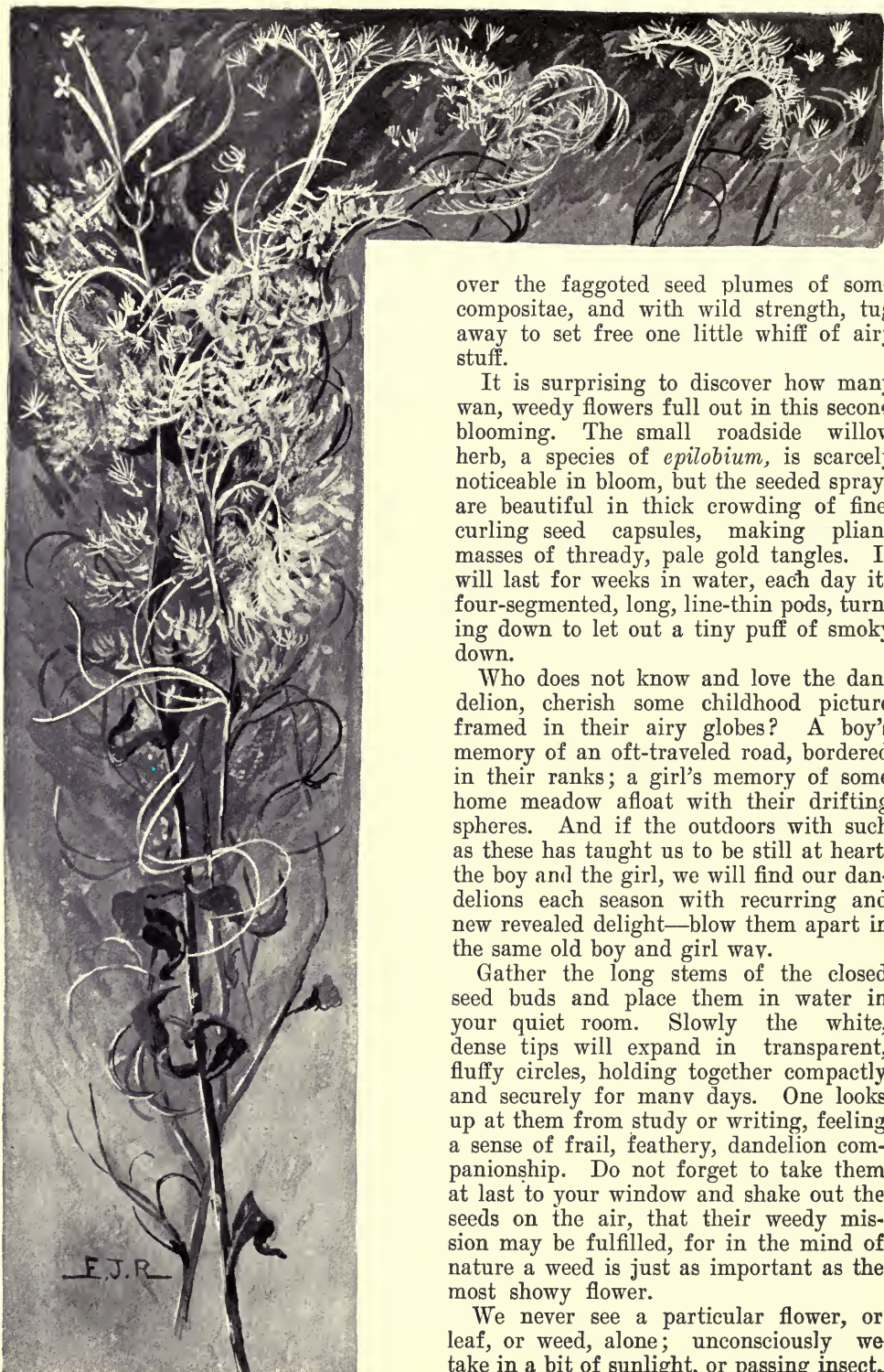


BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

HAVE you come under the spell of the seed feathered ones; flowers which know a double blooming; pride of perfumed petal and aftermath of floating, ethereal, wind-watched blowing?

Along the dusty highways, crowding waste places, lighting up hidden nooks and corners, these downy blooms loosen their seed life to the breeze, all unnoticed, until some day you will look closer, see and admire, look for others, and behold! the earth is starred here and there, and everywhere, with their floating beauty—a refined and fairy-like maturity, often outpassing the first flowering. The wind bends a seeded spray forward, apart from the maze of surrounding weeds; you see for the first time its graceful sprays; the turn of a leaf; the sweep from base to tip outlined distinctly. In some misty morning the roadside tangles are bathed in the clinging largess of dew; each spray, plume, burr, tuft, fringe, hair-point, feather, glorified in the wet, encircling light. After their dewy beauty has melted, you can never know them again as commonplace weeds. A butterfly, or a bird, the breeze or an artist friend, may introduce them to you, but once having seen them you will not forget to find them again in the Big Garden.

There is a fine, slender grace about the wind-fingered weeds. The breeze swings and bends, and plays with them as it never does with heavier growths. A stiff breeze will suddenly soften, hovering



Epilobium.

over the faggoted seed plumes of some compositae, and with wild strength, tug away to set free one little whiff of airy stuff.

It is surprising to discover how many wan, weedy flowers full out in this second blooming. The small roadside willow herb, a species of *epilobium*, is scarcely noticeable in bloom, but the seeded sprays are beautiful in thick crowding of fine, curling seed capsules, making pliant masses of thready, pale gold tangles. It will last for weeks in water, each day its four-segmented, long, line-thin pods, turning down to let out a tiny puff of smoky down.

Who does not know and love the dandelion, cherish some childhood picture framed in their airy globes? A boy's memory of an oft-traveled road, bordered in their ranks; a girl's memory of some home meadow afloat with their drifting spheres. And if the outdoors with such as these has taught us to be still at heart, the boy and the girl, we will find our dandelions each season with recurring and new revealed delight—blow them apart in the same old boy and girl way.

Gather the long stems of the closed seed buds and place them in water in your quiet room. Slowly the white, dense tips will expand in transparent, fluffy circles, holding together compactly and securely for many days. One looks up at them from study or writing, feeling a sense of frail, feathery, dandelion companionship. Do not forget to take them at last to your window and shake out the seeds on the air, that their weedy mission may be fulfilled, for in the mind of nature a weed is just as important as the most showy flower.

We never see a particular flower, or leaf, or weed, alone; unconsciously we take in a bit of sunlight, or passing insect,



or stir of breeze, or stretch of landscape. I recall a tall milkweed, standing beside a worn little bridgeway spanning a gurgling-voiced ravine. On the broad leaves many tiny, metallic-green beetles shone like jewels. A broad stream of light, striking obliquely through an opening slope of the hills, across the distaff-laden stalks, and the breeze, spinning out their silken floss, to weave into the wonder of autumn tapestries.

Along the roadside now, fluffy heads are showing, thistles crowned with bunches of down that float and catch everywhere. Sometimes whirled high against the blue in an upward current; sometimes piled in drifts in the woodland gullies; sometimes flung over a companion shrub, which seemed pleased with the shining spangles of its unusual adornment. Clematis trailing its hanging filaments over bowers of chapparal, winged argosies everywhere.

It would be a long, long story to follow one of these floating seeds to its ultimate planting. Perhaps an animal carries it far on the trail into another range; perhaps a summering girl takes one, unaware, in her veil to her city home, and it finds a way to spring on house lawns; perhaps some soak into the ground directly under the parent stem; or the river carries a drift down its run from mountain to sea. We never know how far a little seed may fly. Should a mountain thistle spring up in your window box in the smoky town, it is vastly more beautiful and interesting there than any man-planted rose or begonia.

Some of these feathered flowers are strikingly lovely to all, but most of them hide in the recessional of unknown weeds. But we who have been taught by the outdoors, know little secrets about them; how this one is medicinal; how that one



Dandelion.

prepares the soil to harbor a more splendid flowering vine, or another helps to fertilize a showier species. Many are food and shelter for hosts of useful insects and birds. Even industries, commerce and crafts may swing around the life of one of these little weeds. All are beautiful in that marvelous placing, and maintenance and fitness of things; all lead to deeper knowledge of the wildwood and the world. These are only a few of the plummy-seeded, flying ones. You find a certain sly delight in enjoying them. It is as if nature had favored you with peculiar eyes; the sight which sees what all may, and another sensitive sight which perceives the beauty and truth under and through and beyond apparent things.

When you have this inner sight you are unable to see ugliness; there is a shifting of values. A Matilija poppy seems no more beautiful than some smallest bloom. What seems insignificant you learn to understand; and, behold! bigger affairs may hang upon the tiny feather of a weed than upon any gorgeous garden rose.

* * * *

There are some who see only one world in the Outdoors; others who know a hundred or more. With the real understanding of each new flower, or animal, or wind-wafted weed, we enter a new realm, complete and enchanting in itself, widening into the unending circle of the Open.

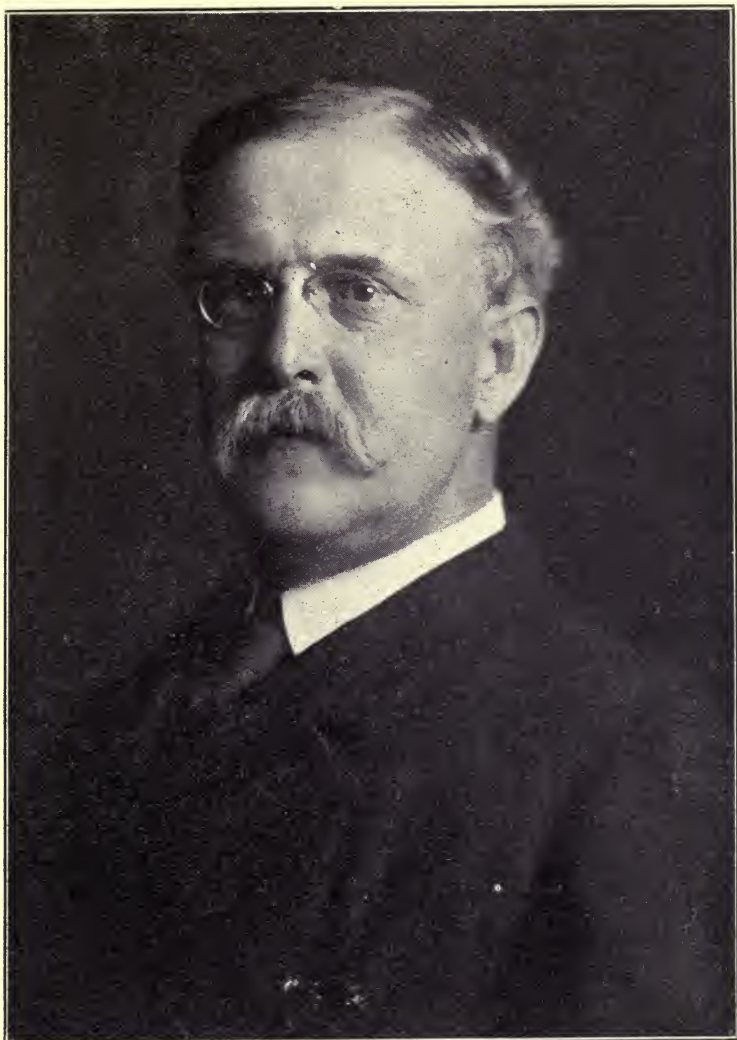
The Love That Lasts

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

There lives one woman that I love—
 One whom I think divinely fair,
 I picture her where'er I rove,
 With sad sweet eyes and silv'ry hair.

Such love this woman bears for me
 That were I dead on Egypt's sands
 She'd come from o'er the widest sea
 To smooth my brow and fold my hands.

The vows oft breathed in language fair
 By Beauty are but kin to earth—
 Such love departs like mist in air,
 But her's endures who gives us birth.



Benj. Ide Wheeler, President University of California. Boye, Photo.

Two Representative Men of California

Benjamin Ide Wheeler

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

WITH all the current opinion of the inavailability of classic training, it is nevertheless true that if the linguist goes deep enough into his subject he finds life genuine and vig-

orous as the most profound physical scientist uncovers in deepest research. The necessary equipment for the linguist is a soul to interpret the life-phenomena he lays bare; for the so-called dead lan-

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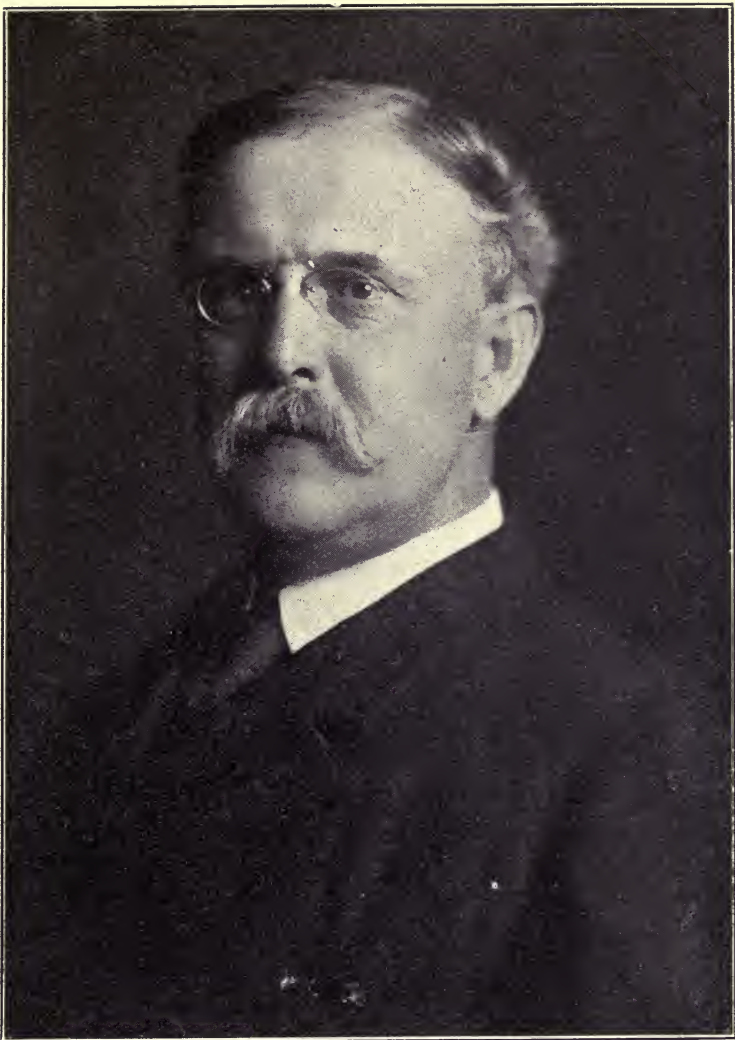
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guages are throbbing with life underneath the crust of inflection. As indexes of the thought of strenuous old Romans, or of beauty-instilled Greeks, or of God-inspired Hebrews, they are as pregnant with life for the humanist as Yosemite is for John Muir, or Vesuvius for Matten-

the heat and smoke of hard-fought life battles.

Benjamin Ide came of stalwart New England ancestry. He was born in 1854. With the instinct of a scholar, he began study early, delving into elementary work at Colby Academy, New London, New



Hearst Hall, University of California.

Belle-Oudry, Photo.

chi. It only needs a master spirit, Browning's "Grammarians," to make them yield their secrets.

It is the life spirit, the fountain of the young which the Spanish explorer did not find, that drew the President of the University of California into the classics. They are his inspiration; and when he goes into his chosen atmosphere he goes with a full knowledge that their spiritual drafts will serve as a healthy reaction upon and renew him for the duties of school administration.

The story of Dr. Wheeler's long student career is a story of the "abundant life," for in addition to settling "*Hoti's* business" and giving us "the doctrine of the euclitic *De*," he has been aggressive and fearless, and has often gone in

Hampshire, and at Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.

During these early years he showed a predilection to linguistics. This accelerated when he entered Brown University, from which he graduated in 1875. Three years later he took the Master's Degree from Brown, and delivered the classical oration. In recognition of distinguished ability he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He now took on the armor of teaching, his life work. This was in 1878. A first term was served in Providence High School, but he was soon in his alma mater, Brown University, as a tutor. Insatiable hunger for knowledge lured him now from the class room, and to Germany he went for classical philology. For four years he labored, investigating

in turns at Berlin, at Leipsig, at Jena, and at Heidelberg. He came back to America with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, received, *summa cum laude*, from Heidelberg.

His next place was an instructorship in German at Harvard, and from this he went, in 1886, to Cornell, as Professor of Comparative Philology. Two years later, at Cornell, his chair was made that of Greek and comparative Philology.

In 1895-96 he was again in Europe, this time in Greece, and he labored as Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the American School of Classical Studies, Athens. Here he drank in fullness of the ancient Greek spirit. He aided in excavations at the site of

in practical teaching—the molding and fashioning of men and women. His double-sided power was rapidly attracting the attention of the educational world, and Princeton, in 1896, conferred upon him, at the sesqui-centenary, the honorary degree of L.L. D. In 1899, out of a large number of famous scholars mentioned for the place, he was chosen President of the University of California.

Four times since his election to the university presidency has he been honored by other universities with the degree of Doctor of Laws—twice in 1900, once by Brown, and once by Harvard; and twice in 1901 by Yale and Johns Hopkins.

This catalogue of honors received by a



Mechanical Engineering Building, Botanical Garden, University of California.

Belle-Oudry, Photo.

old Corinth, and served as one of the judges at the first modern revival of the famous Olympic games.

Along with this delving into the rich mines of old literatures and philosophies, Wheeler was developing a strong interest

remarkable student indicates a strong record, but had Dr. Wheeler come to the West with none of the external evidences of success, such as college degrees and memberships in learned societies, simply depending upon his power and inspira-

tion—showing us the real content of his mind—we should have been immediately won to the man.

First of all, he brought us the doctrine of the "Abundant Life." This is without doubt the most transparent, condensed expression of the results of studies into ancient philosophies, and perhaps gives us the clearest understanding of what the President stands for in the university and in his contact with men.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abund-

remain in the future as it has been in the past, that the nurture of the simpler larger life, and the culture of the sounder health will proceed by use of the products of life. Life is begotten of life, and it will remain in the future as it has been in the past, that the health of the spiritual life passes neither from book or subject, but from life of the master to the life of the pupil. The greatest education is the giving of life and the greatest teacher was one who came that ye might have life—and have it more abundantly."



Mining Building, University of California.

Belle-Oudry, Photo.

antly," is the keystone of his wisdom and the secret of his real touch.

Considering the working processes of such a teacher, one is constrained to think of the methods of old Greek teachers, who, under the trailing shade-trees of academies, without book or chart, gave their students "the water of life." So taught Socrates, so taught Plato. It is the life-giving principle that is instilled by such teaching.

In expounding this dominant idea of his being, Dr. Wheeler himself says:

"Life is nourished of life, and it will

A man who thus stands for an idea, clear, sane, clean-cut, becomes an immeasurable moral force. His influence is positive. He unconsciously becomes a central part in the onward move of his fellows, and what he needs in carrying out his mission comes as the combined product of his genius, and of the helping hands of his people, who know his mission and desire it to be fulfilled.

The man who stands for a positive idea becomes the instrument that molds civilization, and he does his work as a result of the very logic of social growth.

This is the acme of praise, I know. Yet, as we see the trend of Mr. Wheeler's work on this coast and drink from the wisdom of his written pages, we are perforce driven to these conclusions. That he shall continue in his work is not in the least to be doubted as long as he follows unerringly the trumpet call of his chosen philosophy.

Again, the President's pedagogical beliefs are worthy of the attention of all teachers. These are not narrow, and therefore transient, nor are they obscure, and therefore evanescent; but they

much human love and human interest. A person who is not interested in human beings simply as human beings is not likely to be a good teacher.

"The second doctrine is the chief and perhaps all-embracing doctrine. One cannot teach a subject he does not embody; one cannot teach mere knowledge. It is what he conveys himself and not what he knows that counts. A teacher must have, therefore, more than a second-hand knowledge of a subject. What is learned from text books or from casual reading is worse than no knowledge as



North Hall.
University of California.

South Hall.
Belle-Oudry, Photo.

are definite and inspiring, grounded in the depths of human nature.

"My experience in teaching," he says to the writer of these pages in a letter dated, 1904, "has led me to believe that there are in reality only two important doctrines which can form a part of a pedagogical creed. First, the good teacher must be in sympathy with the student's point of view; second, the good teacher must know and live his subject. The first doctrine involves the great task of getting at the other man's point of view. To this end there is required abundant exercise of the imagination and

equipment for a teacher. One must have been trained in work at the sources, in first-hand materials in what is called research. That is, one must have been at some time or other, even if no more than once, out upon the picket line of truth's advance."

That the teacher should know his pupil and "live" his subject embodies, it seems to me, the most fundamental aims of the teacher.

Dr. Wheeler has been remarkably successful in touching California life at the points with which the college president must be familiar. He is a strong figure



Old Mining Building, University of California.

Library.

Belle-Oudry, Photo.

in educational councils. I have known him to come before an audience already jaded with five hours of heavy pedagogical discussion, and from the first, the sound of his voice command as lively at-

tention as if he were the first among the list of eleven speakers; and I have heard this same tired audience greet him with round after round of enthusiasm as he left the platform. He never fails to im-



New Administration Building, University of California.

North Hall.
Belle-Oudry, Photo.

press an audience of laymen; or, when he takes his pen, to inspire his readers with confidence. While he is close to the heart of the people, the university, under his administration, has not been slow to receive the attentions of public benefactors, as instanced in Mr. Kearney's recent gift of three-quarters of a million. One of the most vital evidences of the influence of Dr. Wheeler upon the university is shown in the increased number of students attending the various colleges. This growth has gone on so rapidly in the last six years that the university stands second only to Harvard in total

of whom have spent their lives with the school.

Dr. Wheeler is a corresponding member of Kaiserlich Archaeologisches Institut, and a member of the American Philological Society, the American Oriental Society, the American Social Science Association, the Archaeological Institute of America, etc.

Among his published writings are the Greek Noun Accent (his doctoral Thesis, Strassburg, 1885); Analogy and the Scope of its Influence in Language (1887); Introduction to the Study of the History of Language (with H. A. Strong



Chemistry Building, University of California.

Belle-Oudry, Photo.

enrollment of students. This increase, too, has been in spite of more strict requirements for admission, and more intense work throughout the courses.

Dr. Wheeler's policy has been to reinforce the faculty with the strongest men available. That he is succeeding is evidenced by the choice of such men as Jacques Loeb, H. Morse Stevens, and Hugo Schilling. Others might be mentioned. At the same time, harmony prevails throughout the entire university, and no pains have been spared to advance the interests of the older professors, many

and W. S. Logeman, 1890); Dionysos and Immortality, 1899 (the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard University); The Organization of Higher Education in the United States, 1896; Life of Alexander the Great, 1900. As associate editor, he was in charge of the Department of Comparative Philology and Linguistics in Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia (1892-95), and of the same department in the Macmillan Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology. He has been a frequent contributor to various magazines and journals, being a strong and original writer.



The Hon. James D. Phelan, who not only as a Mayor, but as a private citizen, has shown keen interest in the decoration of his city.



Douglas Tilden

DOWN at the corner of Market and Battery streets in San Francisco is a monument which the combination of fire and earthquake fiends could not destroy. It represents a group of San Francisco's skilled mechanics at work upon a giant riveter, preparing a broad sheet of steel for a place in the ribs of an ocean liner. Fire-swept but unscarred, it is but slightly injured at its granite base; and there it stands, another evidence that it is the fate of art to be immortal. This statuary is the work of Douglas Tilden, and illustrates only one of many points at which the California sculptor is touching Western life.

Though he was more than twenty before he turned his attention to sculpture, many things were paving the way for his life-work. He was born and reared in the land from which he was to draw his inspiration. In his arteries ran the fierce blood of the pioneers, doubtless contribut-

ing the vein of imagination which marks his work; for his maternal grandfather was in California four years before the first Admission Day, and his own father, Dr. W. P. Tilden, came as early as 1856. Both these ancestors were active in the political and social life of the State, Dr. Tilden being twice a legislator, and for many years a director of the hospital for the insane.

Douglas was born on May-day, 1860, in Chico. At the age of five, an attack of scarlet fever, strange to say, was nature's method in opening up the boy's way to sculpture; for this attack, completely destroying his sense of hearing, accentuated the development of two other senses, sight and touch, to the finesse of which is largely due the sculptor's skill. Besides making keen the two senses absolutely essential in the moulding of a statue, the deaf-mute sign-language made it necessary to express all his thoughts in action—the action which the successful

In 1889 a new work, *The Tired Boxer*, received "honorable mention" at the salon. This, cast in bronze, found its home with the Olympic Club, San Francisco, where it was destroyed in the great fire. The plaster cast of it, however, is in possession of the Chicago Art Institute.

The supreme quality of Tilden's art lies in that it appeals to the intellect, and through the intellect to the feelings, and in this the sculptor reaches the highest aim in art. His esthetic instinct enables him to choose the individual to portray, which is the type of, or symbolizes, the group or the species. The time of the action, the attitude of the form portrayed, are both chosen so as to suggest the whole story back of the subject. Thus *The Football Players* makes us see at a glance the rush and swiftness of action in the football game, because behind the bandage on the naked leg of the player is the glory of athletic battle. But *Our U. C. National Game* and *The Football Players* would not be generally appreciated were they not subjects of popu-

lar interest. In this again the sculptor is sure of his ground, because he meets his audience in their own field of thought and feeling.

To play to the nascent emotions among the people is always a part of the function of the artist. This means fame and appreciation for him among his fellows; whether or not it means immortality depends upon whether his people are living, as God intended them to, a deep and significant cycle of human existence—an existence which means something in the evolution of the human race. Whether or not Douglas Tilden is an artist who is to live will depend on whether the life on the Pacific Coast is such as to demand the attention of the future thinker, whether problems of life solved here are vital to the growth of humanity. No one can say what the struggles of path-finders, miners and pioneers are yet to mean. No one can say what shall be the significance to the human race as a whole of the lives of our Stephen A. Whites, our Joseph Le Contes, our Leland Stanfords, our Starr Kings. This



Preparing the clay of which Tilden's dreams of beauty and action are made.



"A sculptor must also be something of a machinist." As the clay in the large statues will not stand alone, the sculptor forges the iron frame-work which outlines the general form around which is moulded the clay.

is the field our sculptor has just now fairly entered. He is doing here great work, and great work is before him. Los Angeles wishes to honor her favorite son, the late United States Senator White, and it is Douglas Tilden's work now in hand to execute the design. Who shall say that Senator White is not a worthy theme for the great artist?

A second historic subject is the Admission Day fountain, commemorative of the coming of California into the Union. This was presented to San Francisco by the Honorable James D. Phelan, who, not only as Mayor, but as a private citizen, has shown keenest interest in the decoration of the city. The sculptor toiled for many months and presented twelve designs from which the final selection was made, thus illustrating that he, along with other successful artists, has the genius for hard work. The beautiful woman that, crowning the granite shaft, gracefully holds aloft an open book, and symbolizes the spirit of California, shows the sculptor at his best in grace and deli-

cacy. She is the product of love straight from the sculptor's heart, for she is the idealized image of the mother of his own children. The Donahue fountain and the monument commemorating the California Philippine Volunteers of '98, belong in the same class with the statue of White and the Admission Day monument. A proposed monument to Balboa has been designed, but not carried out. This was to stand in Golden Gate Park overlooking the ocean. A change of sentiment, resulting from the Spanish war, seems to have delayed the work on Balboa. This should not be. Balboa stands alone, not as a Spaniard, but as a man. He was infinitely above the conspirators who, during his entire stay at the Isthmus, plotted his downfall. As Mr. Tilden says: "It is the man we want."

Junipero Serra, finished not long ago, is now being cast in bronze in Chicago. It is heroic in size, being nine and one-half feet in height. The sculptor has made an especial attempt to actually delineate the features of the famous padre and mis-

sionary, and for that purpose made careful and extended studies of all likenesses extant. The Serra monument practically completes the historic group finished to date.

A third class of the sculptor's creations,

formal classic bias in dealing with modern subjects. The Bear Hunt, now on the grounds of the Institute for the Deaf at Berkeley, reminds one of The Laocoon, especially in the keen selection for portrayal of the strongest moment of the



Tilden's statue of the late Senator Stephen A. White. This is for the city of Los Angeles.

the first two being the athletic and historic, is the classic. Mr. Tilden has been no doubt profoundly influenced by the art of the ancients. Yet he has been very successful in liberating himself from any

action—which is that moment of determined calm which precedes the supreme test of power between the Indian and the bear—a moment which tells the story of the struggle much more intensely than

a climax of death and torn limbs.

A visit to the home and studio of the sculptor is not only instructive, but gives extreme pleasure. The residence is a

of early school age meets you at the door, takes you to the parlor, and in a moment you are busy with your note-book jotting notes to a clean-shaven, brown-haired,



Douglas Tilden's statue to "Our First," erected on corner of Van Ness avenue and Market street, San Francisco.

large, square-built, rather antique house on Webster street, Oakland—the studio in the rear. A light-haired, smiling child

young-appearing man, who is the epitome of courtesy and simplicity.

Our conversation during the two and

a half hours I spent at 1545 Webster street turned immediately to the art. It was the day after the unveiling of the monument commemorating the valor of the California Volunteers, and on reference to that the sculptor said:

"I was there yesterday; the ceremony was very impressive. I did not know I was being called for, as stated in the morning papers; but I, Douglas Tilden, am nobody. God Almighty has given me a certain amount of gray matter and I am expected to return it with interest. To know that my work is appreciated is all the reward I care for."

And this I found to be the attitude of the man who has done and is doing a great share of the best work in making San Francisco's parks and highways famous for their art. I was shown the details of the process used in moulding the clay into the human form divine—Mr. Tilden's subjects all deal with the human—and saw sketches varying from a small *Junipera Serra* to the giant figure of the Donahue fountain.

I saw, too, a bas-relief which is to illuminate a building to be occupied by a fruit and fish canning company. This is by sculptor Patigani, who was burned out last April, and who temporarily makes his working quarters in Mr. Tilden's studio. All through my visit there were pregnant remarks upon the sculptor's art:

"A sculptor is the dynamo, and the stature is the storage battery," he said, while he explained that he used the same clay over and over again in his designs, and that it is necessary to prevent as much as possible the variation of light in the studio. And again: "Nature" (the woods, mountains, the waters and fields) "are for the inspiration of the painter; my problems are with humanity." Again, speaking of Patigani's bas-relief: "This is how art idealizes what we think of as commonplaces."

He agreed with me when I said we have some very venerable and striking subjects for the artist—Muir, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard. Of his San Francisco work he said in a very

self-deprecatory way: "Phelan was the virtual builder of the Admission Day and Volunteer's Monument, and I cannot acknowledge enough my great obligation to him for assistance."

Mr. Tilden was professor of sculpture at Mark Hopkins' Art Institute up to 1900—a position he occupied for seven years. He has had positions of great honor at all the recent world expositions: at Paris, at St. Louis, at Chicago, at San Francisco, and at Portland. He adds to his power as an artist the rare gift of imparting his art, and is thoroughly conversant with the difficulties the young sculptor must encounter. That he has given much thoughtful care to his problems no words of his more clearly set forth than these:

"If it is difficult to make an image in marble or bronze that is beautiful on all sides, it is much more so in a group composed of two or more figures. Well, they must be so huddled together that a downward stroke of a sword cannot pass between the figures without lopping off a head or limb or even cutting open a whole body. This is one rule of grouping. The other is, we must again see whether the group on all sides carries out the same canons of symmetry, variety beauty. This is a very hard nut to crack. Nor is that all. The sculptor must also keep an eye to the best effects of light and shadow, and not be forgetful of the rules of perspective as well as of the law of gravity."

Mr. Tilden has two children, a girl of seven and a chubby boy of three, both in full possession of sense-perceptions, the father is proud to say. He has signalized his love of the home, as has heretofore been indicated in the Admission Day monument, and in the Young Acrobat. The latter is a figure of an infant, executed in marble, and held aloft in the broad hand of its athletic father. The arm is in bronze and is plated with gold.

In this love of his own hearthstone we are again reminded of his devotion to what is strong, simple and beautiful in the human.

The Question of the Unemployed

BY AUSTIN LEWIS

IN all civilized communities—that is, communities in which the modern system of industry predominates, there is in the unemployed question a matter of grievous concern both to the State and charitable organizations engaged in the work of relieving distress. It is one of the most fruitful, perhaps, indeed, the most fruitful source of crime. The matter of poverty is very largely a matter of unemployment. The existence of very large numbers of workmen without employment is a source of great injury to the community in the consequent limitation of production and is filled with more or less veiled menace to the good order and stability of society. Far from diminishing, the evil appears to increase, and the most advanced communities are the most troubled by the existence of this malady in their midst. No less than 90,414 applied to the distress committees brought into existence by the Unemployed Workmen's Act in Great Britain, and no less than 50,000 unemployed so registered in London alone. It is well known that the numbers of those registering are insignificant when compared with the actual numbers of unemployed, and conservative estimates estimate the numbers of the constantly unemployed in that country at 780,000. In the United States, according to the census of 1890, there were 3,523,730, or fifteen per cent of the whole body of workers in the country unemployed for part of the year. In 1900 their numbers had risen to 6,466,964, or twenty-two per cent of the whole. In 1897, according to the Massachusetts' reports, one hundred thousand people, who found employment when the mills were most active, were out on the streets, and without work when the mills were least active. In the clothing trades, the ratio of unemployed to the whole is still more striking, for one-fifth of their number is always unemployed, and this frequently rises to as high as one-fourth or even

one-third. The last census shows that 44.3 per cent of the unskilled workers were employed for some part of the year. Robert Hunter arrives at the conclusion that thirty per cent of the unskilled labor of the country is out of employment during some portion of the year and actually suffers poverty from that cause.

The effects of this lack of employment are thus described by Geoffrey Drage: "The hopeless kind of hand-to-mouth existence into which they thus tend to drift is of all things least conducive to thrift; self-reliance is weakened, and habits of idleness, unsteadiness and intemperance are formed. It has been said that in many trades the prevalence of drunkenness is in direct proportion to the irregularity of employment. The effects of such casual work are even more marked in the next generation. Apart from inherited tendencies, the children of this class grow up without any training, technical or moral, such as would fit them to enter a trade, or, if they entered it, to remain in it. They are forced to join the ranks of unskilled or casual labor, and thus, under the same influences which beset their parents, they not only become incapable of regular work, but cease to desire it, preferring to pick up a precarious living by means of odd jobs and charity. It is a well-known fact that degeneracy is more frequently the result of unemployment than the precursor of it, and that the moral weakness and lack of will which are the marks of the submerged are not the causes so much as the effects of the course of treatment to which they have been subjected at the hands of the present system. This opinion is the entire opposite of that generally held by charity workers in the early stages of relief work, but the new conclusion appears to be supported by the weight of evidence, and the system must be blamed for much that was formerly laid at the door of the individual. It has been noticed further that vagrancy

and the countless crimes and offenses which are associated with and are the product of vagrancy, increase greatly in times of trade depression, and that the unemployment thus engendered is the mother of an infinity of misery and degradation.

Among the causes of unemployment, perhaps the chief and most noteworthy is that of industrial depression. The cycles of trade sweep in and ebb forth independent of the lives and hopes of the myriads of the laboring class who are set to work when times are brisk and incontinently dropped when the inevitable reaction comes, and they are forced to endeavor to sell their labor power in a market which has no need of them. Mr. H. M. Hyndman, whose authority in matters respecting the working-class will hardly be questioned, wrote in the *Contemporary Review* in 1897: "Periods of slack work in all trades come so much more often than they did that no amount of thrift can save the workers as a class from the effects of the growing uncertainty. * * * I am convinced that if any intelligent man in any grade of labor were asked what on the whole occasioned him the greatest anxiety, and made him most hopeless of his future, he would say the terrible anxiety of which I have spoken." Where the unions have provided against the lack of employment of their members by a system of insurance, the strain upon the relief funds thus accumulated is so great that in times of stress it is practically impossible for any trade progress to be made, owing to the absorption of funds in relief.

The consolidation of industry, too, brings unemployment in its train. Important as it is for society that organization should be constantly developed so that the best means of production shall always be available and the least possible amount of human effort be expended in the attainment of industrial ends, yet as things are at present constituted, the whole weight of such development rests on the shoulders of the working class. They are flung upon the market pell-mell and must endeavor to secure a new footing where they have lost the old one. The results cannot fail to be disastrous to very large numbers. Skilled labor is suddenly precipitated into the ranks of un-

skilled, and the struggle for existence—already too fierce—is further stimulated by the admission of these new competitors for a low scale of living. Innumerable clerks and salesmen travel the same road as the skilled mechanics who have been deprived of their trade, and the slum population piles up as a result of a change of which society as a whole reaps the benefit, but the burden of which is borne by individuals.

Another apparent cause of this unemployment is found in the speeding up of the machine industry, by which process the market is supplied rapidly, and the workers, after a period of intense labor are confronted by a succeeding period of enforced idleness. An example of this will be found in the shingle-making industry. In this, trade competitions were set afoot to determine the greatest number of shingles which could be produced by one individual in a day. As a result of these competitions a high average was struck, to which the workers were obliged to conform. The upshot of the system is, that the shingle workers are laid off for six or eight weeks in both summer and winter, and the uncertainty of employment follows the putting forth of intense labor for a brief period. This speeding up system is almost universal in the United States. It has been developed to the highest pitch here, and other countries, in their struggle for the markets are endeavoring to follow suit. For those who have the strength to keep at it for a time the rewards are proportionately greater than in a more temperate and steady system of labor, but the effects are not long in making themselves felt upon the nerves and general physique of the operatives, who, unable to maintain the strain, are reduced to unemployment, and its consequent evils. It has been truthfully said of this system: "The very productivity of labor proves to be its own undoing. The very industry of the workers throws them out of employment, and the increase of wealth means increased poverty to the producers."

Excessive hours of labor have also been a fruitful source of unemployment. This evil has been progressively diminished by the success of the larger labor organizations, but as is usually the case in such matters, those most in need of assistance

have not secured it, and in the lower forms of labor, where the risk of employment is greater, there still persists a system of long hours which keeps numbers of people in unemployment who might otherwise be profitably at work and maintaining themselves and their families. The clothing trades, the immense proportion of unemployed in which has already been noticed, are more particularly the victims of the long hours system, which calls for legislative interference as the sufferers from the system are unable to help themselves.

A writer has recently called attention to the influence which artificially stimulated immigration has upon labor problems in this country. There is no doubt that a very zealous campaign is made by interested parties with the connivance and actual assistance of large manufacturing concerns in the United States for the importation of enormous numbers of the poorest and least advanced of the inhabitants of Europe. These immigrants, arriving in ever increasing numbers, steadily reduce the standard of living of the resident working class. By reason, too, of their ignorance of local customs and their entire strangeness to our language and modes of livelihood, they are more easily managed by the employers, and are much less likely to rebel at treatment which the American or the working man who has been here for some time would be inclined to resent as tyrannical. Wave after wave of these peoples come in, the later arrivals, by reason of their cheapness, depriving their predecessors of the means of livelihood. These latter are therefore compelled to sink into the condition of unemployment. From this slough they find it more and more difficult to extricate themselves, and they drift finally into the unemployable, the vagrant or the criminal classes, and constitute a continual, and, so far, insoluble problem.

There is a very marked tendency in modern times to reduce the age at which men will be employed. The speeding up system requires every pound of energy which a man possesses, and the employers who, in their turn, have to compete in the market, demand a fresh energy and a muscular agility with which the individual in the ordinary course of things

must part as he approaches middle age. Thus at the age of forty, or in some trades even less, the workman finds himself a drug on the market, and discovers, when it is impossible to remedy it, that the trade which he has learned is no longer of any value to him. The results are disastrous. He must begin life again at a time when his family requires the greatest amount of expenditure in order to equip them properly for the battle of life. He must seek his work in the already overcrowded unskilled labor market, where in all probability he will find but occasional work, so that he loses his former place in life; his children are not able to maintain his level, and they will start upon the unskilled labor plane both socially and in other respects, and thus the entire family becomes a problem instead of an asset to society.

The displacement of male by female labor is also an obvious cause of the unemployment of the male portion of the working class in all occupations where female labor can be profitably substituted. There are no less than five million women employed in the United States at the present day. Many of them have been forced into employment by the inability of the male members of the family to support the women. Thus female employment, while a result of male unemployment is also a cause of the same phenomenon. Women require less wages and are more helpless than men. They are more easily disciplined, and they are not so likely to combine and agitate for better conditions. The economic results of this employment of women cannot be described as satisfactory. The wife who takes work in order to make up the deficiency of the work of her husband, and to provide better for her family, finds ultimately that the sacrifice has been without return, for as soon as it becomes the rule that both husband and wife engage in outside work, the scale of wages falls, so that they are no better than those which the husband himself was formerly accustomed to earn. The rate of wages in a condition of practically unrestricted competition for employment, such as we find in the ranks of unskilled and unorganized labor, tends to the margin of subsistence, and the result appears to be unavoidable, except by the interposition

of such State interference as has not as yet been applied in the more advanced industrial countries. The conditions of modern life force the women into the field of economic production, whence they would prefer to absent themselves, all the sneers and jibes of the comic papers notwithstanding. However, the increase in the number of families abandoned by husband and father, chiefly by reason of his inability to provide for them; the increase in the number of divorces owing to the same economic causes, together with the demands of the employers, tend to bring about a constant flow of women into industry to displace male labor and to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

These are some of the causes of the perplexing and dangerous problem of unemployed, according to the best authorities on the subject. We may now examine a few of the remedies which have been suggested to meet the evil.

The evils attendant upon lack of employment became very noticeable soon after the break-up of the feudal system, and the incongruity of men who were willing to work and were yet unable to secure it, forcibly struck the imagination of statesmen who conceived the right to labor as one of the essential human rights. This claim of a right to labor has been forcibly maintained by the earlier socialist writers and agitators, and was a very favorite agitation cry in the forties in Continental Europe. Even Bismarck was bitten by the force of the demand, and as late as May, 1884, declared: "Is not the right to labor founded on our mutual and Christian view of life, so that if any one comes to his fellow citizens and says: 'I am strong and anxious to work, but cannot find anything to do,' he may add also: 'Give me labor! This is the duty of the State.'" The break-up of the old system of production and the establishment of the new industrial system in Germany had produced effects which had been experienced in England many years before. Thus, we find this claim of a right to labor practically acknowledged by statute in the reign of Elizabeth. 18 Eliz. c. 3 provided that justices were to order a competent stock of wool, hemp, flax, iron or other stuff by taxation of all, so that every poor and needy person, old and young, able to work and standing in

need of relief, should not for want of work go abroad begging or committing pilferings or living in idleness. 43 Eliz. c. 2. goes even further than this, for it provides for a compulsory assessment for the following purposes:

1. For the setting to work of children whose parents cannot support them.
2. For setting to work of all persons, married or unmarried, who have no means to maintain themselves, and who use no ordinary or daily trade in life to get their living by.
3. For providing a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware or stuff to set the poor on work.

This semi-feudal system of administering to the necessities of the unemployed was soon shown to be of no practical value. It interfered with the free play of industry, and met with unreserved condemnation at the hands of the manufacturers and employers generally, who found the market upset by this sort of indiscriminate State aid. The system speedily degenerated into what is known as the method of out-door relief, which was so abused that another agitation was made against this method, also with the result that out-door relief in Great Britain practically places its recipients in a worse position than those convicted of crime as far as economic position is considered. Thus the convict gets one and one-half pounds of bread, five ounces of cooked meat, half an ounce of onions, a pound of potatoes, and a pint of cocoa per day for eight hours' work. The unemployed man who accepts out-door relief gets one loaf of bread and eighteen cents per day with which to supply lodging, food and clothing for himself and family, and has the penal task of breaking thirteen hundred weight of stone or picking four pounds of oakum.

The solution of the unemployed problem by out-door relief or by State furnished labor based upon philanthropic notions is a complete failure, and neither in Great Britain nor in Germany, and still less in the United States, has any Governmental action so far been taken which can in any way be said to have met the problem.

The farm colonies method has not perhaps had a fair trial, but in so far as the experiment has been made, it cannot be

called successful. The present industrial system, which has the effect of grouping immense numbers of people in congested industrial centers, is not such as fits the partial survivor for the strenuous life of the farm. The town seems not only to create its victims, but to have also a sort of drug effect upon them, so that those who go to the country are tormented with restless cravings for the excitements and gregarious amusements and vices of city life. The farm colonies, too, so far as they have been tried, too closely resemble penal colonies, for the men who are placed upon them are separated from women and children, and other refining influences.

So difficult is the unemployment problem of solution under present conditions that it has come to be regarded as practically hopeless in some quarters. Thus the Central Unemployed Committee of the Tottenham Trades and Labor Council (Eng.), reports: "We declare that unemployment is the direct outcome of private property in land and capital, and the organization of industry upon a proper basis constitutes the sole remedy." Keir Hardie, the well-known member of Parliament, says: "The only drastic cure for the unemployed problem lies in socialism," and Bernard Shaw, with his usual witty way of putting the extreme case, sums up his opinion in the following words: "I think that you had better make up your mind to demand from the Government that all men should get a living wage whether they are working or not."

The British Labor Party, whose victories in the present Parliament have been a matter of universal comment, in March of this year expressed its conclusions on the unemployed question in the following terms: "That this conference affirms its former declaration that unemployment is the direct outcome of the private monopoly of land and capital, and the consequent want of organization in the interest of the community, and warns the workers against the emigration schemes which are being promulgated as a remedy for unemployment, and declares the Unemployed Workmen's Act to be totally inadequate as a measure for even temporarily alleviating the suffering arising from unemployment and demands its

amendment on the lines of enlarging the powers conferred upon the new authorities in respect of its financial provisions, the limitations upon earnings, the inquisitorial nature of the records required of applicants for work, and further declares that as the question is national in its scope and bearing, it should be dealt with on a national basis and decides vigorously to press this view of the matter on the attention of Parliament and the country."

It was therefore confidently expected that the present Parliament would have shown some method of grappling with the difficulty, which might have furnished a guide to other communities. For, though Great Britain is unquestionably very hard pressed by a permanent unemployed problem, as we have seen, the chances of this country being confronted by the same difficulty are by no means remote. So far, however, nothing of value has been contributed by British statesmanship. John Burns, whose advent to the Cabinet raised great hopes in the minds of practical reformers, cannot be described as a success. A slight improvement in trade, which has had the effect of diminishing the numbers of the unemployed, has given him the opportunity to shelve the question, and after the usual fashion of politicians, he has passed on the matter to some successor, who will have to meet the same conditions in a more aggravated form. Even if some attempt were made to get rid of the rubbish which has already accumulated, and to diminish in some degree the numbers of the vagrant class, something would have been done. These unemployables are on the increase. They are the product of lack of employment in the first place. The victims of the social organization, they bid fair to avenge their wrongs on the society which has brought them into being. But the most powerful Government of modern times appears to be either unwilling or unable to face the task of dealing with the evil, and at every depression in trade, the slum and sewer of modern civilization threaten to deluge our institutions in a mass of filth.

The fact is, that the unemployed question strikes so deeply at the roots of our modern system that it seems impossible of solution save by the eradication of much that has come to be considered as essen-

tial to right government. The platitudes of the politicians have no place in the discussion of this question. How can one speak of the individual liberty of a man who is forbidden by the exigencies of the market to exercise the strength and the skill which are his sole assets of livelihood? But if some solution is not found within the system, there is very little doubt that it will be sought outside of it. Liebknecht, in 1883, saw the dilemma in which modern Governments were placed, and proclaimed the action and attitude of his party with respect to the reforms which might be instituted with the purpose of meeting the various ills that beset society, and yet saving the essential structure of society. He said: "What we want is the radical transformation of existing conditions. We cannot be bought over. We accept, indeed, small reforms when they are offered us by way of installment, but we do not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. We know that the prevailing social misery and injustice cannot be remedied by such small reforms; we know that social reform, to be thorough, implies the complete destruction of our existing social order; i. e., of our present means of production." We have already seen the proposals of the English working class party: they are identical with

those of the same party in the United States. If the men at present in charge of the politics of the country are unable to find a solution of the present difficulty, there is no doubt that the mass of laborers will turn to that party which does offer a solution. Something must be done to organize industry and to prevent the accumulation of unemployed whenever the market for labor falls off. Among the plans adopted so far, one now in vogue in Bavaria deserves a passing mention. The country is covered with a number of labor bureaux, every place of any considerable number of inhabitants possessing one. These bureaux are in a telephonic communication with what has been described as a sort of "industrial clearing house," at Munich. Thus the workers are brought into contact with the employers, and much trouble in useless job hunting is saved, and the numbers of unemployed to that extent reduced. This expedient, however, has no permanent value, for the seat of the trouble is much deeper than the law contemplates. Still, an effort on the part of our legislatures to grapple with the question even on such conservative lines, would show at least a willingness to consider some practical remedy for one of the greatest evils of to-day.

Sonnet of Parted Lovers

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

My heart cathedral is of ritualist,
Intoning, "*We shall meet to part no more.*"
Thus lover calls to loved one gone before,
The cry of yearning lips that go unvisited:
Of empty arms that grope for presence missed;
Of breast that calls to breast from throbbing core;
Of flesh that calls to flesh which is no more:
Of body, fainting for Love's Eucharist.

The sacred picture's draped, the tapers blown,
The echoes in the transept of my heart
Love's Litany: "*To part no more,*" intone,
My soul's the hidden shrine wherein thou art:
There shines thy presence, I am not alone;
Our souls have met and nevermore may part.



"La Casa Grande," type of old-time "Hacienda" in Ventura.

The Greaser

BY ALAN OWEN

THE afternoon glare of Southern California beat down upon our backs as we sat our horses. They stood upon a "loma," or foothill, overlooking the two matchless valleys, the Ojai, and forty miles away the Ventura. Much of the land visible to the naked eye, I knew, formed once a great rancho in the sole possession of the old Spaniard at my side; countless herds of cattle "used" where now orchards and orange groves dotted the landscape.

Stirred, no doubt, by his companionship and the panorama, memories came to the surface after months of oblivion; vague outlines of some tragic story connected with a young girl bearing this old cattleman's name.

I looked at him furtively. There was no desire to probe wounds that a quarter of a century, mayhap, had not wholly closed. My calling had forced too many of these raw places upon an unwilling attention. Yet to have once owned this valley—

The weight of his body reposed upon

one thigh and one stirrup; a thoughtful attitude, his hands capping the pommel. The muscles of the lower jaw outlined in tense furrows, the lips drawn in a hard line away from the white teeth. Whatever his recollections, obviously they were disquieting.

It was now or never, and the temptation was irresistible. Later, a guest at his hacienda, the subject might be more difficult of approach. Like an old grizzly at bay, he lived with a couple of nephews and the numerous progeny of these relations, in a small adobe built up against the mountain side. A hundred and sixty acres of foothill land and a couple of hundred head of wild cattle running loose among the rough volcanic ridges of the unsurveyed San Emedias, furnished the three families with a somewhat precarious living, a daily diet for the most part of carne con chili (commonly vulgarized into "chili con carne") and tortillas.

"Oiga Usted, Caballero! You ask me how I come to lose my land, my horses, my cattle? Ah, si, you may as well say

it—la muchachita my daughter, my wife, everything that life has best. You may have the understanding! Quien sabe?"

The old gentleman, for he was that, every inch of him, turning his mustang by the neck with a slight movement of rawhide reins, led the way to the shade of a gigantic Judas tree. The chaparral on the mountain side was in full bloom, and the scent of it filled the air, sickly-sweet, like a can of newly-opened condensed milk. The bronchos stood patiently bearing our weight on three legs, always one hind leg standing at ease, as it were, after the fashion of a meditative hen. The wheels of the silver Mexican spade-bits kept up a soft burr, as the mustangs rolled them with their tongues, their long tails swishing to and fro with clock-like persistence.

"Paisano, on the mesa where you see the new house building, the Casa Grande stood. I and my family lived there—that was thirty years ago, and my father before me. This casa chiquita I share with my nephews; in the old days it was used by some of my vaqueros—so you see we now live as once my servants lived, but we cannot afford such good meat, nor so much. Nor have we the spare peso that was theirs."

He shifted uneasily in the saddle, half turning his back; on my side the silence was apprehensive. A road-runner, looking like a freak pheasant that had evolved abnormally as to neck and legs, was making a series of short dashes back and forth among the mesquite. It raised and lowered a crest interrogatively at each periodical pause, lifting its tail feathers simultaneously with the top-knot, one beady eye always turned in our direction. The bird had kept us company, as is the practice with these absurd creatures, for the last ten miles, racking along a little ahead of us, loping when we loped, galloping ostrich-like when we used the spur, and settling down to a Mexican trot as the mouth of the Matillija was gained. That we did not continue the journey seemed to strike this grotesque fowl as an intentional aspersion on its powers.

"Senor, you have heard something of those days in California?" queried the cattleman, turning again towards me as he shook a flaky tobacco into a thin brown paper, rolled, screwed up the ends and

lit the cigarette almost in one action. "Bueno! A caballero placed all that he had at the disposal of his friend or guest. It was the custom. His house, his money, his horses, his servants. Muy bueno! I had a friend!

"Un Gringo. The son of a grocer—but he could speak Spanish that won our hearts, and he could ride like a vaquero. Si, si, he could ride.

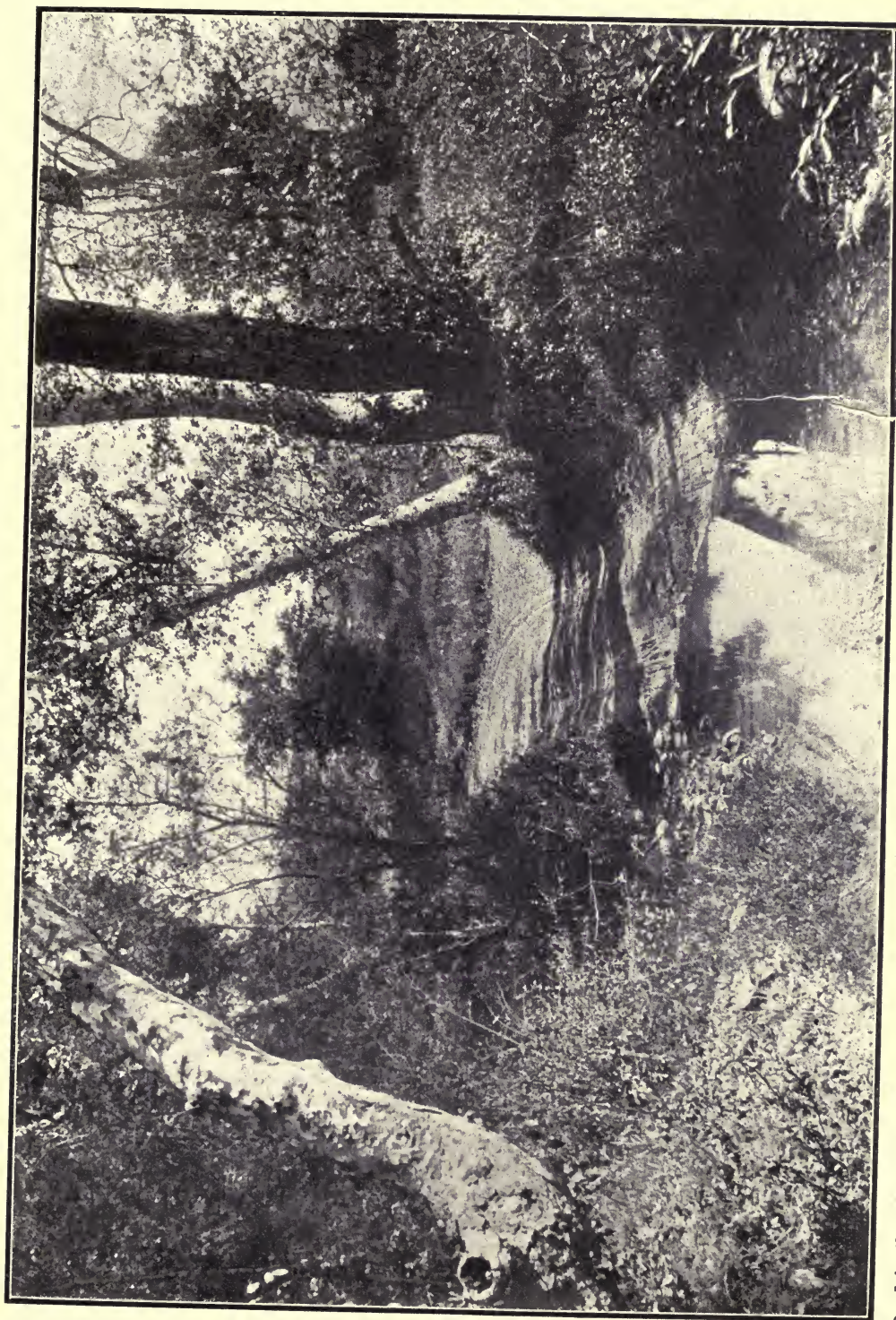
"His father's store was all-the-same chiquita, very small way; no business. The son now has a very big store, and owns all my land, all that he has not sold.

"He came first to our big dance. We danced many times in those days, but once in the year we had un gran' fandango. La muchachita's birthday, and this time she was eighteen, my daughter. Madre de Dios! but she was beautiful, muy bonita, like the Cuote, what you call the yucca in flower. Ask the vaqueros viejos, the old men; it is thirty years ago, but they do not forget—nor I.

"The day was in April, so we always had rodeo de la primavera then, branded the calves, and brought bears down from the Sierras to fight with dogs. Then the barbecue, three, sometimes four steers, roasted whole over pits full of fire. Everybody came; all were welcome, and there was bastante carne and bastante vino. No one was allowed to go away hungry or thirsty.

"In the evening came the dance, el gran' baile, for our friends, our neighbors, our guests, all paisanos, Spanish. This birthday I tell you of, the Gringo stayed for the dance. He was not invited, pero que vale? It is the way with the breed, and he had the language. Also he seemed, in some ways, un caballero, a gentleman, for he had what you call manner, in a degree more than most Gringos that traded and peddled in those days; and he was quick to learn.

"Tambien, women are hard to sabe. La Senora liked him, and la muchachita would not speak of him either way, but she danced with him several times that night, and refused from that time to receive attentions from our caballeros; when they serenaded her at night, as often happened both before and after she met this Americano, my daughter kept her window shut, and did not join in the can-



Road in the matchless Ojai Valley.

tate, as at one time was her pleasure, the voice of an angel was hers, and great still with the guitar."

A plump gray squirrel, with expanded brush and plumage-like fur, took a flying leap, parachute-fashion from the topmost branches of an adjacent pine to a lower limb of the scarlet baked Judas. The half-broken mustangs, nervous as timid women, snorted and whirled in the instant from each other at right angles on the pivot of tense hind-quarters. With a resounding slap from pendant and embossed tapaderos, the Spaniard at once reproved this folly and regained his former position.

"You, Senor, coming from your rancho in the Sierra Madre del Sur, have a horse go lame, or a pack mule fall. If it happens on the first day's ride to town, you take one of Ortega's horses, and leave yours to get well. If on the second day, one of mine. When you come back, you leave the horses you have taken, putting the saddle on your own again. Bien! On the way to the Cuyama, or if we go to the Sisquoc through your range, maybe an accident happen. We who are your neighbors know that your mustangs are for us to use. But when all this country for hundreds of miles belonged to old Spanish families, a guest who had to go some place was given a horse to ride, and told to turn it loose when he got to his journey's end. The horse and saddle would be brought back some day, by the next caballero that happened to ride in the right direction, and we gave no thought to the matter.

"The Gringo took the best horse he could find in barn or corral every time he came to the hacienda, walking from San Buena Ventura, perhaps fifteen miles one day, then sleep at the Lopez rancho, and fifteen miles the next, till he reach the Mesa. This he did twenty times and more, and none of the horses ever came back. As for the saddles, that is different. He took four, and then no one on the rancho would trust him, so he rode the cavallos bareback. You sabe, Senor, saddles had more silver then than now, silver on tapadero, on rebos, on cantle, on horn, all worked with the hand. No—la Senora liked him, and la Senorita, sin duda, loved him; but saddles are different. The mustangs we thought maybe

they come back some night; ponies very plentiful then, anyway.

"What you call 'days of gold' happen then. They find el oro all the time, and most every place. Some in the arroyo below, that ran through my rancho. Money not very hard to get those times, so caballeros play a good deal, and for big stakes. Some time the Gringo would tell la Senora he lose all his dinero at cards last nights; he has a big debt, and fears for his honor—Chingar-r-ra! his honor!

"Paisano, it is not needful that I tell you. Naturalmente, my wife would take him to the big room, la sala, and put the key to my desk, and open the drawer of money, saying, 'It is our privelege; help thyself, Senor, without stint, while you have need.' Mi Amigo, I have seen the Gringo's eyes grow big like the pesos in the drawer as he looked at the gold, and the skin on his face draw tight. Then he would fill his pockets, nor stop till he had every centavo in the desk, maybe all the money the beef cattle bring in one year. 'I give it to you to-morrow,' he would say, but—Car-r-rajo! it was always manana, manana, manana and the money, all the same as the ponies never came back.

"Meanwhile, la muchachita no eat. She sit about all day on the corredor, with her hands folded like she pray, and her eyes shine with tears and are wide with looking, always looking, down the canyon and potrero towards San Buena Ventura. So she watched for the Gringo every day, and when she see him coming on foot over the loma, she take a riata and run to the corral. She throw the rope very quick, from behind, like you or me, then jump on the pony, no saddle, and race to meet the man she love. Si, si, it is true—the man she love. They would reach the casa, he in front and she behind, her arms round his waist as though for support; she who could roll the cigar-etto on the back of a broncho! Pst!

"Two more birthdays come to mi muchachita, and all the time she get thin, so I scared she die; tambien, I fear more things than death. La Senora always say good words for him, and that hold me like the loop of a riata round a horse's fore-legs; if I move, maybe I make trouble. Alfin, when I no longer stand to see things this way, I speak to the Gringo, all

soft, for sake of La Senora and Senorita, and tell him to go away; beg of him to help himself once more to the money in my desk, and then vamos, vamos, vamos from the rancho and never come back.

(What he did say to the Gringo was, of course "vete," but in telling his tale, the Spaniard dropped into the corrupted use of "vamos.")

"He seem very sorry, and say he want to marry my little girl, la Senorita. Then he tell me he love la muchachita three year ago, the first time he come to the dance. When he proceed, he would marry her long time before, but he was afraid, because he have no money, and she have so much land and cattle, my heart give one big leap, like this mountain come off it, and I shake him by the hand, and tell him we do not think to be poor a disgrace, that there is land and cattle and room in la Casa Grande for all. So he thank me and go away, and I tell my daughter of our palabra together. When she hear what pass between us, la muchachita give a little cry and throw her arms round my neck and kiss me, and her eyes shine with tears that come from gladness. Then she run to her room, and, presto! I hear her sing, and the guitar play, the first time for three years. I listen; it is the cancion 'Te Adoro Yo,' that once her mother sang when we were young and first loved.

"Maybe it is a week, maybe two weeks, before we see Gringo again. When he come, he take me one side and say he is much afraid of something if he marry la Senorita. He think some of my people say he has no right to live on the rancho; that with his people it was the custom to make what you call a settlement, so he could have equal rights with la Senorita when she became his wife. Then he ask me to sign a paper, so he could have something to show people if any one want to make him go away.

"I tell him he has my word; no man needs more. This does not suit; maybe I die. I bear with him for my daughter's sake. He take a paper from his pocket that he say gives him the right to live on the rancho after he marry Senorita Inez; nothing more. He has pen and ink, and asks me to sign. He say 'all matter of form; no consequences, only the custom of his countrymen.' Then I

take the paper and try to read; I no read English very good. All the time I look at the words he talk and talk and talk, so all I see is 'Agreement,' 'First Part,' 'Second Part,' 'Whereas,' and 'Witnesseth.' I no make out what the rest about.

"When la muchachita come into the room, he call her to him, and commence to talk and talk and talk to her. Then the little girl run to me with kisses, and say everything all right; she beg me to do as he says, or maybe he go, and she see him no more. At this thought, la Senorita begin to cry, and the Gringo put the pen in my hand. So I sign. Car-r-ramba'!

"Mi amigo, these things that I tell you now are like an old story, told many times. There are an hundred old Spanish families in this county and Santa Barbara that have suffered all the same as I—and much the same way. It is happening now and will to-morrow. There is no place for a good heart in California any more; the black heart has the success and the land—everything. The law is made that he may prosper.

"For one whole month we see nothing of the Gringo; then a day comes that we cannot find Inez; her horse and saddle have gone, too.

"First we think maybe she visit some neighbors, paisanos. Next day we send vaqueros to look; they trace the pony's tracks to San Buena Ventura, and from there forty miles to Santa Paula. Then a band of cattle pass over the road and many horses, so they lose the trail.

"The fourth day a letter come from Los Angeles; it is from la nina, mi muchachita, la Senorita Inez, the daughter I love better than life. She beg of us to pray for her. She could not live without sight of her lover, so had gone to join him. She implore that I do not follow, as it would make the Gringo angry; perhaps turn him to hate her, and then she would wish to die. Ay Dios! better, thousand times better she die!

"It is one hundred miles, but my horse was good, and the spurs red. I was in Los Angeles that night.

(Both the man and beast capable of this performance, once not uncommon, are practically extinct. During a series of prolonged droughts in the sixties and again in the eighties, herds of mustangs

running loose on the great Spanish ranchos were gathered and driven over cliffs into the sea at Santa Barbara and elsewhere, as an expeditious method of getting rid of the horses and the carcasses.

"Some paisanos tell me where they live. I find the house in the bad part of town, what you call a rooming house; very many rooms—and I make many mistakes, but at last I open the right door.

"The Gringo is at supper, and la Senorita is serving him. Madre de Dios! she who had servidors for every wish! It make my blood boil.

"My daughter see me first, and give a great cry, and drop the dish she holds. The Gringo jump to his feet and throw his hand behind him, so. I draw my cuchillo and make one big rush at him, but la muchachita too quick, and gets in between, so I nearly hide the knife in her flesh. The Gringo he no afraid; with one hand he put the girl aside, and hold her, then the other came from back of his hip, quick like you throw in the corral; something shine in his hand; a great light and noise, and I feel like some one brand me with the hot iron on the shoulder.

"My eyes see everything red, like blood. I am crazy to cut his black heart out. I rush again, and the girl hold my arm and pray that I kill her, not her lover. At this the Gringo smile, and make me more mad. I change the knife to the left hand very quick, for the right hurt; make a little stroke with bad arm at the head, then with the left stab him over the heart with all my body behind. I felt the point of the cuchillo strike a rib; the thick end of the pistol came down on my head, here in front, and I know nothing.

"I cannot tell how long before I wake and sabe things. It is all dark and smell very bad. My shoulder stab, stab, stab, like some one use a knife all the time, and somethings I no see in the dark run all over and bite. Then I hear curses, and I see a little better; men lie all around drunk. I think of my wife, la Senora, and then of my daughter; next everything is dark again. When my head gets clear I know I am in jail.

"The trial come soon, and in the court I hear them talk all around about 'Greasers' and 'treachery' and 'knives,' and not one word of guns and black hearts.

Men come with cards and want to talk for me in court, but they look like the Gringo, but more foxy; so I tell them to leave me alone. Then they get mad, and say they fix it with the judge so I get hell."

"When the trial begin, the Gringo stand up and say he no want me sent to jail again, but have my friends put up money to promise I cut him no more. But the judge he say he stop knife work, and order I go to prison for six months, and find two friends to sign a paper so they lose two thousand dollars each if I attack the Gringo when I come out. I no want any one to sign, but two paisanos who hear of the trial ride all the way from Santa Barbara and sign the paper. Senor, I am weak and sick, so the tears come when they sign, for I know they risk their homes and all they have.

"The fever get hold of me when they put me back in jail, so most of the months I am in the house for sick people, what you call hospital."

"When all the six months go, and I am free, some paisanos come to take me from the jail. They want me to stay in Los Angeles; they say la Senora very sick; then they no look at me.

"I ask them what they mean, but they only tell me to stop in the town with them, and not go back to the rancho.

"This make me more crazy to go. Some one steal my horse while I am in jail, but a vaquero lend me one of his, and I start. As I get in the saddle, very slow, for I am like a child, and one shoulder still hurt, some paisanos call out that I remember I always have a home in Los Angeles.

"I no understand, but wave my left hand to them, and start off on a lope for the rancho.

"It takes me three days to reach the mesa. Some time I fall off the horse, and some time I have to ride very slow. The Ojai look all different. As I go through the big gates, I look for cattle tracks; no tracks—only old ones. No vaqueros, no horses, nothing move.

"As I ride through the canyon to where it open on to the potrero, there is no sound but the flap, flap of my tapaderos. At last I hear a coyote howl, and I see la Casa Grande. The vine is torn down from the corredor, shutters

smashed, and windows and doors stuck all over with white paper. When I get close I see some men on the piazza. They sit on chairs from la Senora's room, their feet on the rail. Long cigars are in their mouths, and all the time they spit; los puercos sucios! the piazza my wife love to keep so clean look all the same as a pig-pen.

"I ask them what they do on my rancho and in my house. They all laugh and take the cigars in their hands and spit, and point to the papers on the windows and doors.

"Then one man I know by sight get up and ask me to come with him so he can

fight in another court. They say everything belong to the Gringo.

"So she sell all her jewels, and beautiful lace her madre brought from Castile in early days, and take all the money she can get together and give it to a lawyer, who say he fight the case in a bigger court and have everything set right.

"In a few days the lawyer come and say he must have more money or he no can fight. La Senora weep and say she got no more—he has her last peso. Then the old servidors who have been with us ever since we marry, and the vaqueros who work and ride for us at so many rodeos, and the paisanos who live near, all



"Rodeo de la primavera."

talk. He is a pretty good man, a deputy sheriff from Ventura, and once I sell him two saddle horses. He say that time I sign the paper I make what he call a 'quit claim,' and give up all the land and the house and the cattle and the horses, give up everything to the Gringo.

"The deputy sheriff talk Spanish very good, and he tell me all that happen while I lie in hospital and jail. The Gringo make an action against la Senora to make her leave the Casa and the rancho. He show the paper he get me to sign, and the judge order my wife to leave in one week. The sheriff and constables come to see she no sell any cows or horses to

put money together and gave it to the lawyer to go on and fight the case.

"He take the money smiling, and say la Senora sure to win this time.

"When the case come up in the big court, what you call Superior, the Gringo make a bargain with the lawyer, and promise to give him one canyon of my rancho that runs north from the Matilija, over by the Cassitas, if he give up the fight. The deputy sheriff see the lawyer wink one eye.

"In court, the lawyer get up and say he find la Senora has no case, and no right any more to the rancho or casa, after he look at the matter with care.

"The men come and drive my wife out of the house, and make the servidors and vaqueros leave the ranch. They sell all la Senora's beautiful things in her rooms, pictures, piano, everything—even la Senorita's guitar. The cattle and horses they gather up and drive off for fear some paisanos or old servidors kill them.

"La Senora go weeping to friends in the Santa Clara Canyon, who take her to their home and try to comfort her, but she fall sick. The doctor talk about fever and malaria—as though the Kern cienega was in the Ojai!—and give her much medicine. The Spanish people know it do no good, poco tiempo, and la Senora has no more sorrow; the paisanos says she die of a broken heart; the deputy sheriff who saw her before she die think this true, and I myself feel it must be so.

"As I hear these things, the earth go far from me, and I have one wish: to die as la Senora, my wife, die; to lay in the ground by her side and forget.

"The deputy sheriff take a bottle out of his pocket; it is whisky, and he carry it behind like he carry his gun. He tell me to take some, and what he call 'brace up.' To please him, I take a drink and it put new heart in me.

"Then the sheriff say: 'Listen. This thing happen all the time. I hate it, but have my duty. You not an old man, and the country young. Go back of here and take up land on the lomas around the mouth of the Matilija. You not get much, but it is something, and the day come when your hundred and sixty acres worth more than the miles on the old rancho to-day. Use the sierras and canyons back of the loma for cattle; I give you a few head to start. That is country no one steal from you, for it all stand up on end; only you and vaqueros can ride there. Remember, the next man that want you to sign a paper you say you no can write, or they get the boots off your feet.

"The deputy sheriff take my arm in his and walk with me down the piazza; as he pass the other men he swear at them through his teeth, call their mothers bad names, and tell them to take their feet off the rail.

"When we get to my horse, the sheriff shake my hand, and I ride to my nephews in Ventura."

Shadow commenced to enwrap the val-

ley, creeping up the foothills below our horses' feet. The canyons already showed purple.

With a touch of silver mounted spurs, and a lift of his reins, the cattleman led the way to his home and supper. For a space we were both silent; then I ventured a query concerning his relatives; they had never struck me as "trotting in the same class" as the old gentleman. With their female belongings and inextricable broods, they lived in miscellaneous amity, impossible for the outsider to tell who belonged to whom, or guess accurately for two minutes together relationships; apparently this difficulty was shared, and the mingled families had long ago complacently given up the riddle.

"Senor," he answered, "when I see my nephews and other of my countrymen in the town, I sabs the sheriff speak good words. Many have lost much; my nephews lose everything playing cards with the Gringos where whisky is sold.

"I see that what you call Fate has my people roped and tied out like steers for the butcher; it is no use to kick. Two, three and even four families live in the towns in one adobe. You see them many times; their hearts have shrunk with the trouble that has come to them and their kindred; they care no more, and have no respect.

"Maybe one has a mustang who had hundreds; another his riata and chaparejos, who once rode with an outfit worth a thousand dollars; another, nothing but a dirty dog and his cigarrito. They wait and wait to earn a few pesos by riding and roping at rodeos for the Gringos, who now have their land and cattle. The poorest Americano will not work with us unless he must, nor enter our houses. Now we are only 'Greasers' and not so good as dirt.

"I see these things in Ventura, and then I visit Santa Barbara, all the same; but there a rich Americano marry into one of our old families, and other Gringos do the same, so the Spanish have someone to look a little after their interests.

"But I see, like I see this mustang I ride, if we stay in the towns, poor, nothing to do but remember—no one to speak to but low-down, bad Gringos, we rot like rawhide that has been too long in the wet. So I go back to Ventura, and talk to my

nephews, and now, mi amigo, you know all things.

"La Senorita? Ah, Senor, that, like my right arm, hurt me still.

"For one year I hear nothing. Then I sabe paisanos speak of her when they think I no hear.

They have seen her in Los Angeles, in bad company, and the Gringo is back in Ventura, making his father's store very big.

"No, he never lived on the rancho.

Too near me, maybe.

"Six years ago la Senorita, mi muchachita Inez, get the consumption that kill so many of us these years. She walk all the way from Los Anegles, and they find her Senor, on the steps of the Casa Grande——

"Maybe she wish to see the rancho and casa before she die.

"Maybe it is the Gringo she want once more to see——

"Quien sabe?"



"Casa Chiquita."

My Mission

BY DONALD A. FRASER

When I would launch my fragile bark
 On Thought's vast, boundless sea,
 The waves upcurl in awful swirl
 Of mystic revelry;
 And overwhelm my puny bark;
 And well nigh smother me.

And so, I e'en content myself,
 And wander on the marge
 Of that grand tide I may not ride:
 And scan its sky-rim large;
 Or follow with my fancy's eye,
 Another's outbound barge.

Anon, I gather from the strand,
 A pretty pebble clear,
 A sea-flower bell, or sounding shell;
 Then send them far and near;
 In hopes that some the magic main,
 Through them might see and hear.

In the White City

BY DENISON HALLEY CLIFT

WHEN young Mr. Kessler came to Cadiz he had the most serious intentions of remaining but one week—the allotted time for making out his report upon arsenal construction and forwarding it to Washington. But he promptly set about letting time slip swiftly by, until ten days struck out of the month of June on the calendar accused him of dallying around willfully. There could be no doubt but that it was willful, because the Consul's daughter was the cause of it all.

Kessler, in self-defense, blamed it all on the General. This was because the General was many miles away, and Kessler was forced into some kind of a defense anyhow, and the innocent General was the handiest individual at a distance. So Kessler fumed about, said some very unpleasant things about time passing so fast, sent Rommeley, his valet, around to the telegraph station every half hour to see if the General had forwarded any orders from Vienna, and sent his light flannel suit to the tailor's, with very distinct orders for speed. The matter of the summer suit he considered the most important of all, for the Consul's daughter had quite innocently made some remark about a liking for summer suits, and Kessler, who heeded every word, immediately ransacked his traveling trunks in search of the flannels he had brought with him from the States. Then he called to Rommeley.

"Rommeley," he said, "hurry these around to the best tailor in town—to Fabio's—and for goodness' sake, tell him to have them ready by nine to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"And Rommeley!"

"See about that telegram, sir?"

Kessler's face became suddenly more serious; he thrust his hands deep into his pockets; his forehead contracted into an expression of anxious alarm.

"Yes; see if the orders have come in yet. They *ought* to be here now."

Rommeley passed out into the wide

hall; rang the elevator bell, and waited for the huge wire cage to come up to the sixth floor. He rang again, but there was no response. So he hastily wheeled about and hurried down the winding flight of marble stairs until he was dizzy from his mad race, and had to rest in the hotel lobby long enough to let the elevator make five trips. Then he started again—for Fabio's—and left the summer suit there with the curt instructions. On the way back he stopped at the telegraph office.

"Any message for Edward Kessler?" he asked the dark young fellow in the window.

"Kessler—Kessler——" The young fellow ran his nimble fingers along a file of yellow envelopes and stopped short at one.

"E. W. Kessler, Hotel de la Caleta?" He looked directly and enquiringly at Rommeley.

Rommeley signed his name in a big book, took the message and rushed back to the hotel. "Mr. Kessler will be very glad to get this," he kept telling himself over and over again. "He's been very impatient about it."

When he entered the room, Kessler rose from a scarlet-covered divan to meet him, closing the Spanish novel he had tried to begin five times.

Rommeley handed him the message.

When Kessler saw it he scowled. His eager hands ripped open the envelope. A strip of yellow dropped upon the marble centre table. "From the General," he said to himself. His eager eyes absorbed the words at a glance.

"Sail on Pageant June 12th for Cairo. Instructions await. Forward all papers here. Warde."

The young man crumpled the paper in his hand, began to whistle, opened the telegram again, then swore gently at Rommeley. Rommeley, startled, stared open-mouthed.

"To Cairo!" repeated Kessler. Then: "Rommeley, why the devil did you bring

me this message anyhow?" But Romeley was past all reply.

Kessler told himself that his old luck was against him, tossed the paper into the big empty fire-place, and returned to his novel. All during the week he had been hoping that the message would direct him to Calcutta. The daughter of the United States Consul to that city was going to accompany her father there in two days, and Kessler desired to be along. His desire was not born of any frivolous intent upon his part; it was because of the longing in him to find in the beautiful girl some trace, some suggestion of an odd moment seven years before, when he had had the man within him suddenly awakened, and every sense had vibrated to an indomitable force. It was because the Consul's daughter had called to life again the old instinct that he wanted to remain with her.

Kessler's position was a difficult one for himself. For seven years he had fed his mind upon an illusion that had become like some enchanting, distant world to him whenever he chose to revel in it; it was beautiful, but vague, a gossamer veil suspended over some lovely picture, concealing—he knew not what. There, secret, mysterious, lay all the ecstasy of imagination; he was free to paint it as he would. The face was that of a woman he had never seen, but he knew that her young body was slender and beautiful, because he had once carried her through a swirl of smoke and flame and saved her in a great fire in New York.

Kessler closed his book. He pictured to himself in fancy, as he had often done before, what this woman must be like. He only knew that she must be beautiful. Through the years she had become his ideal. He wished now that he had seen her face when he held her in his strong arms.

Always as he moved from city to city over Europe, he dreamed of the girl, and wished that he might find her. In London he had crept through the late twilight among fair women in the great parks and boulevards, searching for one face that he knew would respond whenever he should find her. Often he had sat in the cool dusk, absorbed in watching the beautiful women in Hyde Park, but no face had the delicate lines that

suggested the purity and the beauty of the one that he loved.

In the great gardens of Berlin, he had seated himself in secluded corners, close to white pergolas that glimmered in the twilight, where he could watch the passing faces. But these women were always laughing and chattering, and passed by on the arms of pleasure-seeking men toward the beer gardens when lindens shivered overhead and fountains sparkled in the late dusk. But he was certain he would never find her there—there was too much laughter and revelry for her among those women.

Once in an old cathedral in Paris he thought he had found her, but when he awoke to the reality he found that there was nothing behind the lovely face. His sensitive nature had recoiled quickly. During the evenings that he had been with General Warde in Vienna, he had wished to be alone with his dreams of this woman, and his wandering feet carried him in the fading light through great, wide streets, where thousands of tiny, colored lights winked from the theatres and cafes, and huge electric globes gleamed like moons among the trees.

In such a frame of mind he had come to Cadiz. His ideal seemed, for a time, about to be shattered by his new interest in the daughter of the American Consul to Calcutta. He had almost forgotten the fire; a suggestion of fire he welcomed, because it seemed always to bring him closer to his dream. This girl he had met he feared would displace his vision. He seemed to lose control of the fancy; it became to his mind always dimmer and more shapeless. He was afraid it was leaving him forever; that his love for the young girl he had saved was being changed to another; and he regretted that the General had not ordered him back to Vienna.

He arose from the divan and turned to the window. It was the dinner hour. Outside in the great halls he could hear the chatter of women going down from their rooms; the cries of the elevator boys annoyed him.

Without, the westering sun was gilding the sunset sky; golden masses of cloud floated near the horizon; the reflection burned brilliantly in the shimmering seas. Below him the city lay in peace, white

miradores gleamed in the approaching dusk; hundreds of spires and dazzling turrets lifted burnished tops into the blue void above.

Kessler remained in the shadow of the great west window, fascinated by the beauty of sea and sky. One moment he wished that the General had sent for him, and the next that he should see more of the Consul's daughter. The winds from the Atlantic carried to him the fragrance of distant seas; he opened the window wider, stepping upon the terrace. The steady winds flicked his face, cooling his hot forehead. The faint thunder of the surf against the seawall arose like music heard in dreams.

And then, as he stood there battling with his desires, fighting for the old instinct to guide him, resolving anew that the beautiful girl of the fire was his one reason for living, Rommeley swung wide the door behind him and announced that the dinner hour was almost past.

* * * *

When morning came, Kessler arose, feeling tired after a sleepless night. Through the big west window he could see in the far distance the flicker of white waves upon the smooth, blue surface of the relentless Atlantic. He loved the ocean, with its steady roar, its unflinching tremor, its ceaseless beat and crash, its unending leap and plunge against the wide sea-wall.

Something in its call awoke a response in him, something vague and illusive—a mystery that came to him through the long hours of the day, and the sad, restless night.

He began to dress, after taking his cold plunge, and when Rommeley brought him his summer suit, freshly pressed, he dressed in the light apparel, placed several cigars in his waistcoat pocket and sauntered down to the dining room.

He was late, but the maid brought him some strawberries and cream, and other savory dishes; he was scarcely hungry, so after he had eaten the strawberries and drank his coffee, he passed out upon the terrace, and wended his way down the long flights of glimmering stairs toward the gardens below.

It was June—June, with all its fairy enchantment, with its multi-colored flowers, its azure sky, its wind-swept gardens

that pillowed back from the smooth, green lawns. He descended the stairs, drunk with the splendor of this fine summer morning. There was in the air a refreshing madness; in the hum of the bees he heard echoes from the barracks; in the flutter of zinnia leaves he heard voices—like fairy women calling across the seas.

Afar through the summer haze arose castellated cliffs; when he entered upon the broad terraces below, they disappeared from view. Golden wind-bells tinkled softly from high bronzes that spanned a granite gateway. Before him, as he walked, the gardens spread away; masses of snowy syringa and great clusters of primulus and camellias, arranged in peristaltic circles.

There was madness everywhere, and life and strength. His veins tingled with the joy of living; he thrilled to the vitality of the even, green earth and the distant, throbbing ocean. The walk led past white pergolas that glimmered in the brilliant sunshine, and fountains that splashed lazily upon the esplanade.

There was no one about. At the end of the gardens he entered the little plaza, where the sun filtered through a network of trees. Golden-hued birds fluttered indolently near the edge of a clear pool, and sang silver melodies to the accompaniment of the whispering stream.

Was this not romance?—this living where fountains sparkled and golden birds sang among trees touched with living fire? But where, he asked himself, was the opposing element that made the battle, that made life the ever mysterious, ever uncertain thing that it was?

"This is romance—but where is the world?" he said aloud, for he imagined there was no one to listen.

"The world is close at hand—over the garden wall," said a clear, sweet voice very near him.

Kessler turned swiftly. She sat upon a marble bench, smiling and twirling a pale blue parasol. He had not known she was there; he turned his eyes to hers, half-apologetic, full of happiness at finding her so near.

"Yes, this is romance," he said, blushing, "and the world can stay over that garden wall."

She lifted her eyes to meet his, blue as the summer sky, and clear as crystal.

A troubled look came into her face; her delicate mouth betrayed her anxiety—not that he had come, but that he might go away.

But he had no such intention. He found a seat beside her on the white bench where he could look into the depth of her eyes. She leaned forward, like a child, her round, sensitive chin resting in the hollow of her hands, her bare arms glistening whiter and smoother than the marble.

"I thought you would come," she said.

"Did you?" he asked, impulsively. His heart began to beat like the strokes of a trip-hammer; he became very nervous. He tried to speak again, but the words seemed to catch in his throat. She was very beautiful as she sat close to him, beautiful with an enchanting loveliness of face and body that held him prisoner in its embrace. He asked: "Do you come here often?"

"Not very," she answered, laughing, for she saw that he was nervous. "I told you I was going to leave early to-morrow morning. I may never be here again."

"Nor I," he said, lifting his eyes from the ground. "The General has ordered me to Cairo in the morning."

"To Cairo? I thought you were going to Calcutta."

"I wanted to." Then he said something about the plans of mice and men, and ended by declaring that he was somewhat glad that he was through with these lazy Spanish days.

"I have enjoyed every one of them," exclaimed the girl. "I wish father's Consulship was here."

The man scarcely heard her. He was thinking of one in the States—of one he had never seen. Suddenly he straightened up.

"What is your full name?" he asked.

The girl looked up into his eyes, her own perilously inviting and sweet.

"Silvia Latham," she answered, "just Silvia Latham."

Kessler watched her, his gray eyes studying every lovely feature—her clear, fine eyes, the sweet, sensitive mouth, the delicate little ears, and her wonderful coiffure of golden hair. And as he watched her something hard came into his throat, something that he could not

swallow—and when he tried to speak, words failed him.

Close beside him, her white arms resting in her blue skirt, her eyes afire with some strange light, her voice trailing off to the sweetest of laughter, the girl studied him—his broad, square shoulders, his dancing, honest eyes, his head of dark hair—and as she looked, she was filled with a sense of his masterful appearance, and almost instinctively she resigned herself to it.

He was silent a long time. When he spoke again it was with a voice touched with mystery and a certain illusive charm.

"Silvia! Silvia!—were you ever in New York?"

She looked at him quickly. Then she said:

"Yes—I was born there."

"I should have known it," he replied, looking straight ahead at a golden oriole that had fluttered down to the fountain's edge. Spots of sunlight sifted through the canopy of foliage that concealed the summer sky; the love notes of a dove filled the late afternoon with a resigned quietude. The girl watched a splotch of sunlight creep along the gravel walk. Her eyes were filled with the same troubled look he had seen there shortly before.

"You seem very interested in me," she told him a moment later. Her voice was full of that vague sweetness that made him think of the voice he had so often heard in his dreams. He did not answer her directly; he was afloat upon the tide of his old fancy.

"I asked you because I was reminded of some one else," he declared, nonchalantly. "Shall I tell you about her?"

"Oh, do!" said the girl, eagerly. "Then you are engaged?"

Kessler went on unheeding. "I have never told any one before. I don't quite know why I am telling you. It must be because you remind me of her."

He looked straight ahead; his eyes were dreamy; he was scarcely conscious of the girl upon the bench near him. "I know she is beautiful," he said, "although I have never seen her. I carried her out of a burning building once in New York, and the papers had a long article about the strange man who gave up his life for her. No one ever knew it was me; you are the first I have ever told."

He hesitated a moment. Her eyes were raised to his, the clearest of amethyst; her breath came in an anxious gasp.

"Go on," she urged.

"It was a good many years ago. I was just entering the diplomatic service, and was stopping at an apartment house the night before sailing for Southampton. At midnight I was awakened by a sense of impending death; my eyes were smarting from rolling black smoke, and my throat was parched from the hot air coming in through the window. I hurried out to the landing and found the stairs cut off by a leaping mass of flames. I turned quickly toward the lower hall; that, too, was cut off by the fire. So I ran back to my room, groping through the heavy smoke, and in the doorway I heard a girl sobbing, and then saw her hands reaching wildly for the balustrade. And then——"

"You saw her face——?"

"——I touched her hand. It was soft and delicate and warm. Even now I can feel the clinging warmth of her thin fingers and hear the resigned note in her sob. She clung to me there, with the flames and the smoke each moment coming nearer. Then as we clasped each other, waiting for the end, the dread darkness, colored by the ruddy glow, crept in about us. And as we waited, expectant, a stream of water crashed against the building, and we clearly heard the sound of the firemen's axes. Hoarse commands came through the dense air to us."

"And then——?" The voice was tremulous.

"And then suddenly, as by a miracle, a dripping helmet appeared above the window's edge. I at once carried the girl's prostrate form to the window, almost choking from the smoke, and lifted her into the fireman's arms.

"I remember he was a big, finely-built fellow, with a face set as in bronze. 'Only one!' he shouted to me. Tightening his grip upon the woman he descended through the black swirl, and I stood a moment and watched him until he had disappeared as in a cloud."

Kessler stopped again; his face was alive with a new light.

"Just before he took her from me——" His voice broke; his pale face

became set; his eyes reflected a vision of other worlds.

The girl had turned to him; one hand rested upon his arm; her face was close to his.

"What happened—before the fireman took her?" she asked, and her words were broken. Her lips were parted, her sweet eyes filled with a look of fear.

Kessler looked her full in the face; the girl's eyes met his, frank as the eyes of a child.

"What happened?" she breathed, a sob in her voice. In her fine eyes the ready tears glimmered.

"Nothing," answered Kessler, curiously watching her.

"Oh, tell me—do tell me!" she cried.

He faced her quickly, his breath coming hard, his strong, brown hands closing upon hers; they were soft—soft and dainty and perfumed, the fingers thin and sensitive. For a full moment he looked her in the face; his gaze searched the delicate face before him; it was divine in its loveliness, pure and innocent. The thin lips burned scarlet; a ruddy tinge flooded her neck and her cheeks.

He could have told her then that he loved her;— he knew it—better than anything else in the world! The whole universe cried out to him that he loved this young girl with a love that was better than life itself. He had felt it growing upon him since he had first met her; he had told her the great secret of his life, omitting only the fact that he had gone back into the flames, expecting to die, and having made his way through the blinding smoke to the rear of the hall, had succeeded in getting down the fire-escape.

And his ring? The girl's slim fingers wore no ring that resembled the thin, gold band he had slipped on the young woman's finger before he lost her. Silvia's hands rested upon his shoulders; her cheeks were flushed with color.

"Speak to me!" he cried, his hands closing tightly upon hers. "Tell me something—anything—that—that you will never forget me! Tell me that you are Her—the one I have waited for all these years! Let me hear the sound of your voice—just to know that—you are near me! . . . Silvia!"

His words were hoarse, like an old man's, faltering and broken.

Close to him, her words uttered deliberately and sweetly, she sobbed, in a low, tense whisper:

"I am afraid I shall always be near you."

Kessler did not speak; he held her close to him, there in the Plaza, his deep breathing the only sound in the tense silence save the songs of the orioles and the finches—save that melody and the melody of the little laughing brook that scampered away in the burnished sunlight, away and away—perhaps to tell the song of love to another—perhaps to join the tremulous ocean, out in the distant world.

And, after a long silence, he looked down at her; the lovely eyes opened and looked into his, wet with tears, the clearest of amethyst. His face was very white.

"I have always known you," he said, and his voice was tender. "I have known you all these many years, all these centuries! Have you not often heard me calling to you, across the seas—over the blue mountains? I am glad that I have found you at last, Silvia."

For answer she placed her small, soft hands upon his broad shoulders and faced him.

"Yes, I have often heard you calling," she said, smiling, "and I have often wanted to go to you. But——"

"But——." The color flushed his face.

"But some one else was calling, too!"

He seized her hands quickly, removing them gently from his shoulders.

"There could be only you," he said. "The other was only a fancy—an illusion—some vague, mysterious dream that took shape after the fire. . . . I gave her my ring. . . . Throughout the years I have waited—but she never came."

"And if she should come?"

"I should always love you." He spoke quickly, with never a wavering doubt, tensely, impassioned, his clear gray eyes confirming the truth that leaped spontaneously to his lips.

The day was almost gone; in the west the clouds were piling up in golden domes upon the dim horizon; the wandering winds lisped through the trees overhead. He helped her to her feet, and hand in

hand they passed through the ghostly twilight of the little Plaza—out into the fragrant air where the winds stirred her hair, blowing in from the ocean.

The old, tired look in his face had faded; his eyes were lit with an exhilaration he had not experienced in years.

"Shall we watch the sunset?" he asked.

"Yes—from the marine promenade," she said.

They passed elegant facades overlooking arches of delicate Moorish carvings, bordering the greensward; the great lawns were dotted by clumps of feathery palms and fragrant carouba trees.

The lazy splash of fountains broke the late silence; the twilight was fast coming on; the sun was veiled behind a passing cloud that drifted in sheens of lilac and gold near the horizon. They passed through the gardens, out upon pillared terraces and open courts, across a vine-clad bridge, until at length they reached the promenade.

The Alameda flowed away beneath them, between the borders of domes and turrets of the city. Up a small flight of marble steps they went, out upon a balcony—and there lay the shimmering Atlantic before them. Far away behind them, seen dimly as through a haze, lay the waters of the blue Mediterranean—the placid sea that had beat and throbbed and rolled from the beginning of life.

Behind them, among the wild flowers, lemon girls with rich baskets of fruit upon their heads, glided like dream children from pillar to pillar. The clouds drifted overhead in masses of rose-color and pearl-gray, soft-tinted with golden reflections. The mountains changed to the palest of azure, dimly radiant in the approaching dusk. Over the illimitable expanse of the sea, quaint xebecs with lateen sails came creeping in, bounding nearer on the crest of every golden wave.

They watched the sun sink behind the last golden cloud—over the horizon—over the edge of the lonely world. She was thinking of the new outlook awaiting them when they traveled westward again, back to the States that lay far away, in the wake of the departed sun. And he—he was engrossed with the splendor of sea and sky, and with the beauty of the girl beside him.

Back along the promenade they

passed, and into the Alameda below. Above them the city buildings snuggled together, and terminated in a white cluster of miradores. They left the Alameda, turned into a narrow, winding lane near the Cathedral, and hurried toward the Hotel. Then, as they mounted the steps, she turned toward him, her wonderful eyes looked straight into his, and—

"You will see me at the ball to-night," she said. "It may be our last night in sunny old Spain. And besides—there is something I want to tell you."

She stood there, smiling, her sweet face radiant in the twilight, one hand twirling the light parasol, one hand resting upon his arm. Her white arms glimmered a pure white, her perfumed hair fell in tiny wisps about her lovely neck.

Kessler watched her, his heart beating fast, his pulses hammering, his breath coming in short, quick gasps; his eyes met hers once more, and as he looked, fascinated, enchanted, he could see in them only that sympathetic sweetness that had held him enchained in the plaza, that held him prisoner now—speechless. They were of the softest blue and reflected the beauty of the whole, wide world.

A moment later he left her, and wandered through the great halls of the hotel until he found his own room, after what seemed an indeterminate length of time. Rommeley was laying out his dress suit on the divan.

* * * *

"The music is beginning," said Rommeley several hours later, coming up from the office, where he had tried in vain to reach the Blue Star Steamship headquarters by wire.

Kessler did not answer. He slowly folded some papers he had been perusing and making notes upon, and put them away with his private correspondence. Then he turned toward the big French mirror on the opposite wall, and quickly surveying himself—the black, smooth trousers, the immaculate shirt and collar, the glistening shoes, and his face—striking and attractive with its square-cut jaws, its determined chin, its masterful nose, and high, wide forehead sloping back to the heavy mass of brown hair. The face seemed older now, the cleft between the eyes appeared deeper; certainly

the smooth-shaven skin was very white.

Silent and meditative, he brushed a speck of dust from his leg, put on the white vest and drew the dress coat over it. He spoke seldom, except to advise Rommeley, and then his voice was tense and conclusive. And Rommeley, brushing off his broad shoulders once more, wondered at the taciturn spirit of the man.

When he was ready to go down stairs, Rommeley opened the door for him, and a burst of music came into the room. For just a second he stood there, irresolute, his gaze focused straight before him, head erect. The tune was a waltz tune, old as the hills of Spain, but with a spirit that filled him with a new kind of strength and sent the blood pounding through his veins. Through the sweet tones of the violins he could catch the click of the castanets, and then, rising from a subdued bass to a stirring gust of passion, the deep tones of a viol.

An instant he stood there, motionless; then he turned and closed the door, crossing the room. Rommeley watched him, curious, surprised. He went direct to the big, west window, opened it and stepped out into the night. His eyes were filled with an odd look, like one in a trance. From the terrace without, he could hear the sound of music and the chatter of gay voices far below.

The night was calm and peaceful, with the silent stars burning in a black, velvet sky. From afar came the outcrash of the ocean.

Between the pillars that supported the parapet stood Kessler, engrossed in his own thoughts, his mind gone back to the memory of one night long past in the States. He was facing a question now that troubled him, that caused him to stand still in bewilderment and tighten his fists until the knuckles showed white.

And the question was not a new question, but a very old question, as old as life itself. He knew that he loved the girl who had held him entranced by her beauty and her personality that afternoon in the plaza, and yet—and yet—

As he recalled each moment spent with her, the vision of another arose before him, and he knew that she must be beautiful, too, and if he ever found her he would love her. The memory came back to him, strong and compelling, of the fire;

again he saw the curls of thick, black smoke rolling in about him; then the rush for the door, the girl in the hallway, the firemen above his window ledge, the moment when he had slipped the ring on her finger, as a memory of him above in the flames—perhaps the act had been foolish; ah, yes, he told himself that he had acted very foolishly. The girl must have forgotten him long before now—who could ever remember such a whimsical thing?

He threw up his head suddenly, as one moved by a sudden impulse. No; after all he would never give the fancy up. It had become part of him, had molded his every action, had shaped every thought and deed, until his life and character had been built upon the love he bore for this strange, unknown girl, this idealized vision of his brain, this young woman that he told himself he cared for better than anything else in the whole wide world.

And now, as the vision seemed about to be lost forever, he decided that he must cling to it, despite the love he had for the Consul's daughter. For a long while, he stood silent, then stirred himself as one come out of some strange dream.

The night winds cooled his burning face; rare odors drifted up from the wonderful gardens below. Like the voice of the sea, the surge of the viol and violins in the ball room cried to him that there was vigor and strength in life, and romance was not dead.

He knew he should be in with the dancers; she was expecting him, but an impulse to be alone came over him, and he stepped down a short flight of stone steps and came out into a court whose approaches were lined by great marble figures of bowls overflowing with ripened fruit. He wandered, listlessly, among the statues and colonnades; crossed through the open courts, where fountains sprayed in the late night; and at length came to a halt in the shadow of a portico.

He could look out across wide lawns and dusky esplanades, where white moths flitted toward the cathedral lights. Thousands of tiny lights glittered from the pavilion below. And as he stood there, watching them idly, he heard the rustle of silk and the sound of a step. Quickly he turned, facing the end of the arcade. A moment later she came into full view,

a vague picture of flowing blue in the night, and he knew it was her.

"Sylvia!" His voice trembled, betraying his feelings.

"Yes!" she answered him, her voice full of a rich sweetness. He was silent an instant, and she continued: "I thought you might be out here somewhere—near the gardens. Do you smell their fragrance?"

He heard her voice like some voice calling in a dream, and answering, he went to her quickly, taking both her soft, white hands in his.

"Silvia!" he said, his words coming fast and broken, "Silvia, I have been thinking of you to-night—I should have gone down into the ball room, but—I wanted to be alone! We will never meet after to-night—we must not! I cannot tell you why—you must not ask me."

His hands tightened on her small ones; her own felt the thrill of his closing upon them.

"But why," she asked, "why—do you say that?"

She raised her lovely face to his, until he could feel the perfumed wisps of her golden hair brushing his face.

"Don't ask me," he repeated, gently, for he hated to say it. He turned to look below.

"What do you mean?" she asked, well knowing that he would tell her.

He divined the little catch in her voice, and he hurried to soothe her.

"It is because of another," he said. "I have never seen her—except in the fire." His warm hands tightened upon hers; he felt a certain recklessness coming over him, or was it the awakening of a new love?—fresh and strong and healthy, thrilling him, confusing him, rendering him weak and helpless in its potency?

"It is not fair"—the sweet, low voice was close to his ear—"you should have told me before."

"This afternoon? That was impossible. You know that was impossible. I loved you then."

He spoke deliberately, never hesitating, never believing but what she would understand. Instead of relaxing his hold upon her hand, his grip tightened again, and he continued in an even voice that was full of feeling and passion.

"The reason why I must never see you

again," he went on, "is because I love you. I could not continue to love you at a distance; I should want you always by me, so that I might turn and offer you what happiness might be mine, and when adversities should come, I would want to feel that I could turn to you again, and feel your thin fingers within mine, that I might not stumble in the dark."

There was a certain nonchalant firmness in his voice that moved her as she spoke. Speechless, confused, intoxicated by his strength and voice, she lifted her face to his, bright with color. He could feel her warm, perfumed breath against his face; he looked into her eyes, tense, uncertain.

"That is how I love you," he declared.

There was a silence, and as they stood facing each other they could hear the far-off beat of the sea. Below them Cadiz lay asleep, the city contracted into a high mass of glimmering white buildings, like a dish of silver. Lights from the pavilion sparkled like a sea of flame; music drifted up on winds tinged with the breath of roses; in the west, the summer moon was peeping above the carouba trees of the plaza.

"I am glad you—love like that." She roused herself, peering at him in the dusk.

"Why?" he asked incredulously.

In her eyes there was a glitter of happiness now; one hand stole from his grasp and sought his arm.

"I am very thirsty," she told him, laughing a little joyous laugh. "If you will get me some xeres I will tell you."

Still incredulous, fascinated, Kessler hurried off into the night, ascending the stone steps leading from the court, and climbing among the pillars and columns until he gained the terrace leading down into the ball room entry on the other side. Pale moths hovered before him in the late dusk of night; the June moon silvered the lawns and the marble figures of the courts.

Then back along the corridors he passed, in each hand a small glass of xeres wine. She was waiting for him upon the balcony overlooking the gardens, her blue satin gown gleaming in the moonlight.

"I have tried not to be long," he said.

"You have been away from me a *very* long time," she answered, laughing lightly. Her laughter thrilled him.

They stood there in the moonlight, under the sleepy stars, facing each other once more, each holding their thin glasses in their hands.

"Now," she said, "I am going to tell you something. Would you care to listen?" He did not speak.

"There was once a fire in New York," she said, "and in it a young girl came very near perishing. The first she knew of it was when the smoke came pouring in through the windows and she sought the hall. But the flames cut off all retreat there. The girl began to cry then, when suddenly she felt about her a man's strong arms. She was just conscious enough to know that he carried her to a window, and told a waiting fireman to save her—that he would go back and die. But before the fireman took her, do you know what this brave man did?"

He tried to speak—he was unable to. He listened, his breath coming fast, his pulses leaping.

"Well, do *you* know?"

Her voice challenged him; her tone rang like the softest of melodies in his ears. He did not answer her—he was past all speech.

"The girl did not forget the man," she added, drifting out upon a tide of recklessness, "and all these years she has been thinking of him, and living as she thought he might want her to live. There never was any one else—only the one man. She did not see him in the fire; she has always thought of him as some one come out of a lovely dream."

She lifted her glass in the moonlight; it gleamed amber in the silver glow; one white hand held the thin stem before him.

"Suppose we drink to that man," she said. "He was very brave!" She looked up into the face that bent above her; it was very white.

"Are you——?" He tried to ask her something, something that thrilled him from head to foot; he wanted to take her in his arms and tell her how he loved her. They stood close together, there in the glowing moonlight, her lovely eyes searching his steady gray ones. Her fingers were closed upon the thin wine glass; his

eyes shifted to them, and then—he saw it—his own gold ring.

Drunk with ecstasy, incoherent, afloat upon the tide of emotion, he laid down his glass and took her in his arms. He pressed her hot young face to him, and the touch of her satiny, white skin thrilled him with a nameless sense of joy.

“Have you loved me—all these years?” he asked, tensely.

“Yes,” she answered breathlessly, “always!”

He pressed her face close to his, cheek brushing cheek. Then he kissed her full

upon the mouth. In his arms she trembled, his for the centuries, and he held her very tenderly, whispering to her how lonely the years had been.

And after a long while they retraced their steps along the arcades, into the moonlit courts, and up the marble stairs. As they came into the ball room, Romeley touched him on the arm.

“There are no more accommodations for Cairo,” he told him. “The Blue Star closed at eight.”

Kessler turned to him a moment. “It’s no matter,” he said, very indifferently. “It’s Calcutta direct in the morning.”

The Unwritten Song

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

There’s a beautiful song in the Poet’s heart

That his pen may not indite—

For it seeketh a refuge in his soul

When its mystic words he would enroll

To give to the glaring light.

It ventureth forth o’er the slumbering world—

For the deep night calms its fear—

And it beareth the Poet’s mind on high

To the throne of Thought in her diamond sky,

And it maketh his vision clear.

It singeth sweet to the Poet’s soul

When the light of Hope burns low;

Of the love that guardeth the trembling fawn,

And worketh the miracle of the dawn,

And maketh the sea-tides flow.

It treasures the best of his manhood’s years

With the high resolves of Youth,

And he boweth his will to its gentle might,

As it leadeth him ever towards the light

That shines from the lamp of Truth.

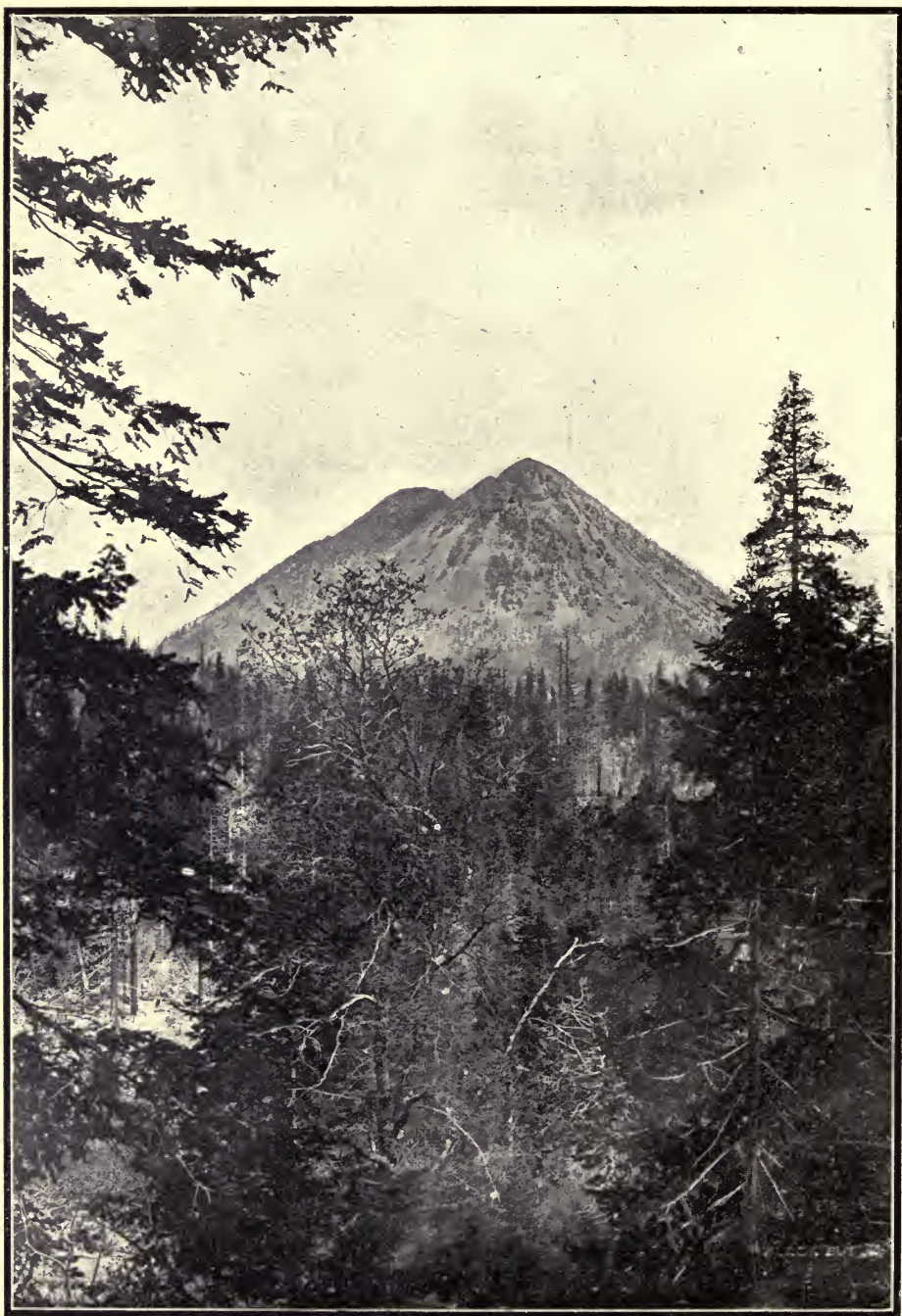
The Poet sings full many a song,

But his heart vibrates to one—

Yet it colareth all of his book-learned arts,

And his thoughts find answer in human hearts,

And he lives when his days are done.



Picturesque California.—Black Butte, near Sisson, California.

C. R. Miller, Photo.

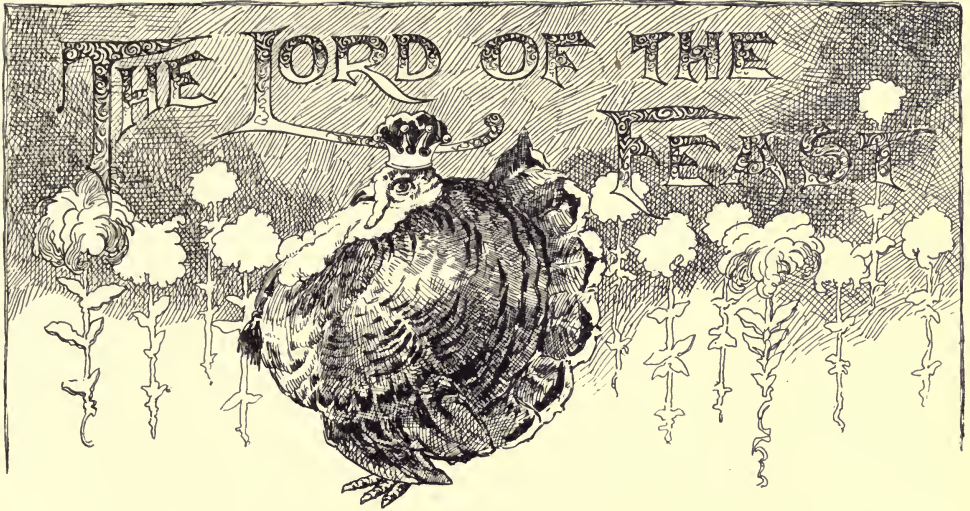




Thanksgiving

Drank have mine eyes of
nature's lovely light: the
fires of dawn and of the
evening star outrolled from
deeps of night and space
afar, have swept me with
their waves of splendor
bright. Roses have burned
like sunsets on my sight;
and I have heard the robin
wild and sweet, the flame
upon his breast in songs
repeat, hour after hour
when boughs with May
were white. And now when
earth has come to harvest-
tide, and all its sky of some
great calm is part, my soul
burned clean of passion
and of pride, and humbled
quite by beauty's kindly
art, thanks God for all of
nature and of life that rests
from sordidness and jar-
ring strife!

—Edward Wilbur Mason



BY JOHN L. COWAN

TO Benjamin Franklin is ascribed the honor of having been the first to make the sage observation that the lordly but companionable turkey, rather than the bald and misanthropic eagle, should have been selected as the emblem of the Republic. If Franklin was the first, however, at least ten thousand newspaper paragraphers and humorists contend for the distinction of being the latest, repeating the remark with various amplifications and arguments to prove its justice at least twice a year. Nor is the contention lacking in plausibility and a show of reason. The eagle is a pirate—a freebooter of the air, seeking out whom he may slay, and showing no mercy to the innocent and helpless. By universal consent, he is regarded as symbolic of war and conquest, of the bloody battle-field, of the victory of the strong. Surely there is nothing in his history or his disposition that should recommend him to the favor of the nation that stands for peace, conciliation, justice and relief to all that are oppressed. It was the emblem of the Roman Republic through its career of conquest, and of the Roman Empire in the melancholy days of its richly merited decline. It was the emblem of France in the arrogant days of the Bonapartes, and is still the symbol of boastful Prussia, decadent Austria and tottering Russia. Surely, it is neither wise, appropriate nor

politic to class the land of the free along with the conquering and corrupt despotisms and autocracies of the past and present by holding up for the adoration of the patriotic the same symbol that crowned their standards and led their legions on to bloody victory or to deserved defeat. The true bird of freedom is the fat and juicy turkey—a native of the soil, but alien to the effete and oppressive militarisms of the Old World. He feeds not on carrion and offal, nor on the carcasses of victims of his strength, like the eagle and other fowl birds of prey, but upon the berries, fruits, seeds and nuts of the fields and woodlands. He is a true aborigine—native to the soil of every State and territory in the union, from the Rio Grande to the Red River of the north; from the Golden Gate to Cape Cod; from the Straits of Florida to Puget Sound. In dignity of carriage, in grace of movement, in symmetry of form and in beauty of plumage, no bird of prey can rival him. He is a fitting symbol of peace, plenty, prosperity, content, good feeling and good cheer. Well might his counterfeit presentment be blazoned upon our national escutcheon—the most appropriate and distinctive emblem of triumphant democracy that can well be imagined.

Nevertheless, if the fathers of the Republic builded not wisely in this regard, their work will doubtless continue to en-

ture, and the turkey, defrauded of his birthright, will play but a minor role in the drama of events. But twice each year does he come into his own, and then in a manner too tragic to fitly compensate for the intervening seasons of neglect. If not the villain of the play, he meets the villain's fate. Nevertheless, his life goes out in a blaze of glory, and if his end is not heroic, it is far from ignoble. He is the true lord of the feast (even though he be trussed and basted), at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, when the piratic eagle hardly receives a passing thought. Probably the haughty gobbler loses but little sleep in bootless worry over the fact that the bald and worthless eagle has usurped the place that rightfully belongs to him. If he does, he might derive some consolation from the thought that he is loved for himself alone; the eagle only for what he symbolizes.

The turkey was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards early in the Sixteenth Century, and received immediate recognition as a valuable addition to the short list of domestic fowls. Of the gifts of the New World and the Old, this was neither the least important nor the least appreciated. Like corn and tobacco, potatoes and the peanut, maple syrup and the pumpkin pie, it plays a part in promoting the amenities and softening the manners of men and nations that historians and chroniclers are too prone to neglect. A wise man of old won everlasting renown by the exhortation, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who leads its armies." Let us put in a bid for fame by parodying it thus, "Let us serve the rapid fire lunches of a people, and we care not who builds its battle-ships." Feed them on a diet of turkey, buckwheat cakes and pumpkin pies, and ere long a race of poets, sages and philosophers would be evolved whose productions would make the classics of the Augustan age seem like the drivelings of idiocy in comparison.

How or why the turkey received the name by which it is known has long been a matter of dispute. Probably it was bestowed as a result of the confusion of geographical ideas that prevailed for many decades after the discovery of America. It was not suspected that Columbus had pioneered the way to a

new hemisphere, but was thought that he had simply found a short route to the Indies. The name, Turkey, was not then restricted to a single country of well-defined limits, but was loosely applied, like the expression, "the Indies," to any part of the Orient. It is, therefore, probable that the turkey was so named for the purpose of indicating its supposed Oriental origin. Under the same misapprehension, the French named it "*coq d'Inde*," or "Indian cock," and to this day call it "*dinde*." This derivation, however, is by no means universally accepted, and amateur etymologists have exhausted their ingenuity in the attempt to invent a more satisfactory hypothesis. Some think that the red, wattled head of the male bird suggested the red cap or "*fez*," worn by the Turks. Others imagine that the blustering turkey cock reminded observers of the belligerent attitude of the hated followers of the Prophet, in the Middle Ages. By some it is believed that the name is a corruption of the word "*turquoise*," referring to the steel-blue color seen on the plumage of the wild fowl, and by still others it is fancied that it is an onomatopoeic word, imitating the call of the bird to its mate, or of the mother to her young.

Whatever the origin of the name, there is no disputing the fact that the wild turkey is the noblest game bird indigenous to the Western hemisphere. Centuries of pot hunting and persecution have exterminated it in some of the older States and have sadly thinned the flocks in all parts of the country; but in the heavily timbered districts, even in the thirteen original States, turkeys are still abundant enough to furnish royal sport to the hunter, while in nearly every State in the West there are unsettled districts in which this species of game is plentiful. In Western Texas and portions of Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, the Dakotas and other States, even the hunters of big game consider it not beneath their dignity to engage in the pursuit of this king of American wild fowl.

The wild turkey, it should not be forgotten, is incomparably superior to the domesticated fowl in size, beauty, intelligence and flavor—this being one of the few species that have deteriorated under man's influence, notwithstanding his ef-

forts to achieve the contrary result. The French Canadians have a proverb, "*Hé-béte comme une dinde*"—"as stupid as a turkey." It is evident that the coiners of the phrase had the domesticated fowl in mind, as the wild bird possesses quite enough intelligence to tax the sagacity of the most experienced hunter. In recognition of the fact that the barnyard fowl is but a degenerate scion of a noble ancestry, breeders make a practice of capturing wild turkey cocks, or of filching the eggs of wild fowl for hatching, whenever possible, in order to introduce a strain of fresh, vigorous and undegenerate blood into their flocks.

The turkey was domesticated by the aborigines of the Southwest and by the Aztecs of Mexico ages before the white man first set foot on this continent. By these it was reared for the sake of its feathers, rather than for its meat, although there is no reason to suppose that the meat was wasted. The beautiful feather cloth obtained by the Spaniards when they looted the city of the Montezumas—so highly prized that gifts of it were sent to the Castilian monarchs, and are still preserved among the royal treasures at Madrid, was made of ocellated turkey feathers. This feather cloth, too, was one of the most precious possessions of the Cliff Dwellers. It was buried along with their dead, and many specimens have been discovered among their ruined homes in the Mesa Verde and the Canon de Chelly. The ocellated turkey of Yucatan and Honduras is smaller than the variety indigenous farther north, but far more beautiful. Its plumage is dazzlingly lustrous, reflecting almost every color of the rainbow, and rendering it almost as resplendent as the peacock. The common bronze turkey of the barnyard is believed to be a cross between the northern and the Yucatan varieties. It is, therefore, quite possible that the fowl that dignifies the Christmas dinner by his august presence may be descended on the one hand from some lordly turkey cock that cracked acorns in the forests of New England before the Pilgrims landed, and on the other hand from a royal hen that ate corn in the coops of Montezuma before Cortez set forth on his career of conquest.

Of the turkeys of civilization, the bronze fowl of Rhode Island has the repu-

tation of being the highest born, best bred and bluest blooded bird of his species in America. If one-half of the Rhode Island turkeys that are marketed every year really hailed from that pocket-edition commonwealth, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for them all to find roosting room within its narrow limits. Scarcely less famous are the turkeys of Kentucky, where the soil and climate seem as well adapted to the development of this choice gift of the gods as to the production of those other boons no less desired—beautiful women, fast horses and incomparable corn-juice. In the Blue Grass Commonwealth the turkeys are reared by negroes on their little patches of land. During the early days of December, the country roads are dotted with marching flocks, driven by tattered men and little black pickaninnies, all converging towards the towns. The scene is one of rustic and Arcadian simplicity that the globe trotter will long cherish in his memory, when imposing pageants and majestic scenes of nature have been forgotten.

It would be interesting to know just how many turkeys will be slaughtered within the next few weeks "to make a Christian holiday," but unfortunately no statistics of the kind can be secured. According to the Twelfth Census, there were in the United States on June 1, 1900, only 6,599,367 domesticated turkeys over three months of age. The leading State in the turkey raising industry was Texas, with 648,671 birds, while Illinois stood second with 446,020, and Iowa was a close third with 424,306. However, these figures fall far short of conveying a true conception of the magnitude of the turkey raising business. At the season of the year when the census enumerators made their rounds, but few of the turkeys that were destined to grace the feasts of Thanksgiving and Christmas had attained the age of three months; and millions, perhaps, had not yet broken the egg shells. When the census of 1890 was taken, an attempt was made to count turkeys of all ages, not restricting the enumeration to those more than three months old, and the reports gave the total number as being 10,754,060; but even these figures give no account of the millions of birds hatched after the first of June and butchered for the holiday

trade. It is therefore manifestly impossible to ascertain with any degree of accuracy how many turkeys are reared every year, or how many are slaughtered for the Christmas season, but the opinion of one of the largest buyers in the country may be of interest. In his opinion, the census figures of the year 1900 represent little more than the permanent stock kept for breeding purposes on the farms and ranges. He regards it as a reasonable estimate that at least ten turkeys are raised and killed for every one thus kept permanently. If this estimate be even approximately correct, and if allowance be made for the growth of the industry

since the Twelfth Census was taken, then more than 65,000,000 turkeys have been reared for table consumption this year.

Although Americans regard the turkey as peculiarly their own, yet it is highly appreciated in every country in Europe as well as in many parts of Asia, Africa and Australia. Its fame, in fact, is co-extensive with civilization. In England the turkey raising industry is carried on to an extent never attempted on this side of the Atlantic. The leading centers of the business are Norfolk and Cambridgeshire, where hundreds of thousands of turkeys are reared every year for the London market.



The Bad Lands

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

Wild, harsh, grotesque with uncouth shape and hue,
Pre-doomed to death and drought without an end,
For grim, sad miles beneath a burning blue,
These cheerless plains their arid length extend.

A region strange, devoid of kindly plan,
Unblessed it seems, for all good things amiss—
The monstrous challenge Nature flings to man:
"What, for your profit, can you do with this?"

Butte--The Heart of the Copper Industry

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

NEARLY forty years ago, a traveler, on his way from Virginia City to Deer Lodge, Montana, stopped at a small mining camp that lay along his route. This camp was situated near a long, low hill, wooded with clumps of pine and built up scantily with the log cabins of the early days. The hill itself was the northern boundary of a valley or "flat," stretching away, with some minor undulations, to the south, and rising abruptly into the snow-clad peaks called the Highlands; to the east lay the ponderous spine of the continent—the main range of the Rocky Mountains—huge, bearded, forbidding, like a monster of the Jurassic Age, sullenly taking his rest; finally, to the westward, the hill itself culminated in a steep, barren "butte," at once giving the settlement its name and bearing evidence of volcanic upheaval in ages past. Verily, this was no Garden of the Gods, but rather a grotesque region where elemental forces had held mighty sway. While the traveler noted these things, an old prospector, weary of the precarious luck of placer mining, approached and offered him six claims on the lean looking hill for five hundred dollars. The traveler, a lawyer by profession, had in his wallet just the exact sum. It was a curious coincidence; six claims for five hundred dollars, and his wallet held the stated price in gold dust. However, the thing seemed preposterous even for a gamble, so he refused the old man's offer, and mounting his horse, went his way. Within the lifetime of that same traveler, those six claims had yielded over a billion dollars; the hill had shed its pine clumps for forests of bristling chimneys and shaft houses, and the obscure camp had become the greatest copper district in the world.

The story, much as it sounds like romance, is literally true, and the magical transformation from the "forest primeval" to the city has happened in less than forty years! There are immense dynamic forces at work not only in the

earth itself, but in the air, and under their influence full-lunged and warm-blooded men act vigorously and achieve. No effete luxuries here to cajole the senses into idleness; no perfume of flower and vista of fat valley with low of kine and tinkle of distant bell; no amorous south wind to relax the tension and sooth to stagnation. No! rather stern, muscle-bearing toil; the ring of pick on rock, the throb and roar of mighty engines undoing with iron might the sedimentary work of Nature through the ages; an environment of naked cliff and crag and chastened winds from snow-cold heights that sparkle, lash and compel. Such are the external conditions, and the same goal, deep-buried in the mountain's breast, is the impetus that draws, binds and rewards.

Originally, Butte, like all other north-western camps, was purely a placer district; then the "Alice," with the pioneer shaft of the hill, set the precedent in actual quartz mining, and produced silver. It was not until 1881 that Marcus Daly sank the main shaft of the famous "Anaconda" to great depth in search of copper. This shrewd miner spent a fortune before the vast body of copper was struck, revealing the real wealth of the camp. It was then that Butte came into prominence, and capital and labor flocked to the new field. The day of the old prospector who owned and worked his little holding was gone forever. The hill was too rich and the stake too big for single individuals. Henceforth it was to be Company and Union—Magnate and Laborer.

In 1889, the Boston and Montana Company sent a young engineer, F. Augustus Heinze, to Butte, to look after its interests. Mr. Heinze was a keen mining man of German antedecedents and rich connections abroad. In his capacity of expert, or engineer, he became intimately acquainted with the properties of the "B and M," their deviations in consequence of the right of way bestowed upon



The court house, Butte, Montana, where the great mining litigation has been held.

the owner of the apex of a vein, and he also possessed himself of information as to existing flaws, weaknesses and certain bits of left-over land hedged in among the boundary lines of claims, through oversight or mistake. About this time, it is said, a relative bequeathed to Mr. Heinze the sum of \$50,000, with which he made his first investments. On the 11th of March, 1893, he organized the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, and having secured several leases, began operations on the Ramsdell-Parrott, Estella, Rarus and Glengarry, subsequently buying the last two mines outright. Later on, the Corra-Rock Island and Nipper were added to the holdings of the company. With his advent as the head of a corporation, Mr. Heinze took his place as the most picturesque and daring figure in the whole great game, where fortunes were fought for, made and lost through bitter struggle and acrid hostility.

In the spring of 1899 a new and far more powerful element came upon the scene. It was the Amalgamated Copper

Company, composed of six sub-companies: the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, Trenton Mining and Development Company, Butte and Boston Consolidated Mining Company and Boston and Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company. The coming of this great corporation was the signal for the most enormous mining litigation this country has ever seen. Heinze, in the guise of the laborer's champion and the uncompromising enemy of trusts, waged war against the Amalgamated. Factionism divided individuals and politics. It was not so much a case of Republicanism or Democracy as Heinze, with his slogan of "Down with the Kerosine" (Standard Oil), or the opposing force of the Amalgamated Company. But even the red-hot political struggle was secondary to the legal contests. In this historical old court house the wealth of the hill was perpetually in dispute. Geological and other expert wise-men imported from the centers of learning, pitted their testimony against others as astute and cunning as

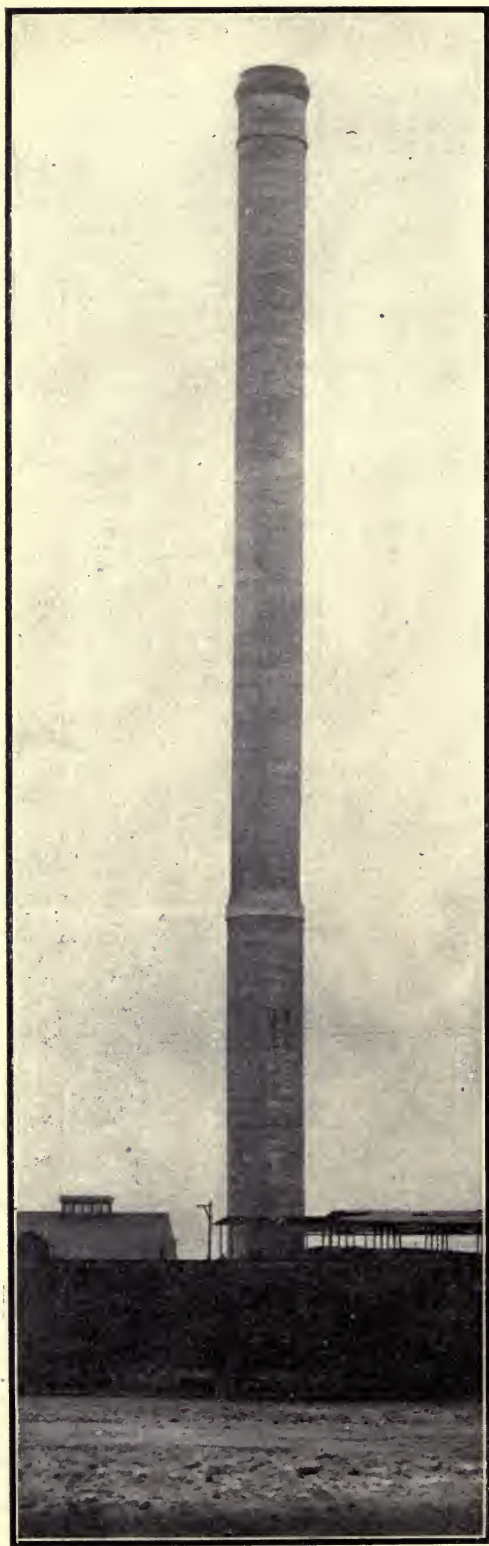
themselves. In order to understand the possibility of such a condition, one must first be acquainted with the theory of extra-lateral rights. *"A locator of a mining claim has the exclusive right to the possession and enjoyment of all the surface included within the lines of his location, and of all veins, lodes and ledges throughout their entire depth, the top or apex of which lies inside of such surface lines extended downward vertically, although such veins, lodes or ledges may so far depart from a perpendicular in their course downward as to extend outside the vertical side lines of such surface location. But his right of possession to such outside parts of such veins or ledges is confined to such portions thereof as lie between vertical planes drawn downward as above described through the end lines of his location, so continued in their own direction that such planes will intersect such exterior parts of such veins or ledges."* In the early days when mining was carried on principally by isolated individuals or groups of individuals, scattered over wide territory, it

was the policy of the law to encourage these miners, and to give to them all possible latitude in the development of ore bodies; hence the principle of extra-lateral rights. This theory seemed simple enough when simple conditions prevailed, but when one little hill was found to hold practically inexhaustible wealth, when hostile and opposing interests rubbed elbows, and outcropping after outcropping could be claimed as an apex with equal probability of truth, and when such apexes meant the loss or gain of inestimable millions, it can readily be seen that complications would follow. It can also be recognized that the encroachment of one claim, through the imaginary vertical side lines into another was not only easy but inevitable, and that, moreover, there might be much to be said on both sides. Hence, injunctions, charges and counter charges of ore stealing with all the involved complications of law suit following upon, and growing out of, other law suits.

All the while there was talk of the larger and more powerful Amalgamated



Looking up Main street, Butte, Montana.



The tallest concrete smoke-stack in the world, at Clark's smelter, Butte. This carries away all smoke and fumes.

Company buying and absorbing the smaller concern, of which Heinze was the controlling spirit, and Mr. Heinze, upon the steps of the old court house (the arena upon which the contestants had met and would meet), declared in legally comprehensive English, with qualifications covering all contingencies, that he would never sell his interests to the Amalgamated. The scene was a dramatic one. Thousands of miners who believed in him as their unflinching champion, cheered him on, and if there had been doubt in his sincerity it was quelled for the time, at least. It was Heinze who cried loudest of all, "Down with the trusts!" Heinze who had ardently supported the eight hour shift, and Heinze who had, with princely generosity, presented every man in his employ with a Christmas turkey, though Butte is a city where turkeys come high. Therefore, long live Heinze and the M. O. P.! So they cheered themselves hoarse and were reassured. Still rumor, subtle, irresponsible, but insistent rumor, emanating from no known source, and spread furtively by nobody knew whom, said that Heinze was negotiating with a hated trust. Had not Mr. Heinze gone to New York after his speech and remained there for long months bent upon some secret mission? Coincidentally, perhaps, but still curiously, the head officials of the rival company had been in New York also. Therefore, suspicion grew to conviction, and people were scarcely surprised when the official announcement was made in February, 1906, that the Red Metal Mining Company had purchased outright the holdings of the M. O. P., saving the Lexington mine, for the sum of \$10,500,000.

For years, indeed, so long as there had been talk of Heinze's sell-out, there had been a fear growing out of it that Butte might become a "one man camp," with no competition to prevent shut-downs or the arch-terror of a lower wage, in which event the master and the man would meet in a great reckoning; the union of capital and the union of labor.

There was another element to be reckoned with—the miners themselves, allied into a powerful organization over 4,000 strong. As far back as 1878, twelve or fourteen laborers in the mines,



1. Bell and Diamond mines. 2. Cora mine, showing hoist and dumps.

foreseeing the complexities which even then were arising from incursions of new and conflicting interests, formed themselves into a union. Their purpose was to establish and maintain a fair wage; to care for the sick and injured, and finally to bury the dead. From this humble beginning the union had grown into a strong, cosmopolitan body, none the less firm for the various elements of which it was composed. If the fame of Butte were magnet enough to attract princes and pirates of finance, it was also potent enough to spread beyond the bounds of these United States and across the seas; from the English tongue to the language of foreigner laborer stooping beneath his burden of unrewarded toil. True, the first tales of Butte that went forth were not alluring except in the insidious promise of material wealth. Concomitant with its fame was the story of its ugliness and its vice. Dame Nature had turned usurer here; the trees had withered beneath the poison fumes of smelters, the mountain streams were polluted, and even the fair face of heaven

was bedimmed with a pall of smoke. Yet in spite of these things men flocked to Butte. What mattered her dirt or even her infamy so long as she yielded up wealth? The down-trodden of other lands were not restrained by the dark stories of the unfair town, and its reputed resemblance to the Inferno itself. Had these toilers not enjoyed beautiful scenery while their stomach clove to their ribs for lack of food? Probably if Mephistopheles had presided over the treasure they would still have come with dumb yearning for something better than the vain tilling of exhausted soil. So they journeyed westward from impoverished Ireland, Cornwall, Italy, Russia, Finland and even Syria. Could the Latin have read his Dante, which is to be questioned, he might have seen in the barren, smoke-stained approach to the new land, with its wilderness of grotesque rocks, and occasionally a dead, mis-shapen tree, twisted as though it had struggled before it died, a striking resemblance to the country described in the opening lines of the "Inferno," and if, perchance, a



Butte Reduction Works.



"Minnie Healy" mine.

lean, gray coyote, had slunk past to complete the simile, he would have involuntarily looked for the shade of Virgil. But no such classical meditations fired the laborers' fancy. They came and toiled and sweated, and their dreams of prosperity became reality. With the instinct of the clan and the blood-tie, these children of many lands clung together so far as places of dwelling and habit were concerned, as we shall see later, but more broadly and more strongly, by virtue of the greater tie of common interest, common reward for common toil, they knit themselves into the democratic body politic of the Miners' Union, with the motto, "In Union there is Strength." And here, be it said to the credit of these men, that from the inception of the union in that far-away beginning, when twelve rugged men pointed the way, to the present day when its membership numbers over four thousand in good standing and entitled to the sick benefits, through debauched political conditions, shameful contests for possession, and outrageous labor agitation, the Miners' Union has remained

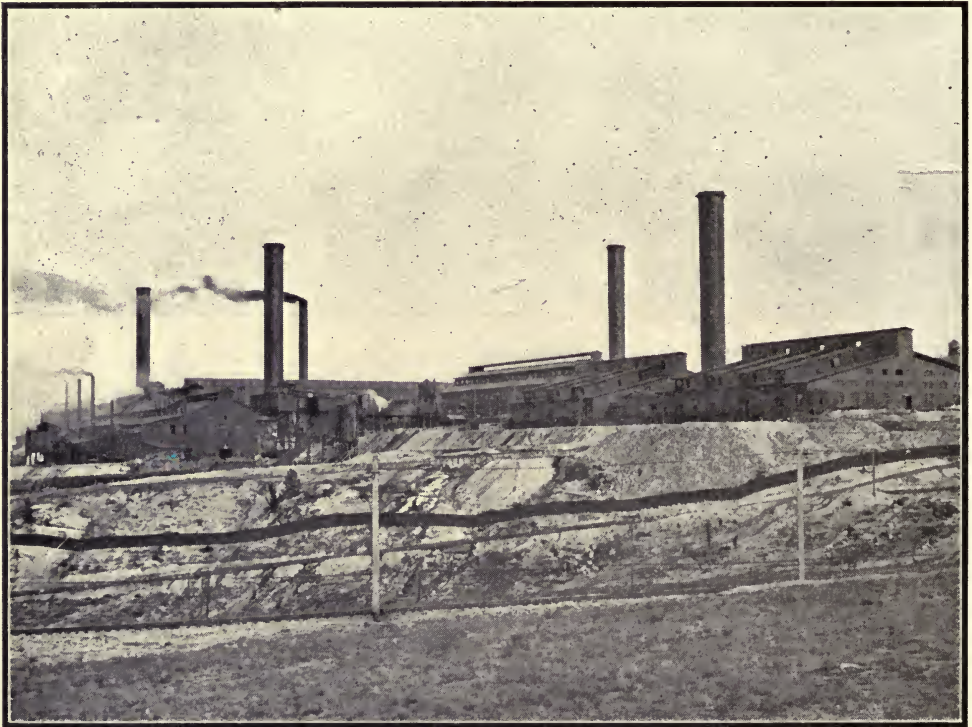
true to its principles of fairness and integrity. At all times it has been reasonable in its demands, conservative and consistent in its policy, and it has ever been a factor in good Government, law and order, the preservation of harmony between laborer and employer, and a promoter of the great industry of which it is a vital part. The union demands and receives for all miners \$3.50 per shift of eight hours; to members in good standing who are disabled, it allowed \$10 per week for ten weeks, and it gives to its dead decent burial. The union fund is kept up by a monthly assessment of \$1 for each man enrolled upon its books. Nor is its charity purely for its own members. No miner's widow is left penniless that it does not call for voluntary contributions from each man, and no worthy cause, be it local or otherwise, is left unaided by these Sons of Toil, who win their hard-earned bread far from the common heritage of God's sunshine and pure air, amid constant danger, by the might of brawn and the ordained baptism of honest sweat.

Such was the Miners' Union and its

policy when the inevitable came to pass, and the lesser was absorbed by the greater corporation. Meantime, there had been much conflicting opinion as to the depth of the mineral deposit upon which the future of Butte depended. Many said the veins would "pinch out," and with decreasing values and increasing expenses, wages would be reduced, and so would end the short-lived glory of "the greatest camp on earth." The consensus of opinion, scientific and otherwise, however it might differ as to the depth of the copper deposit, agreed pretty generally that the hill itself was the sole repository of the

referred to above, caused numbers of men to be thrown out of work. The pessimists were assured that the beginning of the end had come, and in the threatened panic some stampeded so far as to leave outright. An exodus of the faint-hearted is always to be welcomed, according to the laws of the survival of the fittest, and if any harm were done by the small scattering it was but transitory.

Not many months went by before it transpired very gradually, as rumor does, that the secondary zone of enrichment had been reached; that the veins had widened and richened past all previous



Washoe smelter, Anaconda, where Butte ores are smelted. The largest smelter in the world.

treasure; that volcanic upheaval had cut off the veins to the west, where the cone of the Big Butte had once belched forth the anger of earth's fires. It was asserted with almost equal assurance that the "flat" spreading to the southward was sterile. About 1903, a certain depression stimulated the belief that the old fear was a reality, and the great veins were gradually diminishing in richness. Almost simultaneously a temporary shut-down of mines involved in the litigation

experience, and that enough was in sight to keep the mines going for fifty years. The closed properties opened again; men went back to work with a good will, and to the astonishment and even amusement of some people, Pittsburg capital bought up a large tract of land on the "flat," and sank for copper. A dark, slate-colored fence enclosed the property, which was given the name of Pittsmont, the first syllables of Pittsburg and Montana, combined; and preserving strict secrecy,



The operation of an air shaft underground.

the new company built an enormous plant for the test of an original process of smelting. The presence of a rich Eastern concern, spending a fortune on the hitherto undeveloped "flat" was an impetus to the small fry. The price of copper, too, arose to unprecedented figures. "Gophering" began, little greenish-white dumps, like ant hills speckled the dun level, bold ribs of shaft houses arose, and there was general upheaval in the quest of the precious metal.

Still, all this was merely preliminary. Butte was just entering upon its second era. In the beginning, people of the adventurous spirit had come here as they had gone to the earlier fields of Alder

were and are in excess of those straight through to the coast; extortionate little unions held up prices to the ultimate limit, and did their share to throttle industry to paralysis, and retard the better building and growth of the place. Indeed, Butte came to have the reputation of being a center of disturbance; fresh blood was not welcomed among the ranks of some workers, and more than one newcomer "hit the trail," in the security of the darkness by command of individuals unknown. Yet in spite of all this, there was the impulse of growth, which could not be checked by artificial conditions. People kept coming, and these people had to eat and drink and have

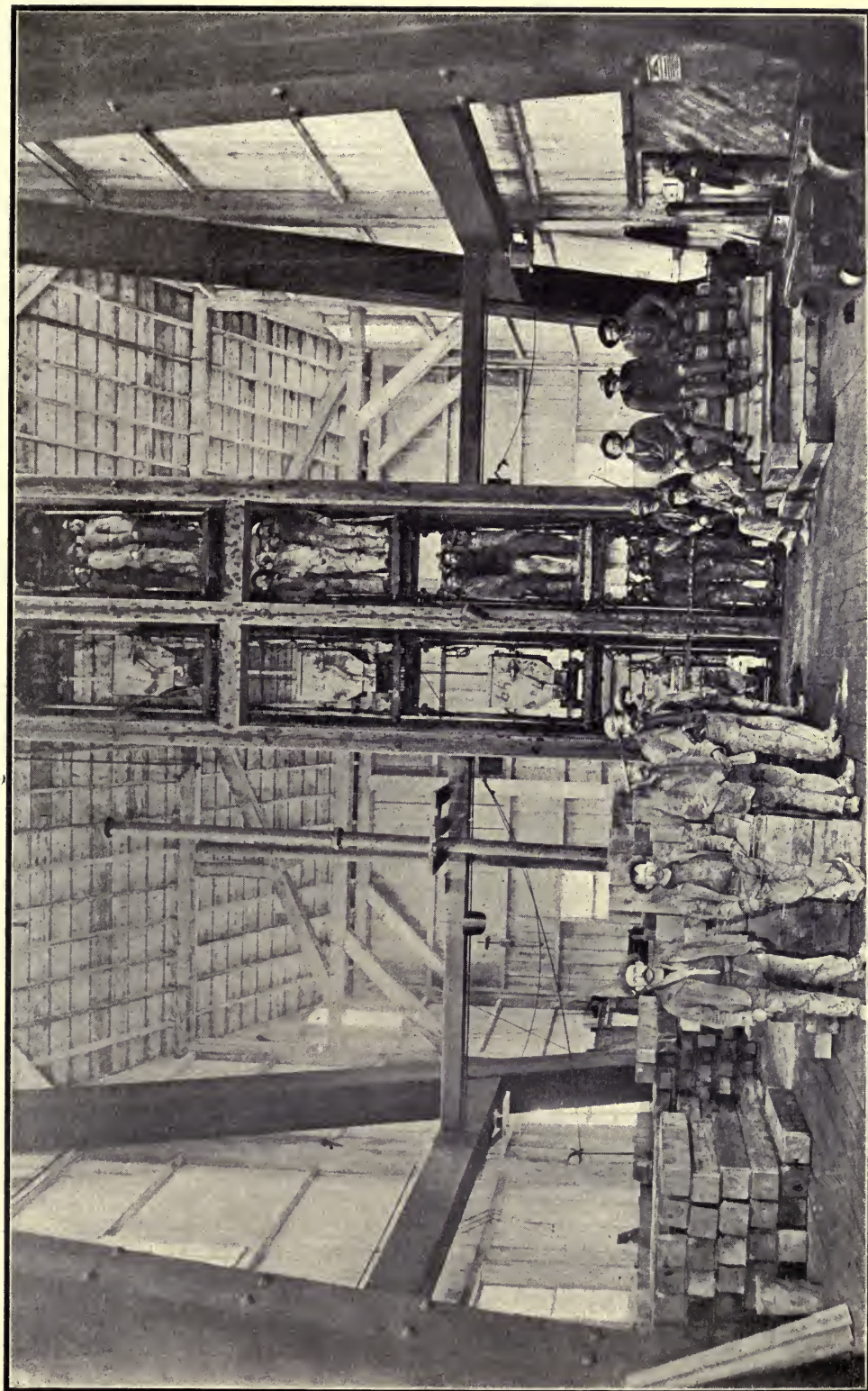


Panorama of the richest hill in the world.

Gulch or Montana City, or any of the primitive camps that had yielded their share of riches and then gone down into oblivion. Nobody lived in Butte; men came merely to dig out its ore, then go their way to fairer lands. Everybody came from somewhere else, and everybody was going somewhere else, as soon as he should strike it rich. And so, each one, from "mucker" to magnate, had his prospect, his proposition or his property, three terms expressing distinct degrees of uncertainty or development. Like all towns of its type, merchandise was high, freight rates to and from the East

shelter from the cold. Here it may not be amiss to contrast the pay of the miner with the day laborer in other vocations. Staples being more expensive in Butte than in most places, and rents proportionately exorbitant, the miner with his \$3.50 per day and a family to clothe, feed and house, has little or nothing left after he provides himself and them with the bare necessities.

Although such inconsistencies prevail, and even to build a modest cottage taxes the means of the buyer of ordinary circumstances, the roving surplus, ever growing and uncovered population, must



Four-deck cage, Anaconda mine, showing miners going "on shift," and empty ore cars.

have a place to stay. It is almost ridiculous to state that houses are rented before their foundations are laid; that of the numbers of larger apartment houses and office blocks now building, the rooms are rented in advance. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say the foot-sore pedestrian seeking a prospective abode to lay his weary head, follows the brick or lumber wagon and sits upon the heap of raw material until he can secure the promise of a house or room, when not even a pick has broken the ground for its foundation. Formerly the class of houses was uniformly cheap and ugly. Keen business men put up the poorest structures, which they rented for the highest figures, netting them enormous interest on the initial investment. Such a condition necessarily reduced the town to a state of general ugliness, apart from its disfigurement through the smoke. There were various smelters all pouring forth their unwholesome breath on the air, scorching the soil into total barrenness, parching the throats of human beings with fumes of arsenic and sulphur. In the earliest days of smelting the ores were roasted on the ground, the heavily burdened smoke hanging low over the city, and when the wind drove through the hollow bounded by the Rocky Mountains and their spurs, the thick cloud closed down like a pall, and for days the sun never shone except luridly, an inauspicious copper orb leering from a contaminated sky. With the growth of the town, these conditions became impractical, not to say unbearable, and the Anaconda Company, finding a desirable site at Anaconda, a place about 28 miles distant, erected there the Washoe smelter, which is the largest plant of its kind in the world, at the cost of over \$7,500,000. The ores from the Butte mines are transported thither by iron ore trains, loaded automatically at the mines. Upon the completion of this plant, with its modern equipment and reduced cost of smelting, the smaller local smelters closed down one by one, until at last but a single survivor remains. There, out on the "flat" it stands, a long curl of white smoke rising from the highest concrete stack in the world, which conducts the fumes to an altitude where they are dissipated among the higher air currents.

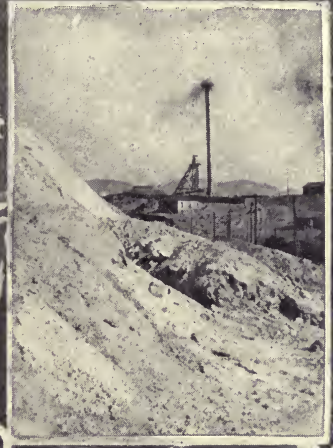
With the passing of the smoke, it became possible for grass and flowers to grow, and the citizens began, very tentatively at first, to plant gardens. It is wonderful how a little touch of nature will take root in men's hearts as well as in earth's soil. There grew a feeling of pride in the home; those thousands of people who had stayed on year after year waiting for the fortune that did not come, and who in the process had become a part of the established order of things, bethought themselves of being comfortable in this camping ground, and having homes as other folk in other lands. The ascendancy of the home builder over the landlord is always a sign of progress, and the Butte of to-day with its pretty houses and gardens, is a pleasant contrast to the barren Butte of the past.

With the development of the home-spirit, the place has grown from a temporary abiding place, where the seeker of fortune exists for a day, to one where people live; from a mining camp of a few inhabitants to a city of 75,000 souls. The ultimate degree of its pretensions to beauty has been reached in Columbia Gardens, a park far out by the Maiu Range, where shady glades and gay flower beds greet the pleasure-thirsty through the whole summer time. There one sees the miner and his family taking their holiday rest, and there the lover of nature awaits the melting of the snow to gather the pale anemone, the first, timid harbinger of spring.

These improvements in external conditions all pointed to internal prosperity. The hitherto mysterious Pittsmtont struck its copper vein, proving that the zone of mineralization extended far beyond the confines of the hill, so that those who had denied the existence of other deposits

" * * * were thrust,
Like Foolish Prophets forth."

Outcroppings of veins ignored in the past as sporadic deposits broken by primordial upheaval, became significant evidence of what lay beneath. Little holes in the ground grew into mines; fresh capital poured in, and for miles across the flat and even upon the shaggy body of the Continental Divide, shafts were sunk, and in almost every instance copper was



SCENES IN BUTTE.

1. Miners off shift going down Dublin Gulch.
2. Showing that vegetation is now a reality in Butte.
3. "Gophering," or development work north of Butte.

1. The famous Anaconda mine.
2. Big Butte, after which the town is named.
3. Looking down "Dublin Gulch."

struck. Not one, but hundreds, of companies came into being. The man you met on the streets six month ago, shabby and "down on his luck," blossomed suddenly into an easily confident "promoter," floating a "proposition" with "millions in it."

A little over a year ago, an enormously rich strike was made in the group of mines known as the North Butte, which sent its stock from \$15 to \$115. This set the town on the qui vive. There was great clamoring for stocks of all kinds. Prices ran up like mercury under heat, and with dizzy rapidness Fortune's wheel made men of affairs of modest wage winners. Even the circumspect, righteous folk who cried down gambling as a work of the devil, dodged around the corner to the stock exchange, bought a little stock and lost sleep until the morning bulletins were out. Coupled with the ordinary salutations was, "How's Amalgamated?" or what not. Land anywhere in the vicinity of the developed mines was literally gobbled, bought or jumped and re-jumped, until not an inch remained uncovered by stakes and location notices. The ground once secured, the promoters (and in these cases the term has no sinister meaning), went East, and upon fair representation of the facts, raised money to develop their properties before a pick had been struck into the ground, and when only a great outcropping on the surface fired them to implicit belief in ultimate success. And it is fair to say in no recorded case thus far, extravagant as such an assertion may seem, have the new seekers failed after gaining the required depth. In properties where this depth has not yet been attained, "stringers" of copper ore mark the beginning of larger bodies below.

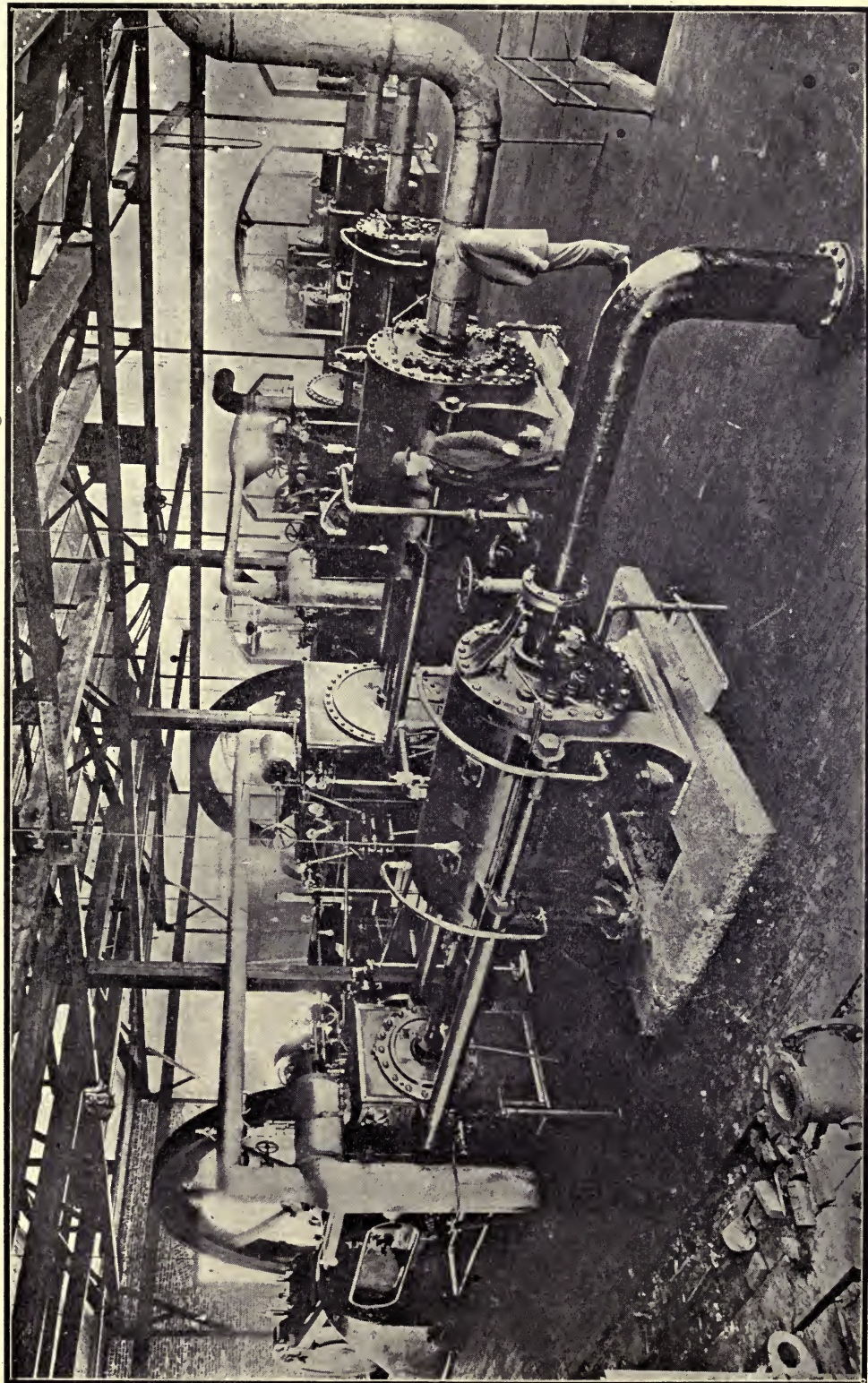
There is a fascination about these huge games of chance where risk seems so small and results so miraculously large. The contagion is in the air. In the streets the crowds of eager miners off shift outside a saloon, give each other a "tip" and the name of some new "proposition," coupled with so much per share passes from lip to lip. It is a giddy whirlpool, where those who drift in from placid waters are swept around in as grotesque a dance as the rest. Nowhere else in this country do like conditions

prevail; perhaps one might go farther and state with sweeping comprehension, and still with truth, that the world, so far as history goes, has never seen its equal.

Although to the name of Butte is generally attached the epithet "the richest camp on earth," the outside world knows but little of its character.

Several writers have drifted in from the East, stopped a few days at the club, drank good wine, smoked cigars and gone down a mine; then they have promptly written articles noticeable on account of their conspicuous lack of knowledge. The keynote is always "barrenness." Then follows the statement that "not a spear of grass is to be seen," and there is generally a re-hash of the political feuds and dishonesty which have shocked the whole country into attention during years past. But not one word of the unique features of the place has ever been hinted at. Cities, like the individuals who compose them, have personalities. There are some well ordered towns, like eminently respectable ladies and gentlemen, who pursue their staid and decent ways according to the letter of the law, year in and year out, with no deviation; there are others of mixed blood and conflicting interest that impress one with energy and abundance of life. Butte belongs to the latter class. Awhile back we saw how the laborers of many lands had sought work in the mines, and in natural consequence, how these foreigners obeying the instinct of the clan, segregated themselves into distinct bodies, occupying different quarters. Perhaps there is no town of similar size composed of so many varying elements, and nowhere will the traveler find the foreign quarters preserved with more of their native color. Butte is made up of townships and communities: Walkerville, Dublin Gulch, Centerville and Chicken Flat on the hill; and Meaderville toward the main range. Walkerville and Centerville hold most of the old mines, and their location half a mile apart gave rise to the song which welled up from the deep chests of men going to and coming from shift:

"From Walkerville to Centerville is just
a half a mile.



Anaconda compressor rooms.

From Centerville to Walkerville is just a half a mile.

From Walkerville to Centerville, from Centerville to Walkerville,
From Walkerville to Centerville is just a half a mile."

Up Dublin Gulch one is in Little Ireland—Ireland of the more tempestuous sort which enforces its rights to home rule and home privacy by verbal or muscular argument. There the eleemosynary cow feeds on the swill pile where the baby plays; loud-barking, contentious curs beset the wanderer's path, and half-grown boys are forever throwing stones. The attitude of the gulch toward the outer world is amusingly illustrated by the following incident. An eminent educator came from the East to visit the schools, and clad in a scholastic length of coat and silk hat, made his dignified way up Dublin Gulch to a school building which stood upon the crest of the hill. Unfortunately, it was recess time, and the small boys pursued the gentleman and pelted him with mud of which there is always plenty in the Gulch. He betook himself with haste that was not scholastic nor dignified, up the hill, his length of coat spread out gaily in the wind, and his tall but besmirched hat caved in beneath the fusillade of the young Arabs who howled at his heels. The principal, filled with horror, took her pupils to task for their outrageous conduct, and to impress them more forcibly with the enormity of their offense, ordered them to tell their mothers what they had done, and thus incur the condign punishment of parental wrath. The next day she approached a hardened young reprobate and said:

"What did your mother say when you told her you had thrown mud at the gentleman?"

He grinned diabolically through his crust of dirt and answered:

"Why, she told me to throw *stones* the next time any guy come up here with a hat like that."

In Meaderville are situated the Italian, the Syrian, and the Russian quarters. Strange smelling, exotic little restaurants serve typical Italian food and wine, and the Syrian quarter, with its swarthy "King of the Syrians," is the seat of the hot tamale industry. Late every night the cry of "Hot Tam-a-loes!" rings out, and

looking down the street, one sees a lamp swinging in the darkness. It is the hot tamale vendor peddling his wares. There was one with a deeper, richer tone than the rest, the best-known of the peddlers, "Tamale Joe." One day, he and a rival tamale man sat in a native shop drinking wine and quarreling over a disputed district—for it seems they had divided the town arbitrarily, and each held to his own allotted precinct. Bitter words led to blows, and a quick knife thrust silenced "Tamale Joe's" deep voice forever. The murderer escaped, and the incident was forgotten, save by a few who still miss the familiar echo from the midnight streets.

Apart both from Little Ireland and the haunts of the Latins live the Cornish, nicknamed "Cousin Jacks" and "Cousin Jennies." With old country habits and traditions, they keep their greyhounds or "Cornish race-horses," and indulge in the favorite sport of coursing, much to the chagrin of the humane societies. And wherever you find the Cousin Jack you also find the saffron cake and pasty, preserved with all the patriotism, and scarcely less sacredly, than the omnipresent picture of the king.

These foreign quarters are the picturesque, out-of-the-way haunts of the humble, and they are far removed from the beaten path that leads from the fashionable residence district to the business center, which are, after all, much like the kindred districts of other prosperous towns. And the prettily dressed ladies calling upon each other in cabs, know as little of Dublin Gulch and Meaderville as though they lived a hundred miles from their boundaries. Were there artists enough in the community, you would find them out there near the Italians, where the old, abandoned tailings, left to the elements, are metamorphosed into vivid chrome yellow, streaks of bright blue and the singularly beautiful green of the copper stain. Pools of stagnant water reflect the curious coloring, and little streams trickle half-heartedly through the waste. There, too, tin cans and scrap iron are dumped into vats of copper-charged water, and by a process of displacement, the disintegration of the tin or iron, under the corrosion of the metallic solution, causes the formation of an atom of copper for

each atom of tin or iron consumed; so, after sufficient time, pure copper is left in place of the heap of junk.

But whether one is in Meaderville or Centerville, Main street or the West Side, towering above all and presiding like a mighty god of industry, is the shaft house, and beneath it the mine telling the story of why rich and poor, alien and American, are here, and what binds them together in their unending quest.

Upon the streets of Butte are reflected its personality and its life; the shifting throngs hold well dressed men of obvi-

twenty-four hours there is no surcease of herculean toil. In reality, there are two Buttes, the one above, the other under ground. Eight hundred miles of tunnels or workings honeycomb the subterranean city, and in these levels, drifts and cross-cuts, 55,000,000 feet, or over 10,000 miles of timbers and lumber are used each year. From the hill, down under the business center where twelve-story buildings stand, thence to Meaderville, a man could walk without ever seeing the sun. There are 6,300 mining claims in Butte and its environs, 135 of which are



School of Mines, Butte, Montana.

ous importance, and the poor old miser-pro prospector, hoarding his claim, which in his dotage he believes to be the nucleus of the entire mineral deposit, existing in squalor in his lonely "shack," when he might live in a mansion and be reckoned among the rich. Such are the contrasts and the inconsistencies. Butte, as a whole, never sleeps. While one-half of its miners rest, the others are at work. The mines are never still, their depths know not night nor day, and through the whole

developed mines in active operation; of the rest, 1,300 are patented claims, the remaining unpatented ones awaiting capital for their development. The yearly output of the mines is 300,000,000 pounds in copper, or about \$60,000,000, one-fourth the supply of the world. Besides this, \$15,000,000 in gold and silver are produced annually. The monthly payroll is \$1,500,000, which exceeds that of any other town of its population in the world. Four transcontinental railways



Grey Rock in winter, with snow on the ground.

pass through Butte, and a fifth, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, is now laying its tracks across the flat into the heart of the town.

Such is the Butte of to-day, grown almost as by magic, from the humble camp of yesterday, and entering upon a greater to-morrow. Over it presides the Copper God, a mighty Mammon, pouring forth ceaselessly the earth's extorted treasure. Yet this is not all. There is something better than sordid commerce, more beautiful than the dark shafts and engines and the master-passion of human greed. For yonder, in the blue distance, stand the mountains, their vast, free sweep encircling the city in a broad embrace. If one will lift his eyes from the earth to the heavens above, from the hurrying

throng to the drifting cloud, far away through sparkling air and purple haze he may see the aspiring peaks, high priests of Nature, clad in cerements of snow. Upon their magnificent slopes are the ever-changing moods of light and shade—or might one say *expression*, as in a god-wrought face? So they stand, dreaming there, apart, aloft and still ever present, until winter comes down from their altitude, covering sublime peaks and hideous dump alike with the impartial charity of virgin snow.

Thus the labor-weary, forever toiling in the dark, may still cherish some nobler aim, until Hope, like the guardian mountains, shall spread the white robe of reward upon his hard-earned rest.

Reliable Fire Protection the Greatest Present Need of San Francisco

EDWIN DURYEA, JR., C. E., [M. AM. SOC. C. E.]

“A BETTER City,” my article in the September number of the Overland Monthly, was quite general in its nature and now seems to me to need supplementing in some respects.

The ideas there advanced leading to a *better* city are all true and every improvement advocated is an advisable and necessary one. There is a difference in the degree of necessity of the several improvements, however—and those needed to make the city safe against future conflagrations are absolutely essential if there is to be a continuing city existence for San Francisco in the future.

We say that the great damage to San Francisco was from the fire rather than from the earthquake, and in the most apparent sense this is true. However, as both the origin and the resistless spread of the fire were due to the earthquake, and to that alone, this statement of the case is a somewhat specious one. What is really meant is that, though thousands of buildings were destroyed by the fire, nearly all of them had proved sufficiently stable to pass through the earthquake alone with little or no damage.

There are two broad ways in which the safety of the city against fires may be increased—first, by constructing it of materials which will not ignite or burn readily; and second, by providing reliable means to quickly control and extinguish such fires as become started, notwithstanding the general non-inflammable character of the construction.

The first-mentioned means of preventing conflagrations will be met by fire-proof and slow-burning buildings, constructed under good building ordinances and efficient inspection. Such structures will have a large degree of safety against not only ordinary fires, but also against earthquakes and earthquake-fires.

When a fire has become started, the

second and active means to prevent conflagrations comes into play. This consists in the use of water in various ways, from automatic sprinkling systems to hose-streams, and to a small degree in the use of such special devices as chemical engines and hand grenades. To prevent the wide spread of a fire and a general conflagration, wide streets are also of immense assistance. The most important and necessary of all the facilities for fighting fires is, however, a reliable and generous supply of water. While a strong pressure in the mains is a very desirable feature, its lack may be largely met by the use of fire engines, which will produce strong pressures when and where they are needed. The essential requirement for fire protection is therefore a system giving adequate quantities of water and of such reliability that its fire-protection function will not be seriously interfered with even by an earthquake.

It is useless to expect any large water system to pass through a severe earthquake without more or less damage. It is entirely practicable, however, to so design a system that many of its individual parts may be injured and the system still continue to furnish good fire protection. The method by which this end may be secured is the multiplication of some parts of the system in such a way that the failure of all the duplicated parts at the same time is extremely improbable.

As an instance, the large storage reservoirs of any new supply will be in the Sierras, and any rupture of the pipe line by an earthquake would cut off this stored supply from San Francisco until the broken pipes could be repaired. It is not likely, however, that any single pipe line will be large enough to carry much more than 30 millions of gallons per day, and hence a new pipe must be added every few years (perhaps every ten or fifteen) to increase the supply. If the new pipe line

is constructed some little distance from the previous ones over such portions of the line as are at all subject to danger, there is but little likelihood that all the lines will ever be broken by the same cause, or that more than a portion of the whole supply will be cut off by a rupture of the pipe lines. The bad consequences of such a rupture can also be greatly lessened by reservoirs located en route, as near to the city as practicable—preferably on the peninsula, or best of all, within the city itself.

Even when water is stored within the city, breaks in the pipes of the distributing system may render it unavailable for fire-fighting. This was exactly what happened in the late fire. The three main conduits were ruptured by the earthquake about fifteen miles south of the city, but the water in the city reservoirs, about 80 millions of gallons, would still have been sufficient to bring the fire under control had it been available for use. However, breakages in the pipes leading from the several city reservoirs to the distributing system and in the distributing pipes themselves, rendered this water, actually within the city, out of reach for fire protection.

The reasons for the failures which occurred in the pipes are now clear, and it is apparent that in building a new distributing system many such weaknesses as were developed by the earthquake can be avoided.

A large increase in the *number* of city reservoirs is one means to prevent a recurrence of such a fire. If the reservoirs are well distributed throughout the city, the distance between any point of fire and a reservoir will be short, and the danger from rupture of the connecting pipe will be correspondingly small. If in addition the different reservoirs and their outlets are well inter-connected with each other and the pipes of the distributing system are well grid-ironed or inter-connected so as to eliminate "dead ends," there will be many sources from which water may be procured for any fire and many paths through which the water can reach it, and hence the danger of the failure of so many pipes as to prevent the necessary quantity of water reaching the fire will be very small.

In locating pipes, soft or made ground

must be avoided whenever practicable. When this cannot be done, special precautions must be taken in construction, as the use of artificial foundations, slip joints, ball joints or a sinuous line. With such precautions in location and construction, and with the duplication of sources and of paths for the water already mentioned, a high degree of protection against fires may be attained.

Such a water system as has been outlined would be sufficient for the fire-protection of almost any city except San Francisco. She has in this respect a bad name to live down, however, and the recurrence of another great fire in the rebuilt city would be much more disastrous to her standing than was the last fire.

San Francisco's business section is that part of the city through which she is of importance to outside interests, and to the country at large. Also a great proportion of the entire cost is (or will be) included in her business district. If San Francisco is to retain her standing with the rest of the country, it is therefore necessary to still further safeguard the business district, and to multiply its fire protection facilities to an extent that will make its general destruction practically impossible. This can best be done by an entirely separate and distinct water-supply system throughout the business district, for fire protection purposes only. The general supply should extend over the whole city and the separate supply be merely an additional safeguard for the business district.

Fortunately such an independent system is easily available for San Francisco, and at a cost which is relatively very low. The bay furnishes an inexhaustible supply of salt water on the north and east edges of the business district, with a water front length, from Van Ness avenue on the north to Central Basin on the east, of four miles. If Channel street be included, another mile will be added. More than two-thirds of the burned area including probably ninety per cent of the burned value, was within a mile of salt water—and the larger part of the burned value was much nearer.

Nature has already provided in the bay a supply which is not only literally inexhaustible in quantity, but which is also absolutely reliable, in the most literal

sense, and cannot be interfered with by any imaginable cause. Even a "tidal wave" is rendered impossible by the narrowness of the Golden Gate. This sure and safe supply can be availed of by the city without any expense except a pipe system to carry the water through the streets and pumping stations to lift it from the bay and give it the necessary pressure in the mains.

The general features of a salt water supply for the business district were carefully considered by the Sub-Committee on Water Supply and Fire Protection of the Committee of Forty, and the immediate construction of such a system was recommended in their report of May 26th. The following extracts relating to a salt water system give not only my own judgment as developed and modified by discussion with the other members, but since the report was a unanimous one, the judgments of the seven other members as well:

"Fifth—To afford additional fire protection within the congested value district we recommend that a separate system of mains be installed, to be supplied with water pumped from the bay. We advise the installation of two pumping stations on solid ground, one at the base of Telegraph Hill, and the other at the base of Rincon Hill, each to be capable of delivering at least 7,500 gallons per minute, with a hydrant pressure of 200 pounds per square inch. The foundations of the suction lines should receive special care in design and construction. The main artery connecting the two stations should be swung to the westward sufficiently to avoid insecure ground.

"The system should be fitted at several points on the water front with connections into which fire boats or other floating pumps could discharge. At least one such boat should be provided simultaneously with the installation of the separate system recommended. It should be fitted with pumps of the same capacity as one of the land stations, and with modern equipment for fighting fires along the dock front. We have communicated this recommendation to the Sub-Committee on Special Session of the Legislature, to the end that the initiative may be taken to have such boat or boats provided by the proper State authorities.

"To avoid marine growths and corro-

sion, the system should normally be kept filled with fresh water under pressure, supplied from the regular service through connections provided with check valves, to prevent salt-water from backing into the fresh water system.

"Sixth—We do not recommend the carrying out of the Twin Peaks reservoir project for the fire protection of the congested district, believing the above outlined system to be preferable. This reservoir scheme involves long mains, injury to which would render the system useless. The pressure which would result in the low district would also be greater than desirable.

"Seventh—We indorse the action already taken by the city authorities for the acquisition of a municipal water supply, and recommend that the construction of the special fire-protection system and the acquisition of a municipal system be carried out as quickly as possible."

The following extracts from the report referred to the fresh water system, but in many ways are applicable to the salt-water supply also:

"Fourth * * * To meet earthquake conditions, the main arteries of the distributing system should be so laid as to avoid as far as possible all places where slips and ground movements resulted from the earthquake, should have frequent cross-connections, and should be furnished with a great number of gates and large hydrants properly disposed. All service pipes should be fitted with some device, such as a balanced valve, which will close automatically should the service pipe be broken.

"* * * It is entirely practicable, in our opinion, to provide a system of mains which, as a system, will not be seriously injured by such an earthquake as occurred on April 18, 1906, or even one of greater severity. The character of the injury to the only one of the distributing reservoirs damaged by the earthquake shows that a sufficient quantity of water for successfully fighting fires can be safely stored within the city limits. To add to the quantity of water stored within the city limits, the number of the distributing reservoirs should be increased."

As an additional fire protection, cisterns below the pavement at street intersections have been suggested. Such cis-

terns can be used directly by fire-engines and the fire protection they afford is entirely independent (so long as they are kept filled) of pipe mains. A careful consideration by the Sub-Committee, however, convinces us that their general use would be so costly that it would be advisable to use the money in other ways. Personally, I believe that if such cisterns were built only a few each year, so that their cost would not be felt, and if stringent means could be taken to keep them always filled with water and to keep the water clean, wholesome and free from mosquitoes, such cisterns would be advisable, and would add materially to the certainty of the city's fire protection. They would not, however, possess a protection value equal to that of the salt water system recommended, and should not be considered as an alternative to the latter.

The need of an auxiliary salt water system for fire protection is especially urgent. No matter how rapidly the city may proceed to acquire a new supply of water from the Sierras, at least two or three years must elapse before this water can be in actual use in the city. On the other hand, a salt water system throughout the business district can be built in a short time and at a low cost; and will not only afford much additional protection to the business portion of the city for all future time, but especially will be a safe-

guard during the period which must elapse before an improved municipal supply of portable water can be completed.

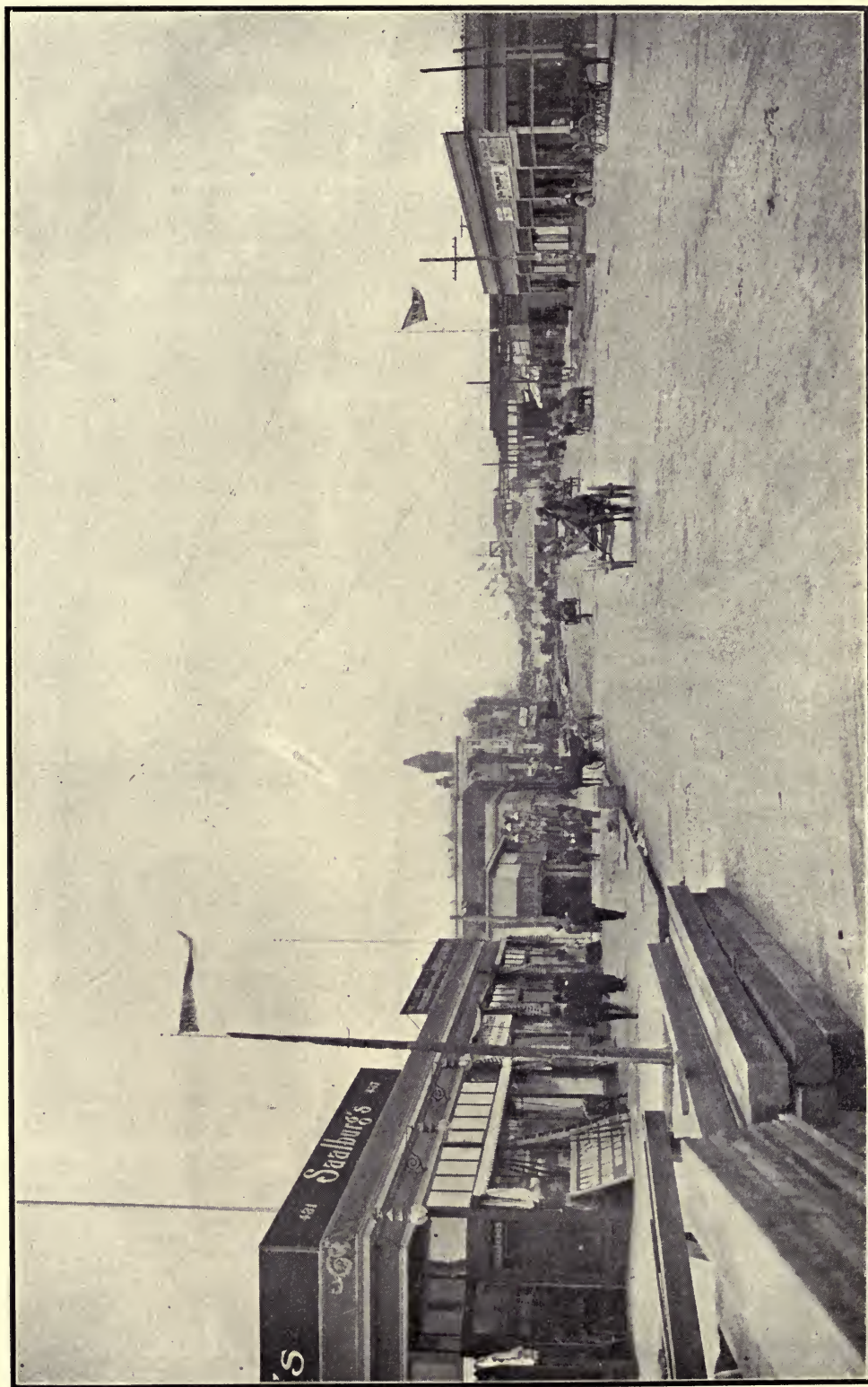
The cost of all the municipal improvements needed in San Francisco was taken in my former article as \$100,000,000. This amount was purely an assumption. This sum, as there shown, would give an annual cost per capita of \$6.75 per year for a population of 400,000 people. More careful consideration leads me to think that all needed municipal improvements—a new fresh water supply, a salt water system, the necessary street widenings, new streets and new pavements, and even a considerable allowance for the repair or reconstruction of municipal buildings—may be acquired by a total expenditure of only about \$75,000,000. This is equivalent to a per capita cost of only \$4.25 per year, or 35 cents per month.

All the improvements mentioned are needed, and all are financially within the city's reach. Some of them can be better executed now than at any future time, and there is no valid excuse for failing to carry out all of them. Of supreme importance, however, are those necessary to the city's health and to its protection from fires; and no consideration should be allowed to interfere with the immediate construction of a salt water system for the protection of the business district, and of an improved municipal supply for the fire protection and health of the city.

Youth to the Worldly-Wise

BY MARIE PARISH

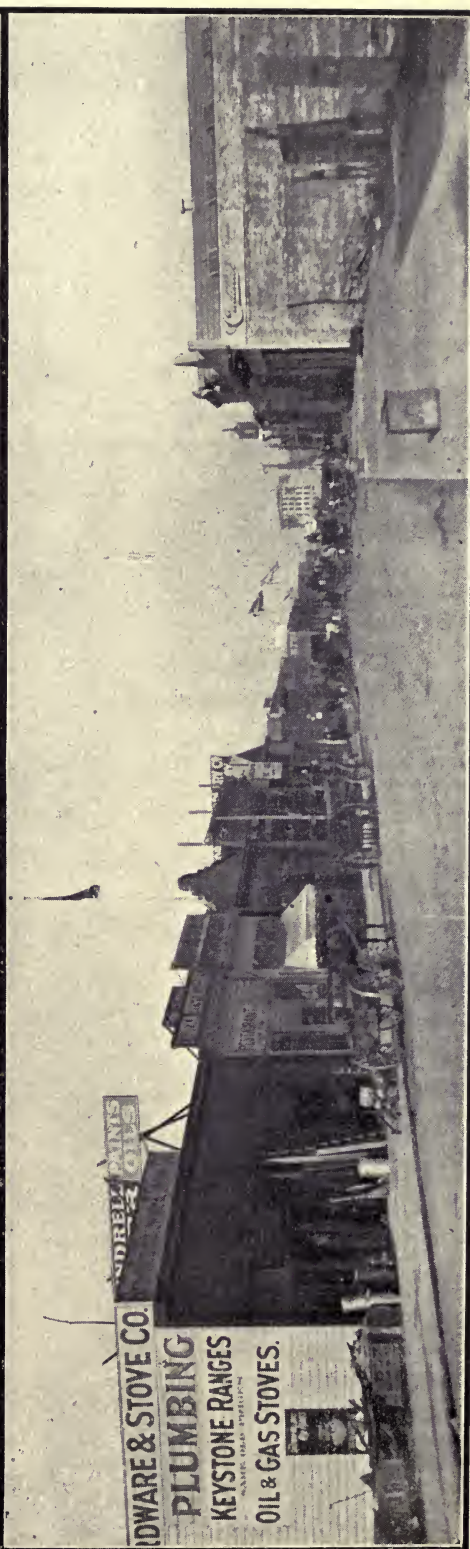
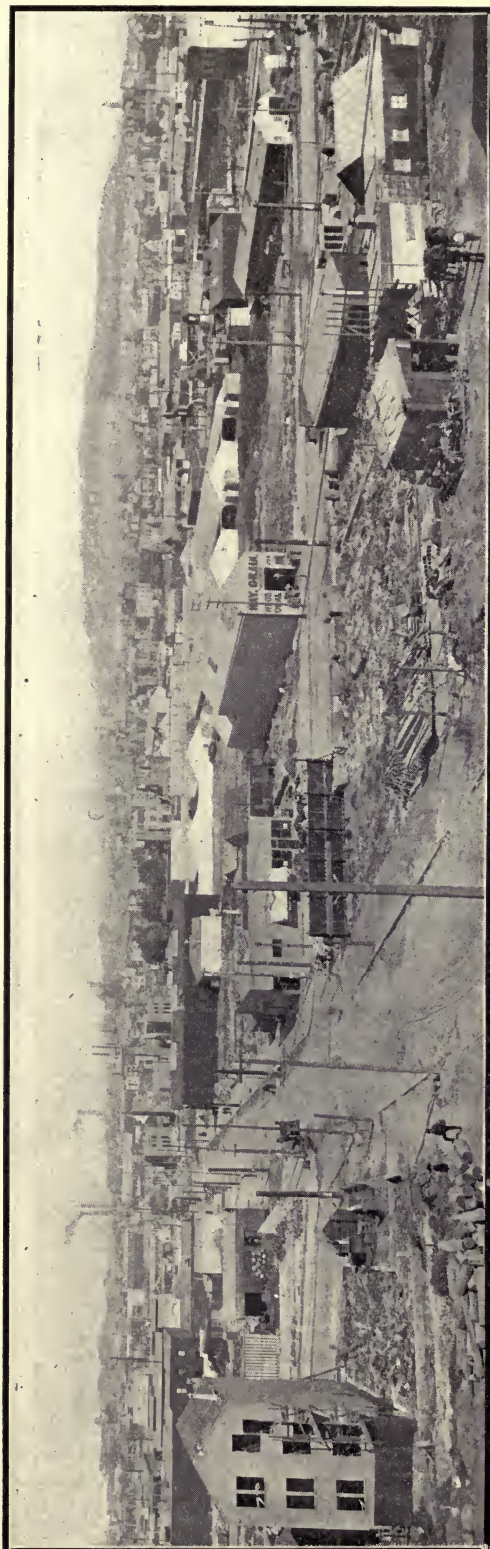
I linger where the grasses bend and blow,
 Where mustard nods, and flaming poppies burn,
 And wee live things hold fellowship; and spurn
 Your counsels, you who say, "These things that grow
 In ev'ry common field whereby we go,
 They are but weeds, and worthless—you will learn."
 Then, laughing, to my sweet wild friends I turn,
 And we rejoice that I am young and *know*.
 But you—in some far Spring you must have known
 How true and precious are these common things,
 How empty are the treasures that you clutch,
 How impotent your images of stone!
 I will not seek the knowledge your life brings,
 If, learning more, I must forget so much.



DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT SKY-SCRAPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO. Looking down Van Ness avenue from McAllister street.



DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT SKY-SCRAPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.
 1. Market street, looking east from Van Ness. 2. Looking down Golden Gate avenue from Van Ness avenue.

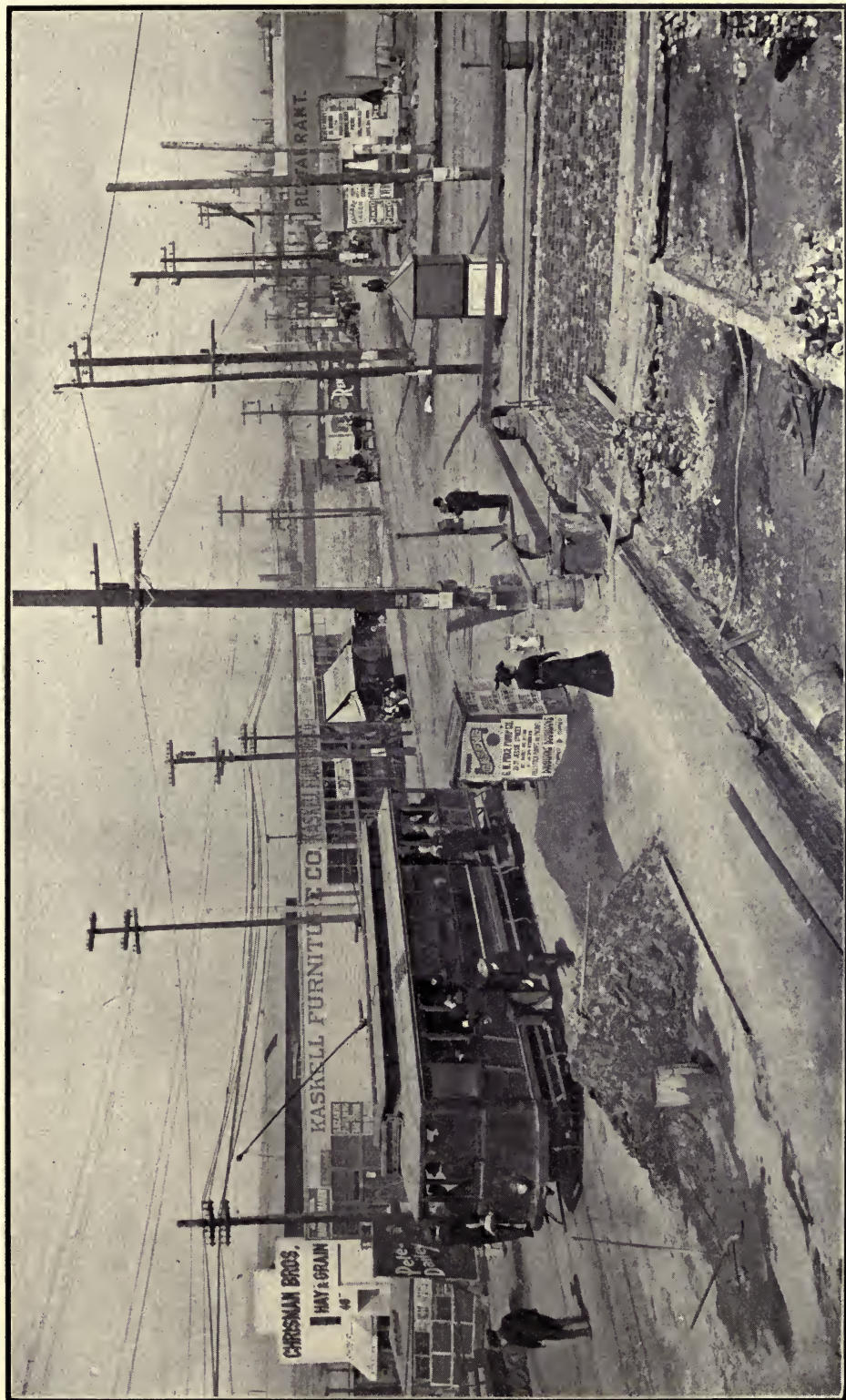


DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT SKY-SCRAPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

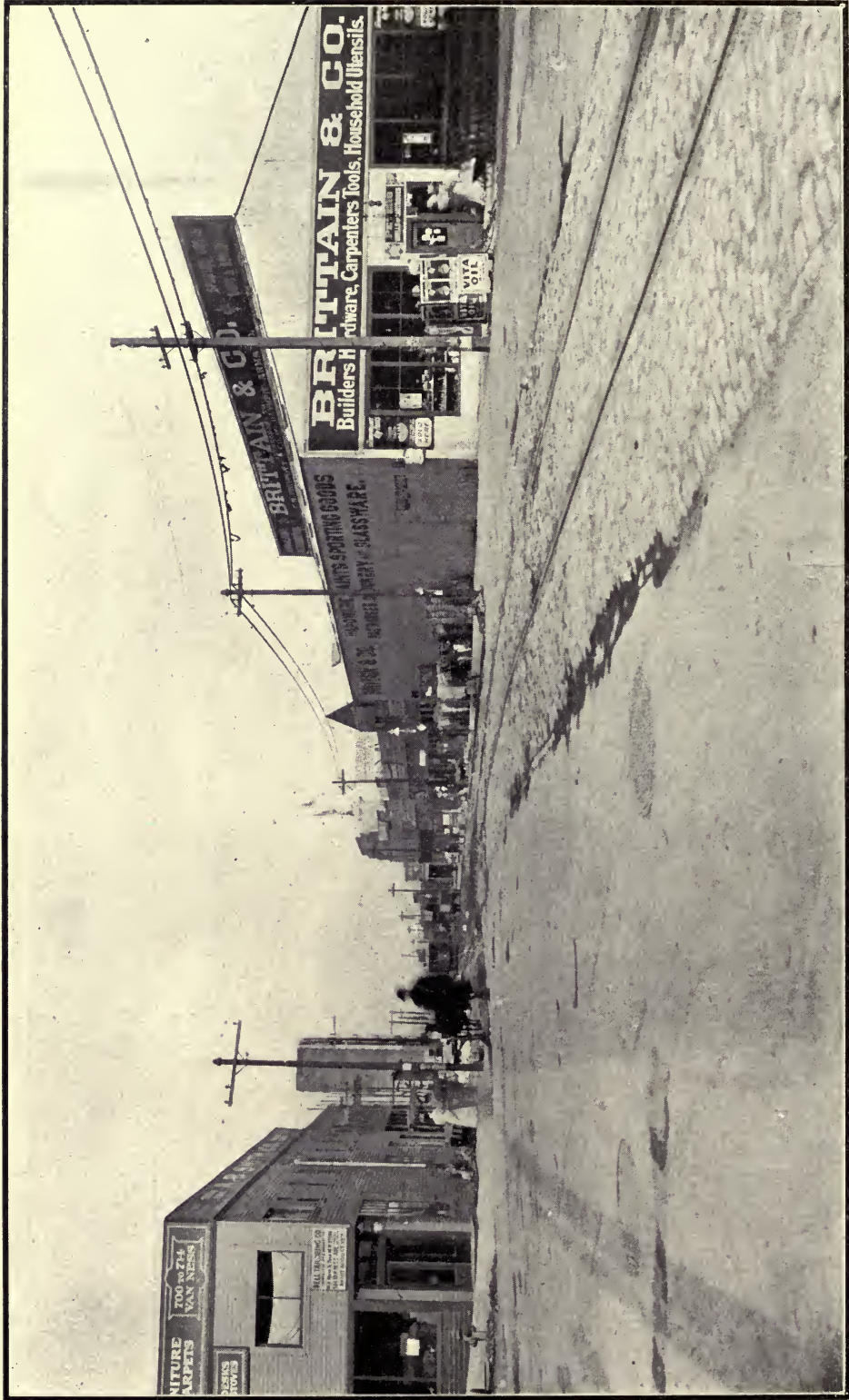
1. In the neighborhood of Mission and Guerrero streets. 2. Looking east down Golden Gate avenue from Larkin street.



DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT SKY-SCRAPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO. Reconstruction on Mission street.



DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT SKY-SCRAPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO. In the neighborhood of 16th and Valencia streets.



DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT SKY-SCRAPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO. Looking down Turk street from Van Ness avenue.

Tales of the Sea

II---The Mystery of the Mary Celeste

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

OF all the remarkable mysteries—one may say tragedies—of the sea, none excels that of the American brig *Mary Celeste*, the true solution of which has never been determined, even after exhaustive investigation by at least two maritime nations—one the United States, under whose flag the brig sailed, and Great Britain, one of whose ships discovered the phantom derelict. Mariners, scientists, writers and ordinary problem solvers the world over have sought to unravel the mystery of this strange vessel, but every theory thus far advanced has been overthrown by facts connected with her case.

It was a score or more of years ago when the brig *Mary Celeste* sailed from New York for the Mediterranean, her first scheduled stop being Gibraltar. She sailed with the best auspices for a successful voyage. Her captain, officers and crew were well known to one another, she was well found in every respect, and she encountered no very bad weather on her trip. She carried a general cargo, which included some barrels of inflammables, but these, as was found later, were carried without mishap.

One day, about a month after the brig left New York, the big British ship *Dei Gratia*, bound for England from the Cape of Good Hope and India, sighted a sail to leeward. The wind was light, the weather fair. The scene of the rencontre was off the west coast of Africa, not far from the Cape de Verde Islands. As the course of the *Dei Gratia* took her close to the stranger, signals were hoisted from the British ship, but they were unanswered. The strange vessel did not even perform the common custom of the sea of showing her national colors. It was then observed by those on the *Dei Gratia* that the other vessel—now seen to be a brig under all plain sail—was sailing rather strangely. She was steering wildly, of-

ten yawing clumsily, and her sails were not properly trimmed.

The *Dei Gratia*, suspecting that all was not right, bore down close upon the brig, but saw no signs of life on board. By this time the wind, having fallen nearly to dead calm, a boat was lowered from the *Dei Gratia* and sent aboard the brig. The boarding officer had not been on board long before he signaled to his captain to come aboard the brig in person.

The discoveries made by the people of the *Dei Gratia* form the uncanny tale of the *Mary Celeste*, which was found to be the name of the brig. She was abandoned by all on board, yet in perfect condition. There was no water in the holds; the cargo was intact; the belongings of those on board were in their regular places, undamaged; there was plenty of food and fresh water. The brig's smooth log had been written up within three days before her discovery by the *Dei Gratia*, and her rough log up to the day before. Neither showed any untoward happenings. On the contrary, they showed an unusually prosperous voyage, with no trouble of any kind.

There was enough about the brig, however, both on deck and below, to prove that she had been abandoned in a great hurry. One boat was missing, but the others were secured in proper place. The crew did not stop even to carry their belongings with them; their bags and chests and lockers were unopened. The captain's dinner, including two chickens, which was found in the galley, was left behind, the chickens being found burned to a crisp, and other things in an overcooked condition. Not a sheet, brace or other piece of gear had been touched, showing that the brig was not even hove to when deserted.

Strangest of all, the sewing of the captain's wife, who accompanied him on his

voyage, was found on her sewing machine as she had left it. Candlesticks on the cabin table were not overturned. There were absolutely no signs of violence anywhere on the vessel. A few drops of blood found on the forward deck were later pronounced by expert chemists to be chicken blood; some live chickens were found on board, besides the over-cooked ones in the galley.

The captain's money safe was found still to contain its money—there had plainly been no thieving. His spirit locker still contained its contents. There was an ample supply of food, fresh water and other stores on board. The cargo had not been broached.

The more the officers and crew of the *Dei Gratia* contemplated the situation, the more puzzled they were. Of course, with such valuable salvage before them, they put a working crew on board of the *Mary Celeste* and took her with them to Gibraltar, the nearest British port.

When the news of the finding of the brig reached the public officials and the maritime world generally, the deepest interest was aroused. Special agents to investigate were detailed by the United States and the British Governments; by Lloyds' and other marine insurance companies; by the owners of the brig and by others interested. Probably never was an ocean event more thoroughly scrutinized, but the deeper the investigation the more inexplicable the affair became. No solution offered met the situation, and those well acquainted with it have long since given up hope of explaining the abandonment of the *Mary Celeste*.

The theory of piracy, possibly by a boatload of the Saharan robbers on the northwest African coast was overthrown by the absence of any sign of a fight; by the fact that the vessel was not looted; by the lack of probability of such robbers making a long trip to sea, and by several other circumstances.

That some disease had broken out was incredible, in view of the absence from the log book, written up to but a few hours before the brig was discovered, of any record of its appearance. Had such a thing happened, it would surely have been recorded long before abandonment was thought of and other indications of its presence would have been apparent.

Bad weather and fear of danger to the vessel were not to be considered, as her log showed fair weather; as she was in excellent condition; and as the logs of other vessels in her vicinity at various times during her whole voyage from New York, showed nothing particularly violent in the few blows encountered.

A noted novelist wrote a fiction story, based upon the *Mary Celeste* incident, in which he accounted for the abandonment by the theory that, during a calm, all hands went out in the one boat missing for a row, or for fishing, and that while so absent a fog came up, they lost the brig, and by the time the fog lifted the wind had arisen and borne the brig away. This theory falls by reason of the total impossibility of everybody—captain, mates, cook and all—leaving their vessel on the high seas, for whatever purpose, under the favorable conditions shown to have existed throughout the trip of the *Mary Celeste*. Furthermore, the theory is overthrown by the fact that there are no fogs in the region wherein the *Mary Celeste* was found.

The theories of a maniac, of mutiny, of murder, are all overthrown by the absence of evidence of violence of any kind and by other circumstances. The same facts invalidate the theory that all were taken off by some passing vessel, for they would surely have taken some belongings with them in such a case; and no vessel reported missing during the weeks before the finding of the *Mary Celeste* was anywhere near her locality at the time.

There have been some fanciful accounts for the abandonment. One was dread of a sea serpent—but the presence of a sea serpent, or any other terror of the deep, would be the last thing to encourage abandonment. In fact, the sight of any fearful thing approaching would be the strongest inducement to remain securely on board.

A curious development of the investigation of the case was the finding on the stem of the brig, at the cutwater itself, of a number of heavy scars, as if from an axe striking the bow near the water's edge. These scars added much to the mystery, as they seemed to have been caused by a somewhat keen blade; yet a number of commonplace happenings might have produced them, such as mischief makers

damaging her while lying in dock; striking peculiar floating wreckage or other flotsam.

Naturally the character of every person on board the brig was looked up. Her captain and officers were old employees of the owners, and the members of the crew were almost all men who had formerly sailed upon her; she was what is known among sea-faring men as "a happy ship." It is interesting to note, however, that about the first mate, a man named Briggs, there was a subsidiary mystery. He was an efficient, trusted man, with a wife and some children, who lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. The wife's address was well-known to the owners of the brig, but when they sought to communicate with her, they found that she had sold her house shortly after the brig sailed for the Mediterranean, had left no trace behind her, even among her acquaintances, as to where she

had gone, and had disappeared, with her family, as completely and as mysteriously as her husband and his shipmates. She has never been heard from since.

The Mary Celeste's dramatic history did not end with the remarkable voyage described. Her owners sold her, but she was herself lost at sea upon her next voyage. Previously regarded as a lucky vessel, the strange blight upon her during the voyage when she was found, drifting aimlessly and deserted, by the *Dei Gratia*, remained a permanent one. She did not long survive those who had left her, swallowed up no one knows where.

To this day, when men of the sea gather around and indulge in that favorite pastime of mariners—yarn-spinning—the weird tale of the brig Mary Celeste is very apt to be heard, but never is a solution of the mystery produced which will bear examination.

Exiled

BY CHARLES L. STORY.

My heart is where the heather blooms.
 Afar on rough Ben Ledi's side,
 'Tis where the shaggy Trossach glooms
 Above Lock Katrine's silvery tide.
 A wanderer I from Scotia far,
 Yet hame and heart still with her are.

Her bonnie braes I yearn to see,
 Her burns that bicker 'neath the sun:
 Her misty islands beckon me,
 Her birken groves and brocken dun;
 Her highlands lure me from afar,
 Her vales than which none fairer are!

Her golden morns and purpling eves,
 Her brakes of fern and craggy dens—
 Ah, how my exiled spirit grieves
 Again to roam those shadowy glens!
 Whate'er dread weird my body dooms,
 My heart is where the heather blooms.

The City of Mexico

BY NATHANIEL J. MANSON



Corridor of Hacienda.

THE City of Mexico possesses so delightful a climate, particularly during the months of July, August and September, that it bids fair to become one of the chief summer resorts for Americans.

The rush of American travel to this city, sometimes called by ardent enthusiasts "The Paris of America," is in December, January and February. The purpose is to avoid the cold, damp winters of the North and to obtain in exchange the pure, equable, dry, mountain air of the elevated plateau, or mesa, upon which the City of Mexico is situated. While Mexico offers charming inducements as a winter resort, its summers are equally delightful. The rains come in summer. These rains, so unhealthful in the lowlands, or *terras calientes*, which border the coast

lines from 20 to 30 miles inland, are the very sources of health and of moderate temperature in the highlands, or *terras templadas*. They serve to moderate the heat and render a light overcoat desirable during the summer season in the City of Mexico.

Whether the tourist approaches Mexico from the northern, western or eastern portion of the United States, he is invariably delighted, not only with the marked change in temperature, but with the pure, dry, mountain air the moment he comes in contact with the plateau region. At El Paso and Juarez, he finds himself at an elevation of 3,500 feet above sea level, whence he continues to ascend, quite gradually, until at Mexico City he is at an elevation of a little over 7,000 feet above the sea. These differences in elevation mean differences in climate, and differences even in soil and in the productions of the sections through which he passes, and they lend some variety, at least, to the landscape, and even to the people which one sees.

Mexico is not all cactus. On such a trip along the plateau region, one passes through or near one of the finest sugar and cotton belts in the world; along most of the route, corn and tobacco are raised in ample abundance, and the entire section is admirably adapted to cattle raising. There are large plantations of the aguavi plant, a variety of cactus having various commercial uses. When one of these plants is five years old it has a commercial value of from twenty to twenty-five dollars. From it the mild alcoholic narcotic drink, *pulque*, is derived. It is said to be very wholesome when drunk in moderation, and is peculiarly beneficent to dyspeptics and to those suffering from kidney troubles. Like most alcoholic beverages, it has proved the bane of the common people. In its abuse lies its curse.

But what attractions and allurements

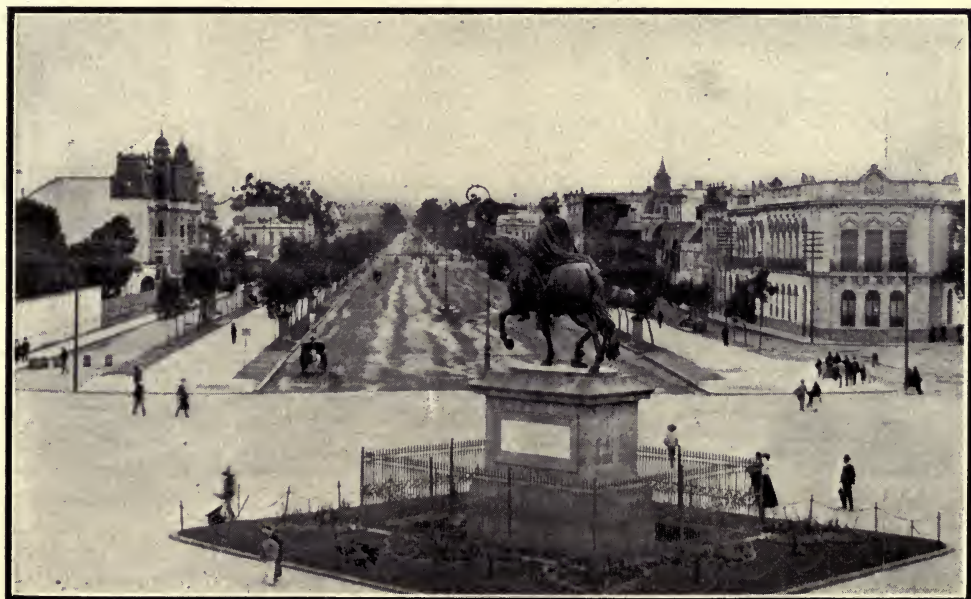


The Paseo of La Reforma, with Chapultepec statue in foreground, on a feast day.

does Mexico City offer those who seek recreation and change?

Its hotel service in the past five years has easily improved one hundred per cent. The table, while not equal to that of the best American hotels, leaves really little to be desired. Mexico boasts of several excellent hotels. Of these, however, the

St. Francis is the favorite with Americans. This hotel has been newly opened by Californians. It is furnished with every comfort and attraction of modern hotel designing, and its situation at the head of the Paseo de la Reforma is perhaps the best in the city. The rates are reasonable.



Statue of Chapultepec, City of Mexico.

There are a few good restaurants, and many which may be mildly termed as altogether inferior. Meals served in the *pateos* or courts of the hotels is a very general feature of Mexican life. The term *pateo* may need a slight explanation. Nearly all houses are built immediately on the street—gardens and yards are really inside the walls of the building. Imagine what was the court of the Palace hotel in San Francisco, without the glass roof, and you have essentially the Mexican *pateo*.

It is open to the air, without a roof, and is consequently fresh and well ventilated, and some portion of it is generally set in flowers and grass. In many hotels, portions of the *pateos* are set apart as cafes, dining salons, and restaurants. These have a light roof of glass or covering of some kind to protect them from the rain. At dinner time in the *pateo* there is usually music from an excellent string band, and there is something in the air and surroundings that renders music in this latitude more than ordinarily enjoyable—if you do not have it you miss it.

The number of Americans in Mexico probably exceeds that of all other foreigners combined, except the Spaniards and the French. Circumstances and a kind of clannishness have intensified the national American faculty of club formation and organization. There are three large and rapidly growing American clubs, and some have attained high and enviable reputations among the clubs of the world.

The American Club is easily *princeps inter pares*. It has the largest membership. It has grown so rapidly that the present building is quite inadequate for its needs. It has been compelled to buy a new building, which it hopes to occupy early next year. Its members are glad to meet Americans of the better class and entertain them, not only hospitably, but royally. If you are so fortunate as to have an entree to this club, you get there nearly all the papers and magazines, indulge in what games you fancy, billiards, chess, cards, sip hot or cold drinks, smoke the best cigars and tobacco, and, better than all, meet some of the best fellows and business men in the world.

Its cuisine and restaurants are first-class. Occasionally the club gives a smoker, or there is a ladies' night, and

then, for display, at least, Americans become Mexicans. It numbers about 800 members.

The University Club is a much younger organization. It is growing rapidly in numbers and popularity.

But any one who loves out-of-door sports, and who does not, will feel an interest in the growth of the Mexican Country Club. This club seems to have had its origin in 1900, in that game which appeals so strongly to those who need and will have a satisfactory and recreating outing—golf, of course. The club recently made a fine business deal by the purchase of *La Natividad* hacienda, near Cherubusco. The club reserved one-half of this property for itself, and sold the other half for enough money to pay for the property and erect the magnificent club house in process of construction. The club building is a combination of the Moorish and Spanish styles of architecture. The walls are of stone and brick, the roof of tiling. When finished, it will be one of the finest country club houses in the world. It will be ready for occupancy early in 1907.

In addition to the usual assembly hall, dining rooms, gymnasium and bath-rooms there is a swimming pool 75 feet long, bowling alleys and a commodious garage and stables. The golf links have a course of 6,065 yards, with a width of fair greens of 65 yards. There seems to be plenty of water to keep the grass in the finest condition at all seasons. There will be a three and one-half mile drive around the entire links, and there are splendid cricket and football grounds and eight tennis courts. The grounds are about twenty minutes' drive from the center of the city. The club has long reached its limit of membership—four hundred. The British Club and the Jockey Club both deserve notice, but so much has been said on the subject that space is denied further description. Many Americans hold memberships in the latter club. The Casino Espanol and the Casino Nacional would both be regarded anywhere as elegant city clubs. The former possesses one of the finest club buildings in America. Both are quite exclusive; yet, to their friends, they are open-hearted and entertain in a princely fashion and with true Spanish hospitality.



1. The organ cactus. 2. Gathering the juice of the agave (tlachiqueros.)

It is to the automobilist, however, that the City of Mexico strongly appeals. The site of the city is so smooth and level, and there are so many miles of bituminous rock pavement, or well macadamized and wide streets, that an automobile ride in this pure mountain air is more than fascinating—it is exhilarating and gives tone to the nerves and is a tonic to the system.

The finest street or boulevard in Mexico is the Paseo de la Reforma. It commences at the junction of Patoni, or Ananida Juarez, Bucareli and Egedo streets, at the statue of Carlos the Fourth of Spain, and the Hotel St. Francis, and extends to that castle of beauty and enchantment, Chapultepec, whose drives, walks and grounds are so charming and so celebrated.

This *paseo*, or boulevard, is about once and a half as wide as Market street, San Francisco, and about one-fourth wider than Van Ness avenue. It is about two miles in length, and whether regarded as a splendidly constructed roadway or as a fine display street, it is in all respects up to date. The *paseo* is lined on both sides for about half its length with handsome modern residences, and at intervals in the center of the boulevard are monuments, surmounted with statuary, commemorative sometimes of ancient his-

toric characters in Mexican history and again of its more modern heroes.

The accompanying photograph of the great Aztec warrior, Cuauhtemoc (frequently spelled Quauhtemoc), is striking. The original statue standing in the Paseo de la Reforma is impressive and real. It is among the finest in America. He stands on the pinnacle of an ancient *teocalli*, or temple, in the characteristic costume of the Aztec warrior. His poised spear is aimed towards the East, as if to challenge the children of the sun, whose coming, so long predicted, he neither welcomed nor feared. You may study the original and some excellent bas-reliefs, near the base, for half an hour, and if you will then read Prescott's account of this patriot and his struggles for his people—but for his fate and sufferings—you would combine information with positive delight.

Cortez finally defeated and captured Cuauhtemoc, and disgracefully tortured him to compel him to disclose where the treasure of Moctesuma was hidden. The Spaniard caused him and his companion to be tied to a post, their feet bathed with oil, and fire placed under them. The Aztec hero suffered the barbarous torture without a word, without a groan. Hearing the moans of his companion, he turned, and with a tone and manner as serene as that of Socrates when he drank the fatal



Juarez Paseo, City of Mexico.



Statue of Cuauhtémoc, on the Paseo of La Reforma, City of Mexico.

hemlock, said: "Weak and faint-hearted man, I am reveling in pleasure."

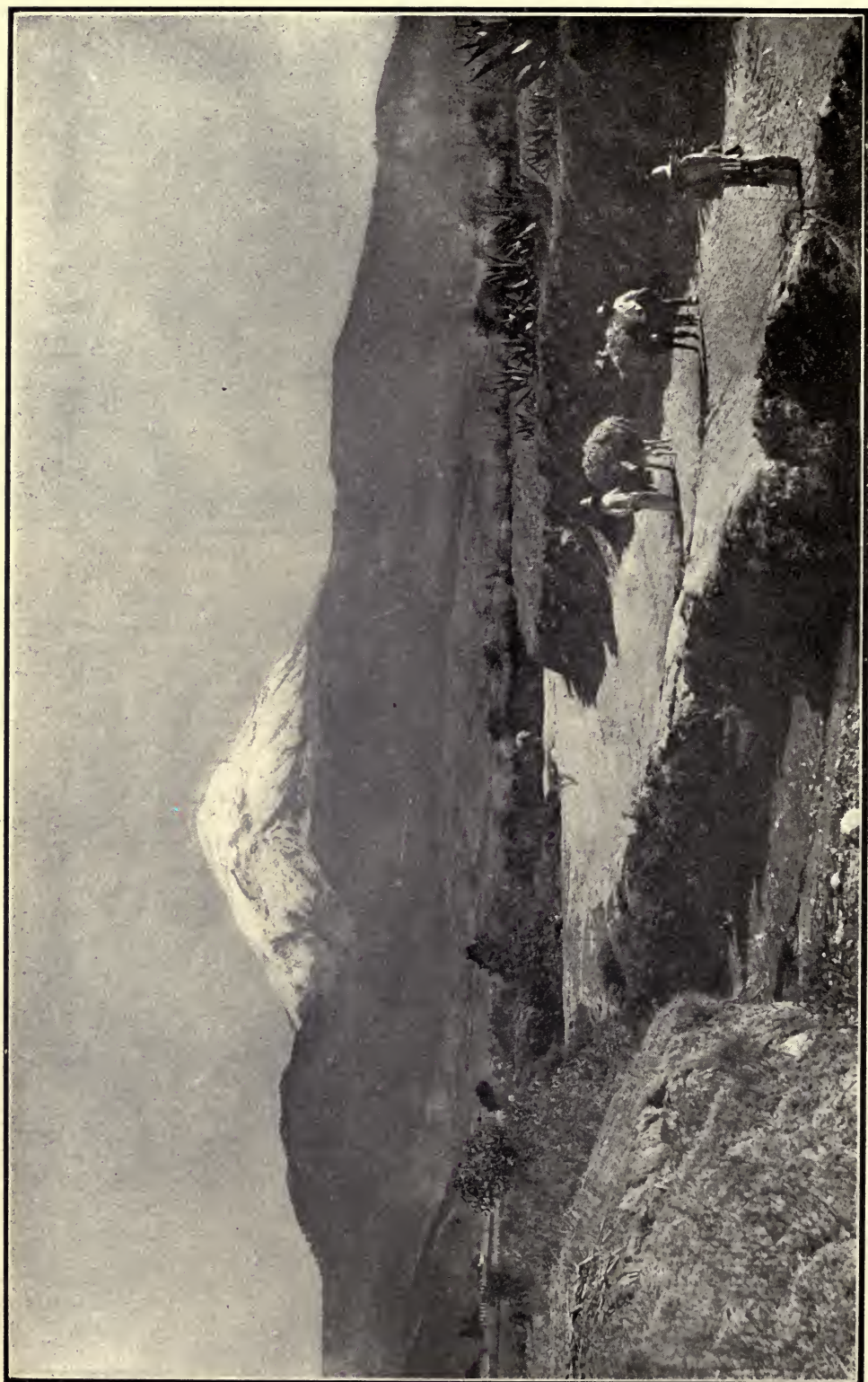
The castle of Chapultepec is so well known that a brief description of it may appear unnecessary, but at the same time it presents so many interesting features that one's fresh impressions may be written down and not prove altogether stale. The castle stands on a precipitous hill—almost a huge rock, its sides are so steep—about two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding plain. This of itself, and without any architectural effect, would render it conspicuous and imposing. The outlook from the high and broad verandas of the castle is inspiring. Here can be obtained the finest views of the famous, snow-capped volcanic peaks, Popocatepetl and Ixtaxihuatel (the sleeping woman.) These are about forty miles distant, and they go far towards making the view from Mexico the finest of any city in the world.

Close at hand, at the base of Chapultepec, man has done nearly all that is possible to give charm and grace to the grounds and situation.

The castle is historic. Near its site nearly four hundred years ago, Cortez lost nearly half his men in vain attempts to conquer. Not far distant is the tree of the *noche triste* (the sad night), under which he wept over his repeated failures

and enormous losses. Here, too, he finally prevailed, and having gained the citadel, the ancient city of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico, was practically at his mercy—not, however, without another struggle, for the church of San Hipolito, near the northwest corner of the Alameda (a large park in the center of the city), marks the spot where fell thousands more in a desperate and hand-to-hand struggle for victory.

Until quite recently the castle was thrown open to visitors, but for the past year it has been the residence of the President—the sagacious and much-beloved Porfirio Diaz. Diaz is indeed a statesman and a soldier. He understands Mexico and Mexicans. He works successfully for the progress of his country and his people. His admitted and marked success places him among the world's wisest rulers. His office is elective. He has been successively elected six times for President, and he has filled this high and important office with general, if not entire, satisfaction for nearly thirty years. When it is remembered that we of the United States look upon Mexicans as transitional and fickle in their views and feelings, it will be readily understood how strong a hold the President has upon the hearts and minds of his countrymen. The sincerity and efficiency of his work stands



Mt. Popocatepetl.

accurately attested by his numerous successive re-elections, and the modesty with which he bears his high honors, may well lead Americans to re-examine one of their cherished, though unwritten, traditions that for a president to hold office for more than two terms would be a menace to liberty.

An idea has in some way got abroad in the United States that there is a feeling of hostility in Mexico to foreigners, and particularly to Americans. It is quite well understood here that the source of these reports is a certain anti-administration Mexican journal published in St. Louis, Missouri. It evidently would be pleased to obtain a subsidy from the Mexican Government. The suppression of this journal has been asked for by the American ambassador. With that suppression, which will come, that portion of the American press misled by the sheet referred to, will probably be a little more careful in examining its sources of information.

After considerable travel through the country, and after interviews with many of the members of the International Geological Congress, and with resident Americans, no real ground seems to exist for this rather unfortunate report. On the contrary, the observation of all is that nearly all Mexicans are pleased to have the

foreigner here. Since his entry into Mexico, wages have been better than they have ever been, and money is freer. Uniform courtesy and regard have been met with everywhere by all the members of the Congress interviewed. It may be mentioned that this Congress consisted of nearly six hundred scientists. Many and very extensive excursions (covering hundreds and even thousands of miles) were planned and given them. They visited many cities, as well as other points of interest, and their opportunities for observing and knowing the sentiment of the people was the best.

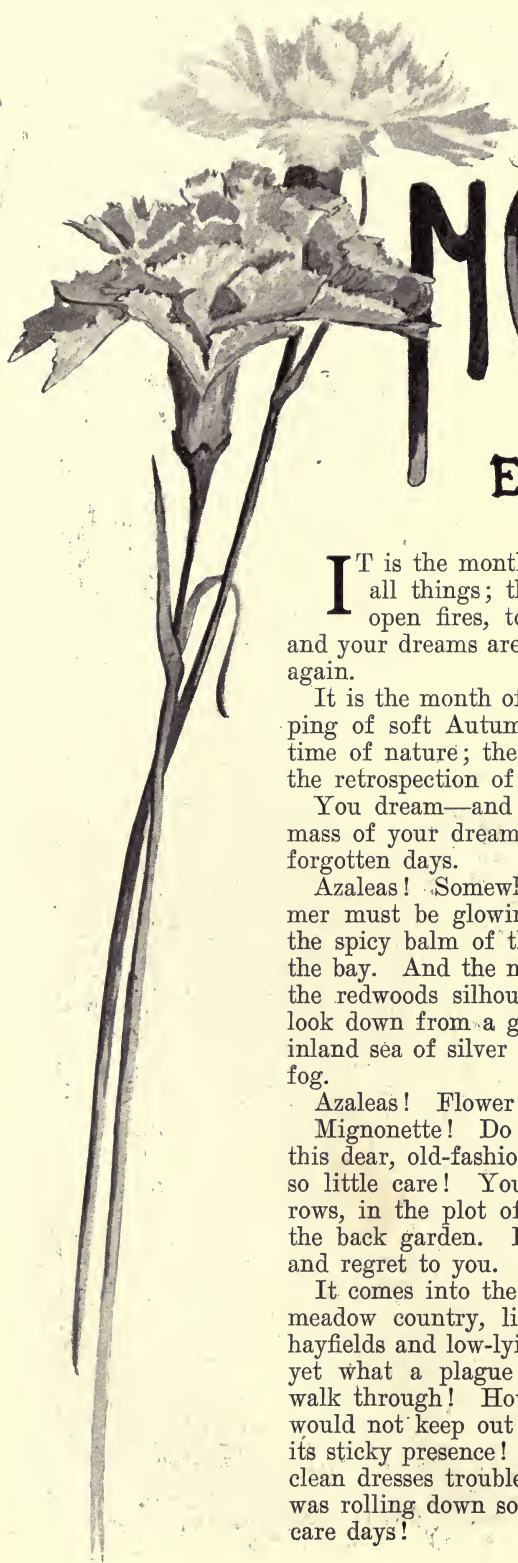
The pretext for these reports, assigned by the St. Louis paper, was labor troubles in some of the larger mines, notably Cananea, and a certain rivalry between the highest skilled foreign mechanics and the native mechanics. The question and the feeling was limited to the immediate rivalries and interests involved. The general feeling in Mexico is more cordial and friendly to foreigners than it has ever been, and it is marked by uniform politeness and genuine consideration and courtesy.

This paper is already too long. In another article will be given other interesting features of Mexico and some of the many inducements which it offers to investors.





Haunted Gardens



NOVEMBER

BY

ELEANORE F. LEWYS.

IT is the month of memories—November! The ending of all things; the beginning of none. It is the month of open fires, to which you draw your chair and dream; and your dreams are always of what had been, and never will be again.

It is the month of falling leaves and sodden woods; the dripping of soft Autumn rain on unresponsive earth; the resting time of nature; the indrawing of all her forces for the while; the retrospection of the soul.

You dream—and out of the perfumeless, colorless, shapeless mass of your dreams, gradually evolve the dear, dead odors of forgotten days.

Azaleas! Somewhere, surely, this intoxicating bloom of summer must be glowing near mountain streams! Mingled with the spicy balm of the spruce and pine, the pungent breath of the bay. And the mountains rise before you, range over range, the redwoods silhouetted against a star-gemmed sky, and you look down from a great height into the canyon, where, like an inland sea of silver under the moon, spreads the stealthy night-fog.

Azaleas! Flower of the mist and forest.

Mignonette! Do you remember in your baby-days you liked this dear, old-fashioned flower the best! Because it grew with so little care! You can see now the uneven, yellowish-green rows, in the plot of nondescript plants always allotted you in the back garden. It wafts a faint sigh of childish innocence and regret to you.

It comes into the car window, as you rush through the even meadow country, like an old friend's greeting. Redolent of hayfields and low-lying, oak-bowered stretches of hillsides. And yet what a plague it was, this yellow-starred "tarweed," to walk through! How many scoldings you received because you would not keep out of it, and all your frocks were soiled with its sticky presence! Those were your hoydenish girl-days, when clean dresses troubled you not at all, and your greatest delight was rolling down some huge hay-stack. Dear, dead, devil-may-care days!



"Flower of the Mist and Forest."

It clammers over broken fences and peers into blank windows, this pink "blush-rose." It nods cheerily from the high tank of the old wind-mill, and salutes you as you mount the time-worn front steps. It hides the decay of untold years, and its faint, vaguely sweet breath mingles with the dim glow of unremembered hearth-stones.

It buds and flowers, and its pale pink petals drift with the four winds of Heaven unceasingly. It is the blossom of haunted gardens!

The clash and clang of cars, the rattle of wagons over cobblestones, the briskly moving throng of passers by; the stir and rush of a great city. And huge bunches of violets thrust under your nose by energetic vendors. Long-stemmed, odorous purple blossoms, why is it that you always associate them with the crowded streets instead of dank woods and "mossy

stones?" Poor little flower of the sordid mart!

All the "perfumes of Araby" living in one small cluster of spicy leaves! It is such a happy flower, this carnation! It breathes forth an entrancing dash of the sea, of green meadows, of spring and harvest time. It is "all things to all men," and it tells a little story of love and hope with a debonair knowingness. It is a message of happiness, this carnation.

A white-star gleam from among green gloom in the tropical night. Sensuous, enthralling, pregnant with the mystery of Southern loves and hates. Aeons of never-dying passions crowd into its tainted breath; it is of the earth, earthy, this jessamine flower.

And yet to me, in its creamy petals, there lurks a strange, covert, fateful odor—the smell of Death!

November—month of memories!





G. Sidney Paternoster has produced a sequel to his up-to-date tale, "The Motor Pirate," which is, if anything, more interesting and certainly more novel than it is. The new book is called "The Cruise of the Conqueror," the same characters, plus a few more, making their appearance in it. It tells a tale of the remarkable doings of Randolph Mannering, the former motor-pirate, who re-appears, after an absence of seven years, in possession of a remarkable motor boat, capable of making 40 knots, in which he carries on a series of daring piracies, holding up big liners, abducting the Prince of Monaco and baffling the efforts of the civilized world to capture him. He is pursued by the same Sutgrove who contended with him in "The Motor Pirate," whose wife he seeks to win away. The story is full of exciting incidents, including fights by sea and by land; marvelous escapes of the pursued pirate when he seems almost in the grasp of his enemies; and many features of unusual interest. The "Conqueror" is finally captured, but Mannering escapes and disappears as he did in the earlier book, doubtless to re-appear in a novel yet to be written.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

* * *

"The Count at Harvard" is a story of student life by Rupert Sargent Holland, which tells graphically of incidents and scenes of Harvard life familiar to all disciples of the crimson. It runs too much to dialogue, but its descriptions are accurate, and it will no doubt please all Harvard men.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

* * *

We can recommend Charles Keeler's pamphlet, "San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire," published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, as a most authentic description of the "late un-

pleasantness." Its veracity in telling of the horrors of the situation, and the courage with which the great majority met this situation, proves of refreshing interest after the exaggerations of the Eastern press.

"San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire." Charles Keeler. Paul Elder & Co., publishers, San Francisco.

* * *

"The Voyage of the Arrow," T. Jenkins Hain's latest book, is a rattling good story of the sea, and well upholds the fame of its author as a master of nautical detail as well as a vivid, powerful and realistic writer.

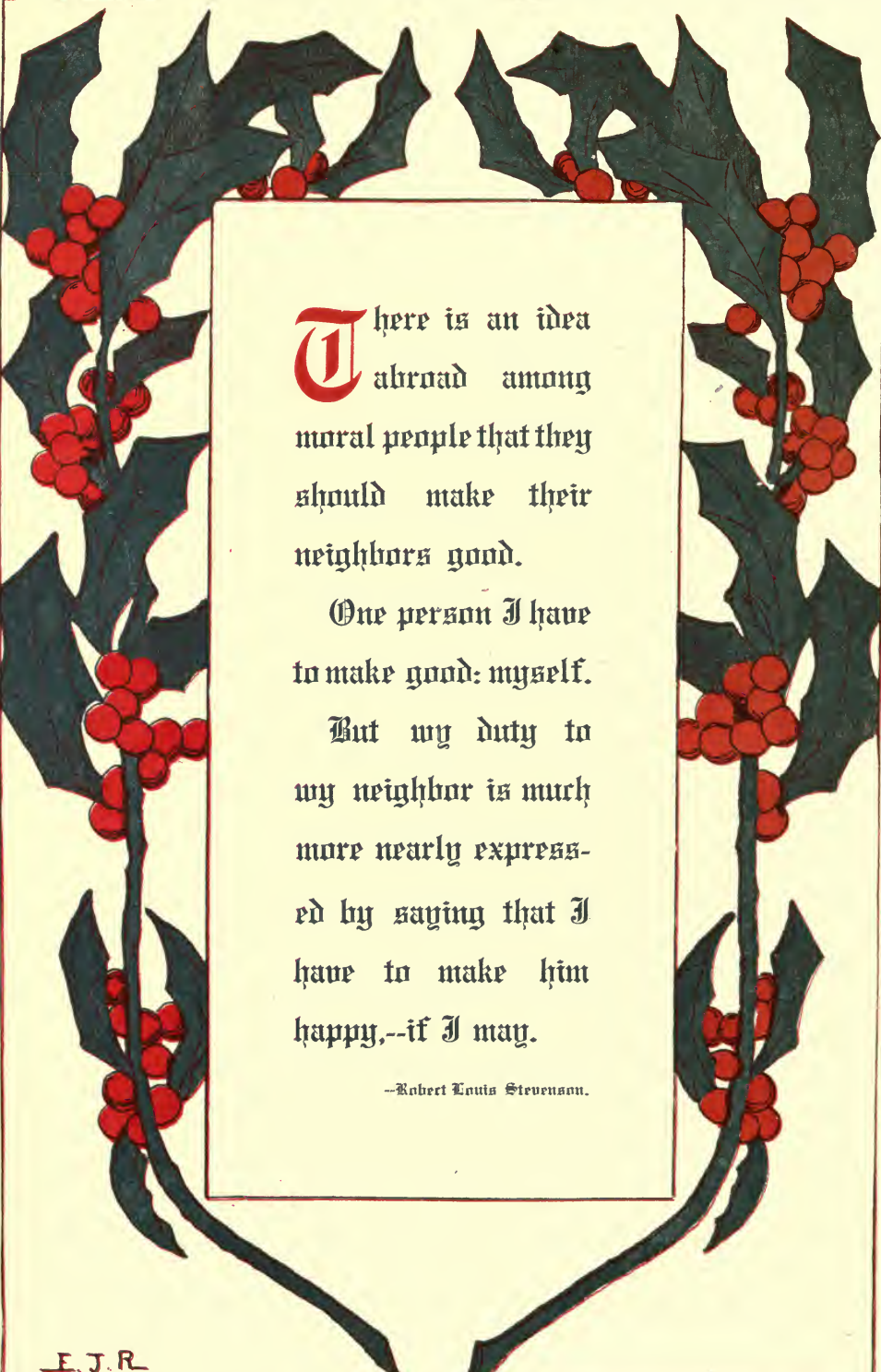
This tale of the sea shows what a man will bear and dare for love of a woman. The language of the characters throughout the book is the quaintly direct speech of practical seafarers, and from the lips of these men—Captain Crojack, first mate William Gore, and second mate Larry O'Toole—comes much tersely-put philosophy and fine sentiment.

All spinners of sea stories seem bound to write, at some stage of their career, a pirate tale, and the author of "The Voyage of the Arrow" is no exception to the rule. The escaped convicts who had captured the Arrow even ran up the "Roger," the black flag with the white skull and cross-bones. Just once and for a few short hours did it fly from the peak of the good ship "Arrow," when the motley gang who had taken her, overhauled what they expected to be their first merchantman prize, and afterwards discovered, when they came within hail, to be a British man-of-war.

There are some fine passages in this book, which will linger in the memory of the reader long after the book has been laid aside.

"The Voyage of the Arrow." L. C. Page & Company, Boston, Mass.





There is an idea
abroad among
moral people that they
should make their
neighbors good.

One person I have
to make good: myself.

But my duty to
my neighbor is much
more nearly express-
ed by saying that I
have to make him
happy,—if I may.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



Winter scene in Yosemite Valley.

C. C. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles, Photo.

"The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives — Thomas Hood.



A Grand Union Depot in the heart of the city could be easily located if an arch was erected similar to L'Arc de Triomphe, in Paris.

San Francisco as a Cynosure of the Eyes of America and the World

BY ARTHUR J. RYAN

SAN FRANCISCO has become the cynosure of all eyes. Why? Is it because of the pluck and spirit and indomitable courage with which she received her tragedy? Admirable qualities are these; they meet with instant recognition when exhibited—but do they *hold* the attention for months at a time? No; it is obviously something else; something that has occurred since the catastrophe which keeps the eyes of the world still riveted on the same focus. Briefly speaking, it is this: San Francisco, immediately after the first shock had passed away, with her exhilarating American courage, had declared that in re-building—as she would do at once—she was going to accomplish something; she was going to

build a city of which the whole great United States would be proud; a “city beautiful,” so-called, in the construction of which artistic merit would be of more importance than mere commercial advantage; a city, in short, of which the United States is greatly in need, and of such great beauty that when France or Germany or Russia or any other nation is prone to boast, she can proudly retort: “Ah, to be sure, you have a city beautiful. You have reason to boast and are excusable. But when you visited the United States, did you go to San Francisco?”

To build a city beautiful—it is a big proposition. Coming from San Francisco it made a sensation that no other American city could hope to equal with the same



Monuments commemorating our triumphal progress or notable events should be erected in conspicuous portions of the city, vide Place de la Bastille, Paris.

proposal. Baltimore, after her great fire, said something of the same thing, but created not one-half so much of a furor. And the reason is simple—it is the consensus of all traveled opinion, both American and foreign, that if the United States is really to have a city beautiful, San Francisco should be that city. This fact, taken together with a certain inward feeling that if San Francisco said she would do a certain thing, she was pretty likely to carry out her avowed intention, made the declaration from the California me-

gave birth to enthusiasm, exultation and delight. And the greater number of those in Europe who know what it means to have a city that is beautiful instead of one that is simply *convenient*, were likewise excited. A prominent hotel proprietor who has many establishments on the Continent which cater to Americans, said to me: "So they're going to build an American Paris on the site of the old San Francisco? But where will we be if they do? What American will come to Paris in search of a beautiful city if he can find it



The appearance of Van Ness avenue looking up from Market street, could resemble the Champs Elysees, Paris.

tropolis of special moment. In the breast of every one of those Americans who can appreciate the true worth of what is really artistic, and who can feel a pang when foreigners plainly evince their contempt for a nation which puts the dollar sign above everything else, and has, as yet, accomplished comparatively little in art or literature or music—her lack of achievement in these respects being fully as great as her stupendous accomplishments in mechanics and industry and commerce—in the breasts of every one of these Americans San Francisco's declaration

on his own Pacific Coast?" Artistic Europe gazes with intense interest on the declaration of stalwart San Francisco; a declaration so admirable that all the United States should wish that it had been her own, a national affair, instead of a local determination, so fine that it will reflect its glory over all the nation of which San Francisco is but a single unit. How much more glory to that city if she does what she says she will do!

And this will by no means be an easy matter. Rome was not built in a day, nor were Berlin or Vienna or Budapest

or Paris. Paris, in fact, is still being built, the stupendous plans of the late Baron Haussmann not yet being fully accomplished. Time and steady, unwavering purpose, constant care and watchfulness, and unremitting endeavor are among the forces demanded in the erection of a city beautiful. Time—for that which can be done too quickly is not worth the doing; maturity, as well as beauty, being one of the charms of a great city. Purpose—aesthetic, artistic purpose, consisting not of the enthusiastic but visionary impulse of a moment, but of the actual, unwavering desire to create something that is fine to look upon; care

But although they are not to be found in America, San Francisco has before her several models which will repay careful study and observation. To find these she must look to Europe. Paris, Budapest, Vienna, Berlin—there are others, but these will suffice for illustration and the purposes of this article. Paris undoubtedly has the general *reputation* of being the most beautiful city in the world, and the number of San Franciscans who know Paris is surprisingly large. They are good travelers, these people from the far West of the United States. At the time of the disaster there were many San Franciscans in Paris—in fact, in all the great



More fountains and statuary in Golden Gate Park would add greatly to its general attractiveness. (View of Jardin des Tuilleries, Paris.)

and watchfulness—because of many things which may creep in in a city where those who are truly appreciative of the artistic are considerably in the minority; unremitting endeavor—necessary as much in the building of a beautiful city as in the gaining of any other kind of success. All those things are essential, and, above all, the steady keeping in sight of the end which has been set up as the city's goal. We have already several cities which are beautiful in spots. San Francisco deserves better than this.

cities of Europe. The number abroad last spring—made apparent by the news of the earthquake—was remarkable. And this will be of great advantage to San Francisco in the carrying out of her purpose—for this reason. All of these people know what a beautiful city really is; they have traveled and observed, and their voices will be of great value in the keeping in sight of San Francisco's goal. They are not likely to forget what their travels have taught them with the talk of their city's great object ringing so con-



Plant trees on Van Ness avenue, the new shopping district for Greater San Francisco, and it will have all the beauty of the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.

stantly in their ears. They know what the great European cities possess which is good and worth copying, and what is bad and should be avoided. In speaking of these models, let us first consider Paris.

The Charm of the French Metropolis.

The French metropolis, like all truly beautiful cities, owes its attractiveness principally to a general scheme of construction effectively put into execution. The great idea in the building of Paris has been to have an artistic object to everything that has been erected. Therefore a street in the beautiful part of Paris *leads to something*. Standing by the *Place de la Concorde* and looking along the *Rue Royale*, we see in bold relief the majestic front of the *Madeleine* or Church of St. Mary Magdalene, rearing itself before us—nearly half a mile away. The *Rue Royale* was built expressly with that object in view—to render the *Madeleine* visible clearly in the *Place de la Concorde*. If one were to drive along the *Rue Royale*, and didn't turn when he reached its terminus at the *Boulevard de la Madeleine* he would continue directly up the steps of the church. And so it is throughout the modern part of Paris—everything has an object. The *Arc de Triomphe* in the center of the celebrated *Place de e'Etoile*, is the nucleus of twelve different boulevards, or avenues, which run into it from all directions the most famous and beautiful being, of course, the *Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne* and the *Champs-Elysees*. The former leads to the far-famed park, the *Bois-de-Boulogne* proper; the latter extends majestically down a slight hill to the glorious *Place de la Concorde* itself. The world possesses no more beautiful avenue than the *Champs-Elysees*; at one end the magnificent *Arc de Triomphe*, at the other the *Concorde*. Driving down, we have the *Louvre*, a mile and a half away, upon which to fasten our eyes. At the *Concorde*, as at the *e'Etoile*, we encounter more beautiful streets branching out in every direction from that nucleus. It is so all over Paris. And this is what has made the city—this definite idea of *what it was aiming at*. To be sure, it had natural advantages, but nothing like as many as has San Francisco. The boon of possessing a river on both sides of

which the city could be built up, has been made the most of by Paris, the artistic bridges across the Seine doing much to enhance the natural charm of the stream. Budapest has also profited by the Danube, the building up on both sides process not being necessary in her case, for the city as it stands is the result of the combination of the old cities of Pest, the one on the left bank, and Ofen (Hungarian Buda), the city on the right. London has been lax—it can scarcely be said that she has made the most of her Thames.

Paris abounds in charming districts, and there are many other circles and squares scattered through it—distributed judiciously through it, would be better—such as the famous ones mentioned above. There are the *Place de l'Opera*, the *Place de la Republique*, the *Bastille*, and many others; and the left bank of the Seine, though less consistently put together than the right, and famous as much because of its *Quartier Latin* as because of anything else, nevertheless can boast of many delights of its own, such as the *Champ de Mars* and the spacious *Place des Invalides*. Broad streets are the rule, instead of the exception, and what a potent factor they are in the creation of a spacious, delightful city that is a pleasure to live in! Of course, Paris owes much of its charm to other things than pure architectural beauty. The very manner in which it is *lighted* makes Paris, by night a thing of joy and witchery. And the inherent gayety of the French nation has much to do with the attractiveness of what is, in some ways, the greatest French achievement. Yet even in this respect San Francisco is not very much at a loss.

The charm of personality, which a city can possess, just as much as can a person, has always been hers—for a long time she has been, in this sense, the "American Paris." And the man has not yet been discovered who can prove that an exuberant American "atmosphere" is in any way inferior to the variety that is French. Some people think that a city in which too much thought is given to beauty will fall behind commercially. But why should it? After knowing Paris, that idea is exploded.

Paris is a good model for San Francisco, but even Paris is not, in itself, a goal. That criticism so applicable to our



The end of Market street in front of the Twin Peaks might be modeled after this attractive entrance to Under der Linden, in Berlin, if Burnham's plans were carried out.

best American cities—that they are beautiful only in spots—can even, to some extent, be applied to Paris. It is not all a *Champs-Élysée* or *Place de la Concorde*. San Francisco can beat Paris if she will make the effort. It will be a matter of years, but she can do it.

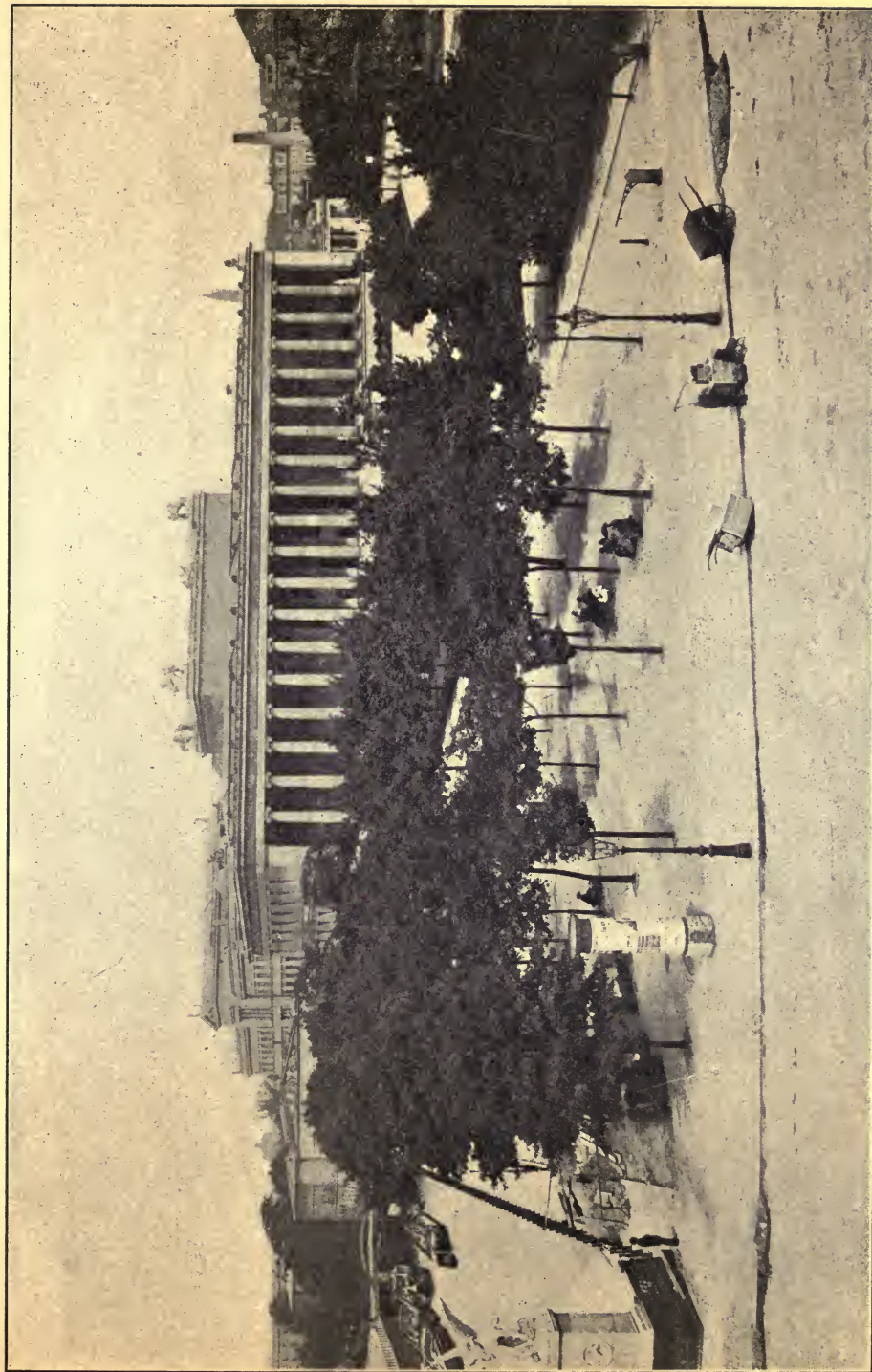
The Beauty of Budapest.

Paris owes its charm principally to the way that it is arranged; Budapest is beautiful through the magnificence of its buildings. It is surprising how little is known of the Hungarian capital. In spite of its proximity to Vienna the average globe-trotter seems to have the idea that it is situated somewhere near the end of Nowhere, that it is altogether too inaccessible to be seriously considered as a place to visit. And yet Budapest, in spite of the reputation of Paris, is considered by many competent judges the most beautiful city in the world. It is easily the most up-to-date city on the Continent, its underground subway, for example, being one of the finest of its kind in the world. The spirit that has created this modernism in a city where the average traveler so little expects to find it, has also resulted in a splendor and magnitude of architecture which makes the whole city a marvel of magnificence. Broad streets, of course, are greatly in evidence—they are common to all beautiful cities. In Budapest one is astounded as he drives along, say, the *Grosse Ring Strasse*, at the magnificent array of fine buildings which follow each other along in seemingly endless succession, block after block. The public buildings in Budapest are glorious; the private dwellings are charming; even the business blocks are, architecturally, impressive. The Hungarian people, by the loftiest flight of the imagination, can scarcely be called stingy of space. The dimensions of the buildings of Budapest are truly lavish. The Palace of the King, situated as it is on a high bank of the Danube, so that it can be seen for miles around on both sides of the river, is one of the most imposing and splendid sights in the world. Our illustrations can give but slight impression of its magnitude.

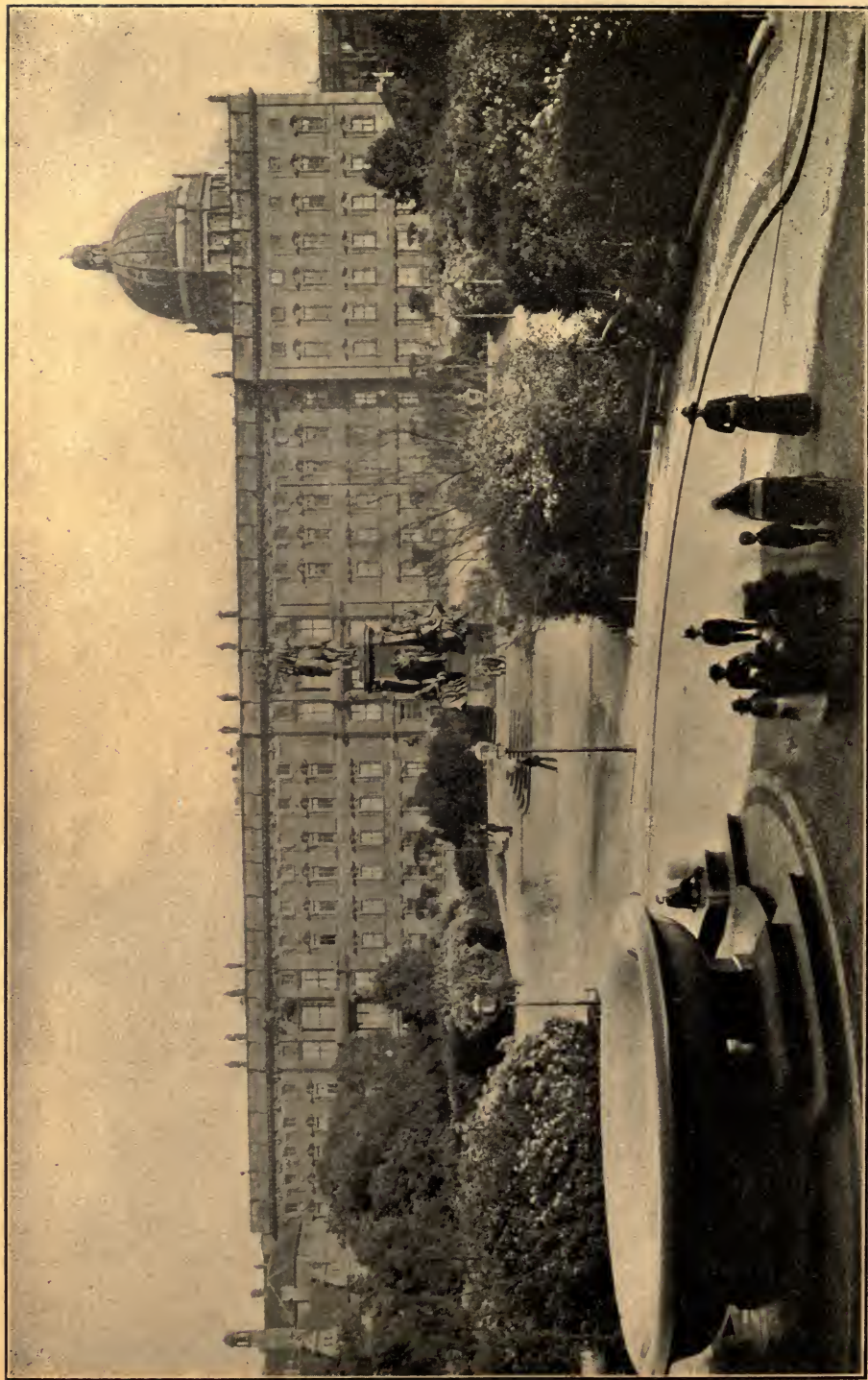
Paris, then, is beautiful because of the way in which an artistic plan of street

arrangement is carried out; Budapest, primarily, because of its stately buildings. With only two such models before her, what a city San Francisco could create of herself! By modeling herself on the best of each of these, she could easily excel both of them. And she has also Vienna, less beautiful than its Hungarian neighbor, but still possessing admirable qualities, and Teutonic Berlin to help her by their example. It is a fact that many people mistake *attractiveness* in a city for beauty. Paris is beautiful, but much of its *charm* comes from its happy French atmosphere; the spirit of gayety does even more for Vienna, for the reason that the real beauty of the city is not so great. Budapest stands strictly on its own merits, notwithstanding the fact that it possesses a piquancy and exuberance all its own—bottled up. In Paris, this happy-go-lucky joviality shows itself in the parks, on the streets, in every movement and action of its people. Budapest possesses all this, but it keeps it out of sight, and makes its impression as a beautiful city, strictly on its merits. So does Berlin. The German capital is also in various ways an excellent model for a city that is building to gaze upon. Of course, every beautiful city has one particular park of which it is prone to boast and believe the greatest park of its kind in all the world. Paris has its *Bois de Boulogne*, Vienna its *Prater*, Berlin its *Tiergarten*, Budapest its *Vereosliget*. And San Francisco has its Golden Gate Park—a glory that can even now advisedly challenge comparisons with any of them.

There are other beautiful European cities, but the ones we have briefly spoken of will suffice for the purpose of illustration. Any city might profitably take points in some particulars from London, Brussels, Munich—many others. They can scarcely be called beautiful cities, but they all possess certain spots or districts of much beauty. So do many American cities. And there has recently developed a movement in the United States which should cause San Francisco to prick up her ears. It seems she is not alone in her desire to become beautiful. A short time ago, Samuel E. Moffett, in Collier's, spoke feelingly of the beautification of Washington, D. C., and declared that if its plans were successfully exe-



When the Panhandle at the juncture of Market street and Van Ness avenue is completed, the law courts will have an appearance somewhat similar to the buildings near this spot of greenery in Berlin.



Union Square offers an opportunity for attractive architecture on its four sides, where buildings could be seen to the best advantage. An idea suggested by the Kaiser's Palace at Berlin.



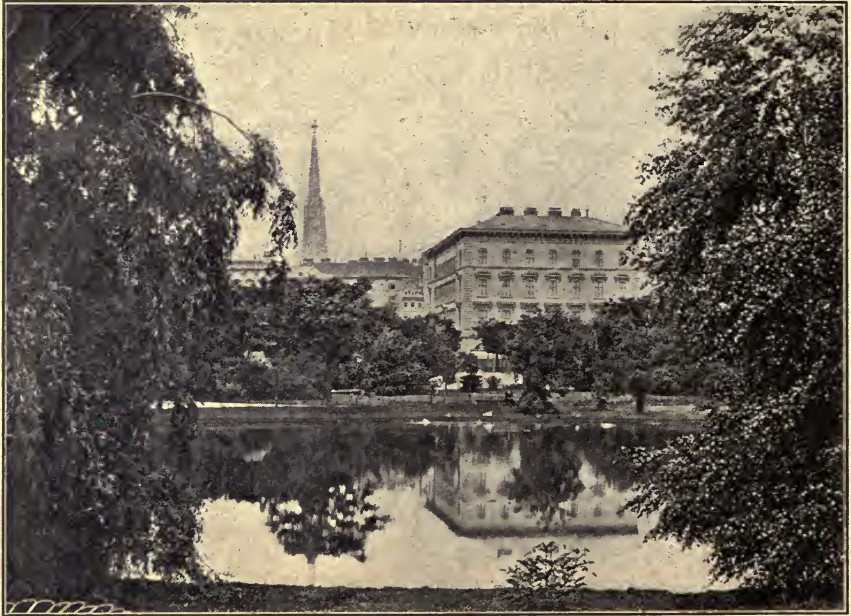
At the foot of Market St., and an attractive entrance to the city could be erected in the shape of a series of arches, with bridges overhead, leading to the ferry building, would be most useful and artistic. The monument to Emperor Wilhelm I, in Berlin, gives an idea of how this would look.

cuted, why, the National Capital would be the most beautiful city in the world. But San Francisco's situation is so superior that it is impossible to wish it less than Washington, and there are other competitors. Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Baltimore, Buffalo, St. Paul and Minneapolis—every one of these cities has aspirations. Artistic hope is becoming high in America. Every one of these cities means business—and, in this case, business is beauty.

Still, what do these hopes and aspirations mean to San Francisco? She

Washington is likely to become—the world's very finest. All these activities in other American cities which tend towards the same goal of beauty should have but one effect on San Francisco—to cause her to augment her own activities. She has nothing to fear from any of them.

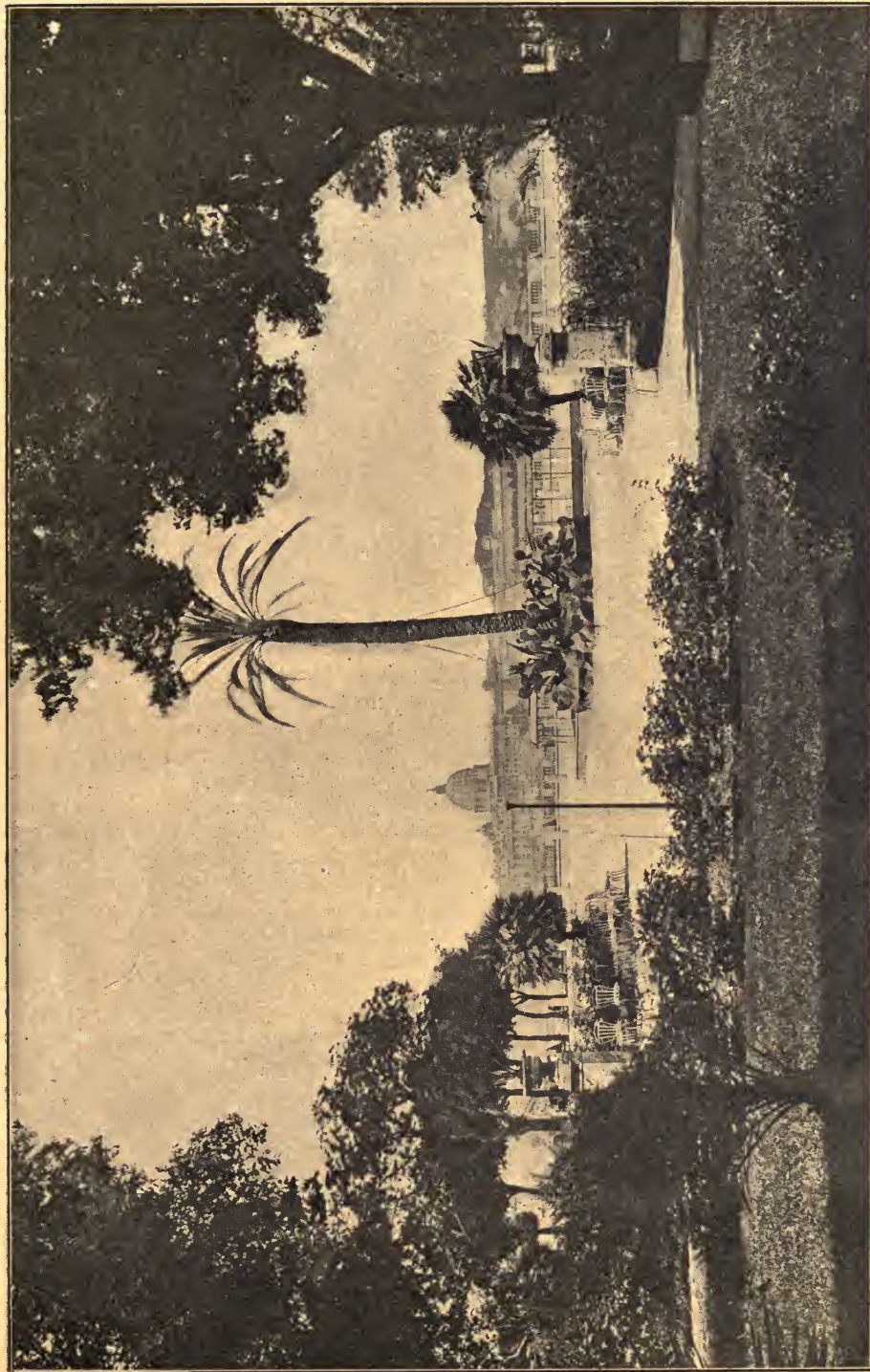
Euclid avenue in Cleveland, Capitol Hill in Denver, Delaware Avenue in Buffalo—they are good things to start with. But let us consider what San Francisco has to start with. She has a bay as beautiful as that of Naples—its glory is not to be exaggerated. The Golden Gate—the



While the cistern would be useful for fire purposes, so would miniature lakes in the public parks in the heart of the city. (View of Stadt Park, Vienna.)

can beat every one of them if she is willing to make the effort. She can contain as much beauty as all the rest of them put together; she can be at least the equal of any other city in the world. It is really impossible to be too enthusiastic about what San Francisco *can* do if she will. There is no reason why she cannot reach the highest achievements in this line. Being the most beautiful *American* city would be easy; there is nothing to prevent her becoming what Mr. Moffett says

very name has magic! That glorious opening to the great Pacific and the great world beyond deserves better than being the inherent right and possession of a sordid or a mediocre or a tawdry city. Give the Golden Gate what it should be given—a background that is worthy. And the hills and the level spaces—all the natural lay of the land on which San Francisco is founded lends itself so admirably to the creation of a city that is big and impressive and fine. The en-



From Jefferson Square, the view of the city hall is similar to that of St. Peter's from the Pincio, Rome.

vironment—the charming California country surroundings—everything about San Francisco seems to demand that that city be beautiful. And the demand is echoed all over America through the voices of all those who have visited the great city of the West, and have seen what a delightful place it already is and understand what it may become in the future. San Francisco, like some persons, has the power of commanding affection. There are many, faithful though they be to New York or Chicago or Boston because it is *home*, who have learned to keep a place in their hearts for the city by the Golden Gate. The Burnham plans having been pretty generally observed and discussed, there is a consensus of opinion that San Francisco has the opportunity for a great future, if only she will do her best. With her natural charms to begin with, and in Burnham a Baron Haussmann all her own, it does not seem too optimistic to believe that she will really grasp her opportunity and make the most of it.

Commercial advantage? A city need not *look* commercial in order to be a success. Let the stores and the shops and the office buildings be arranged in some kind of a scheme of unison, as they are in Budapest. You can do as much business in a building that is set back far enough from the street to give space for a wide sidewalk as you can in one which is not. Let New York, with its jagged sky line and irresponsible physiognomy, have the *appearance* of Commercialism if it will; save for San Francisco the appearance of Beauty. "The Glory that was Rome" on the seven hills of San Francisco, the great city in all her pride on her pedestal overlooking the Pacific Ocean, crowned not "America's most

beautiful," but America's Beautiful city! That is what all true and thinking San Franciscans and all the rest of the great throng that has learned to love her, desire. Let not those eyes now bent upon her with so much trust and faith, be turned away in disappointment!

Time, Purpose, Care and Endeavor—they can accomplish miracles! Twenty years will scarcely be enough to accomplish what should be accomplished; the stories of the city re-built in five or six years cannot readily be credited. Purpose and Endeavor—what a combination they are! What wonders are beyond them, working together? Care—is it an error to utter in capital letters that repugnant word, *Graft*! That serpent in the grass has no place in the building of the new San Francisco. Let us look to the future and see what, in the end, will be the true significance of that memorable day, April 18, 1906. Nature's—perhaps; but given by Nature to San Francisco that she may make the most of the gifts which Nature has already so bestowed?

Such may be the real meaning of the day—we do not know. But we do know that what was at first regarded as a national calamity may become a national blessing; that the holocaust may be shown to have been the greatest thing that could possibly have happened to San Francisco; that the horror of to-day may result in the delight of to-morrow. God speed the creation of the New San Francisco is the earnest prayer of her countless friends, and when those sympathetic eyes of America and the World, now gazing so earnestly at the Pacific Capital, at last are dropped, let them be turned away brimming over with commendation and approval and applause.



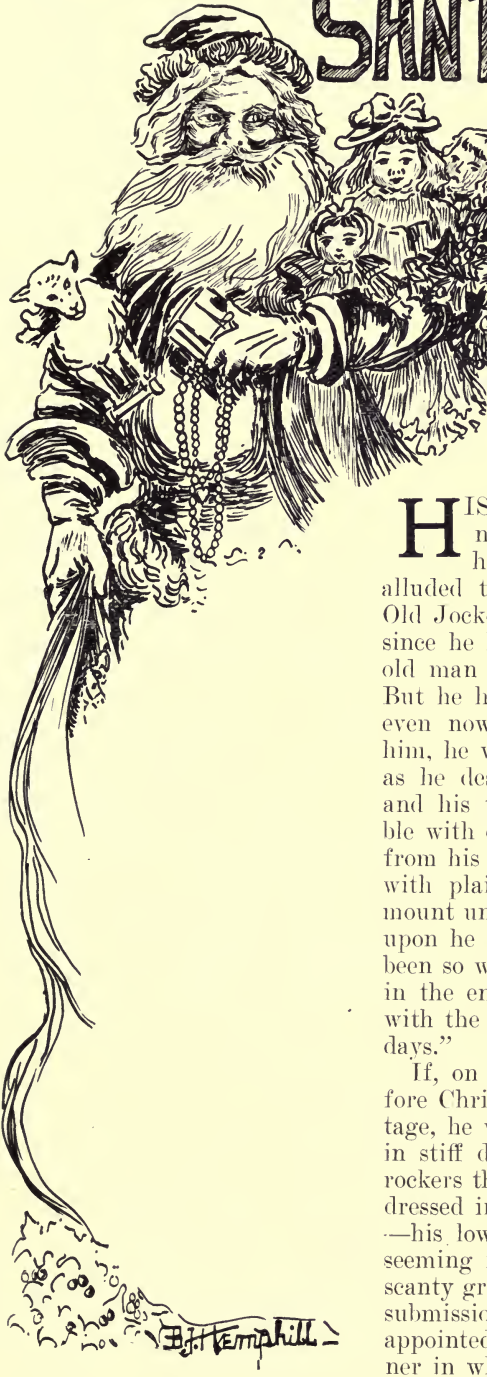
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JULIEN JOSEPHSON



HIS name was Peter Hobbs, but in the little neighborhood where he had been living humbly for the past fifteen years, he was alluded to with affectionate familiarity as "The Old Jockey." Nearly a score of years had passed since he had ridden his last race, and he was an old man now, as age is reckoned among jockeys. But he had been a famous rider in his day, and even now, when a reminiscent mood came over him, he would talk of his notable victories. Then, as he described the finish, his eyes would flash, and his thin, almost emaciated little body tremble with excitement. He would rise involuntarily from his chair, his weight resting on his toes, and with plaintive scoldings and pleadings hurl his mount under the wire—winning by inches. Whereupon he would sigh and seem ashamed of having been so wrought upon by dim old memories. And in the end he would always shake his gray head with the half-regretful remark: "Them was great days."

If, on a certain Sunday, some three weeks before Christmas, a visitor had called at Peter's cottage, he would have found that gentleman sitting in stiff discomfort in one of the twin horse-hair rockers that adorned his parlor. He was carefully dressed in an old-fashioned suit of black diagonal—his low collar and formidable expanse of cuffs seeming fairly belligerent in their whiteness. His scanty gray hair had been laboriously brushed into submission until every hair lay obediently in its appointed place. All this, together with the manner in which Peter kept darting his eye critically

into every corner of floor and ceiling, indicated pretty clearly that he was expecting company, and judging from the general appearance of things, his visitor was to be a lady.

Peter's cottage was a diminutive affair, with its front almost hidden by an immense climbing rose-bush. Its three rooms were the soul of neatness—floor, stove and pots all glowing with the same pervading cleanliness. But it was on the parlor that Peter had chiefly bestowed his esthetic impulses. Here he had assembled all his dearest treasures. The walls were well-nigh solid with dim prints of jokeys famous twenty years ago. A conspicuous place was accorded a red-coated gentleman on a gray hunter in the act of taking a hedge. The central piece was a portrait of John Andrews, first president of the Gentlemen's Racing Club. A flower wreath, skillfully fashioned out of feathers, and a framed copy of Peter's old jockey certificate, completed the mural scheme. The floor was covered with a very dingy, very clean rag carpet that harmonized well with the sombre stiffness of the horse-hair rockers.

Peter raised his head suddenly in a listening attitude. A moment later there was the sound of light footfalls on the narrow stone walk. Peter hurried to the door, his homely face glowing with pleasure. The next moment a little pink-frocked girl of perhaps six years came tumbling into his arms. Peter swung her gaily to his shoulder and carried her into the parlor, where he deposited her carefully in one of the big rockers, and drew his own chair close beside it. For a moment he regarded her with sober attention.

The child looked up at him with gleeful cunning lurking in her limpid, dancing brown eyes. "I know something!" she piped confidently. Then, shutting her lips tightly, she grasped the arms of the big rocker with both hands and bobbed her head so vehemently that the rocker began to sway in an alarming manner.

"What, Gracie?" inquired Peter with studied ingenuousness, putting out a hand and steadying the pitching rocker into safety.

"Christmas is just a little while—mamma told me!" The last statement

was delivered with a finality of conviction that defied dispute.

"That's right—just three weeks from to-morrow. Don't you hope that Santy Claus 'll bring you lots of things?" He had already decided that Santa Claus was at least going to bring her a certain doll of strikingly life-like appearance that he had noticed in a down-town shop window.

But the child's face had become suddenly old and grave. She looked at him silently with sorrowful eyes, and slowly shook her head. "Papa's sick," she said, finally. "Mamma says we're broke—and—and 'et Santy Claus don't come when you're broke."

Peter had become strangely absorbed in the portrait of old John Andrews, first president of the Gentlemen's Racing Club, and he was just trying to figure out roughly how many times he had carried the Andrews colors to victory. "About fifty," he noted, mentally. Then he turned to the child. "But Santy Claus does come, anyway," he assured her.

The child leaped out of the chair, and darted towards the door. "I'm going right home and tell mamma!" she cried jubilantly.

Peter, gravely alarmed at having thus sown the seed of unbelief, and convinced that he had acted very unwisely, gently restrained her. "I mean he comes *sometimes* when you're broke," he corrected hastily. "But not very often. Your mamma is right." His eye fell again upon the hard old face of John Andrews, and he wondered vaguely whether his old patron was still alive.

"But mamma says he *never* comes to people that are broke," declared the child with dogmatic emphasis.

"Well, I guess that's about right. He don't." Peter spoke very slowly, and with just the faintest tinge of bitterness. Another glance at the eternal John Andrews, and Peter proceeded to convince himself point-blank that with a decent mount he could still show any of them his horse's heels. "They ride altogether too stiff, nowadays," he growled, half-audibly.

"Then he won't come?" The brave little lips quivered, and in spite of all, a solitary tear strayed forlornly down one cheek. But she dashed it off with her chubby fist and set her lips hard.

Peter noted the struggle and felt an immeasurable admiration for what he called the "little 'un's grit." "I'm just a little afraid he won't," he said sadly. A sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he added more cheerfully: "Anyway, I'll ask him." It had suddenly, and (it would seem) altogether irrelevantly occurred to him that he had noticed in the papers of two weeks previous an item to the effect that Stanwood, the most promising two-year-old of the season, had gone to pieces in four successive races and had been sold by its disappointed owner to a stableman named Reagan. He wondered if this could be the Reagan he used to know in the old days. He wondered if—but it seemed too utterly improbable.

The child's voice brought him out of his reverie with a start. "Mamma said I could only stay a little while. Good-bye, Mr. Hobbs," and she held up her rosy mouth. "I'm going to tell mamma you are going to ask Santa Claus to come," she called back hopefully from the street, and dashed away at the top of her speed.

Peter went back to the parlor with a heavy heart, and throwing himself into a chair, sat for some moments plunged in silent thought. Never until this moment had he realized how much this little child had come to mean to him. It was nearly a year now since they had first become friends; but he still remembered vividly that foggy mid-winter night when he was startled by hearing a child crying in front of his cottage. He had opened the door and found a little girl leaning, exhausted, against his low gate, and weeping as though her heart would break. He had questioned her and learned where she lived. Then he had wrapped her up in his shaggy old overcoat and carried her home. From that day to this they had been great friends. Peter was a simple, lonely man, without a single relative. And when this child came like a ray of sunlight into his plodding, colorless life, he welcomed her with all the love of his queer, old-fashioned heart.

It hurt him keenly, now, to think that she was not to have her Christmas tree and her Santa Claus—both so dear to the childish heart. Her words still rang in his ears: "Santa Claus don't come to people that are broke." Peter understood

the situation perfectly. The father was sick—the wages were stopped. That was simple—terribly simple. For the first time in his life Peter wished that he was rich. But he was poor—very poor—and what was worse, had been out of work for several weeks. But he could still be of some help, he thought. Putting on his working clothes, he went out into his garden patch and gathered a large basket of fresh vegetables. Then out of his trunk he took out a tablet, carefully tore out a sheet, and scrawled on it in a cramped, almost illegible hand: "Complamens of Peter Hobbs to Grace's papa." Depositing the basket stealthily on the back porch of the cheap flat where the child's parents' lived, he knocked timidly at the door—then rushed down the steep stairs and out of sight as if he had committed some crime, and was fleeing from the vengeance of the law.

That night Peter went to bed with a heavy heart. It was almost midnight when he finally fell asleep, and all night long he had grotesque dreams of riding races on reindeers, garbed in the manner of Santa Claus. Now Peter was a trifle more superstitious than most men—especially in the matter of dreams. Accordingly, when he awoke and pondered upon his fantastic dream, he sought at once to attach to it a prophetic significance. But when he tried to recall it in detail, he found to his great vexation that it had almost entirely slipped his memory. One fact of his dream, however, remained clear in his recollection; namely, in every race he had been the winner. This struck him as being a very remarkable fact—and he insisted on seeing in it a favorable and undoubted omen that somehow or other everything would finally come out right.

The more he pondered, the more he became convinced that the dream was fraught with hidden meaning. An hour later, as he was preparing his breakfast, the whole dream suddenly came back to him. And now, wide-awake, he saw himself—garbed as Santa Claus and mounted on a gigantic reindeer—shoot under the wire far ahead of the rest. The same wild idea that had already occurred to him and been summarily dismissed as utterly improbable, now gripped him with irresistible strength. Lost in an excited

whirl of feverish hopes and fears, Peter stood there like a man of wood and allowed his bacon to burn to a crisp. He was still wondering if it necessarily follows that Santa Claus doesn't come to people that are broke.

Two hours later, when Peter Hobbs opened the office door of Bert Reagan, proprietor of the Palace Stable, and walked calmly in, the last-named individual—a portly, red-faced, red-bearded man—sprang out of his desk chair and stared at the intruder in amazement. It was some moments before he found his voice—and then he delivered himself of the brief but explosive comment: “Runt Hobbs—well, I’ll be d——d.”

Peter smiled quietly, and extended his hand, which the other shook heartily.

“Howd’y, Bert!” Peter said, simply.

“Mighty glad to see ye, Pete. Seems like old times to have ye round. Thought ye were dead long ago. Must be thirteen years since ye rode for me—let’s see; ye was on Red Light last, I think. Ye won, too. You generally did.” He stopped abruptly, and shook his head in disgust. “Say, Pete, these kids they’ve got ridin’ nowadays make me sick. They don’t know how to ride—they don’t know anything about horses. D——n it, Runt, I’d be willin’ to bet a thousand that right now—old as ye are—with a good mount ye could show ’em all yer horse’s tail!”

Peter’s mind was made up, and as he was a man of direct measures and scant speech, with a rare gift of condensation, he simply said: “If ye’ll give me Stanwood for two weeks, I’ll guarantee to ride him in the money at the Matson handicap.”

Then it was that Reagan experienced a second period of speechless amazement, which was finally shattered into small pieces by a thunderous laugh: “Now yer joshin’ me, Pete. I know I got a gold brick when I took Stanwood—and the drinks are on me, all right. But then, I got him almost for nothing.”

Peter’s voice was very grave as he replied: “I’m not joshin’, Bert. I mean every word I say. I tell ye, I’ve got a sneakin’ idee that I know what’s the matter o’ that horse—an’ I think I can fix him up. Le’ me try it, Bert?” The last words were almost appealing.

“Sure! Ye can try it if ye want to,

Runt.” He smiled broadly. “An’ if ye win the stake, ye git half. Shake on it!” And he burst into a roar of laughter.

Peter smiled too. “Thanks, Bert. If it’s the same to you, I’ll enter him under the name of Santa Claus.”

That afternoon, and all the following day, Peter busied himself in making a most minute examination of Stanwood—or, as he was now called, Santa Claus. He found the horse a beautiful, high-strung animal, gentle enough, but so extremely timid that he shrank from the mere touch of Peter’s hand, and trembled violently at his approach. Now Peter knew horses as few men knew them; and when he announced to Reagan that Stanwood’s physical condition was perfect, the blunt stableman scratched his head dubiously. “What’s the matter with him then?”

And then, Peter delivered himself of what was for him a long speech. “It’s nervousness—that’s all. He’s been handled all wrong, and jest frightened to pieces. That’s what made him lay down in the Earlham. Remember Davy Jones? Same thing as this feller. That’s all. I can fix him up in a week—easy.”

Reagan had unbounded confidence in Peter’s knowledge of horses, and he began to get a little excited himself. “Look here, Pete. Stanwood made the best showing of the year before he went wrong—and if ye can git him in shape for the Warren Stake, there’s liable to be somethin’ doin’ about thet time. An’ remember—ye git half.”

“Thank ye, Bert,” the laconic old jockey replied, “I’ll do my best.” Then without delay he got down to the business in hand. He worked with Santa Claus night and day. He slept at the stable in order that he might watch the horse constantly. For a whole week he did not see the inside of his cottage. Twice during this time his little friend had called at his house to see him, and each time she had turned sorrowfully away with a longing glance at the weather-beaten front door. She had almost come to fear that her dear old friend was lost to her forever. But when, on the Sunday of the following week she again came to pay her customary visit, she was delighted to find Peter standing at the gate to meet her. His work with Santa Claus was about

over. He had done his best—had done what a dozen men had declared to be impossible. And he felt that he had a fighting chance.

There was a twinkle in Peter's eyes when the child asked him where he had been all these days. "I've been trying to coax Santy Claus to come," he replied seriously. "How's yer papa?"

The child's eyes opened wide with wonder and expectancy. "Papa's better," she answered with a naively dutiful repression of her itching curiosity to know the result of Peter's wheedling of Santa Claus. Then in a tone tense with eagerness: "Did he say he'd come to people that are broke?"

Peter hesitated. Then, as a great, warm wave of hope swept over him he replied with impressive finality: "Yes, he says he's coming sure—if you're a good girl."

Very serious, very wistful, the child's face became. "Please tell him I'll try to be awful good, Mr. Hobbs."

And then, anxious to appear altogether deserving in the eyes of Santa Claus, the child took her departure—bearing with her the glad tidings that Peter Hobbs had spoken privately to Santa Claus, and made all arrangements for that fantastic gentleman's appearance at the proper moment.

Whatever difference of opinion may have prevailed among the throng at Girt-side track as to the merits of the different horses and jockeys, they were unanimous in pronouncing the weather perfect. It was clear and cool, with just enough of sun to take off the chill. The track was unusually fast. And as the Warren Stake for two-year-olds—one of the big races of the season—was to be run to-day, an immense crowd had gathered in the expectation of a little good sport, a great deal of excitement, and a few dollars—more or less.

The Warren Stake was third on the programme. From a spectator's standpoint, the two races that preceded it were too one-sided to be of keen interest. The betting thus far had been light; and the bookmakers were taking things easy, getting ready for the rush of business that was certain to attend the next race. Now the betting began with a surge. There were five entries: Egmont, with Jockey

Woods up, was rated a strong favorite; Lady Alice was a good second choice. Elbertus was third choice at 4 to 1. Agnes Z. was fourth at 7 to 1. And lastly, Santa Claus, with Jockey Hobbs up, was rated a rank outsider at 30 to 1. It was only two days until Christmas, and many were the smiles that accompanied the reading of the list of entries when the name of Santa Claus was reached. One man, who looked as if he might be a doctor or a professor, remarked to a friend: "Here goes five on Santa. If I win, it's Christmas presents for the babies." But however kindly the betting public may have taken to the name of the rank outsider, they failed to show a corresponding confidence in his speed. From first to last the odds against him remained the same. Bert Reagan was out of the betting business, and was content to take his chances on the stake alone, still regarding the whole thing in the light of a joke. Peter managed to scrape together three dollars, which he sent by an old friend to be placed on Santa Claus.

When at length the horses came out on the track, the crowd looked them over critically. With most of the horses they were already familiar. But there was one horse and one jockey that nobody recognized. These were Santa Claus and Peter Hobbs. Stanwood had only run five or six times on Girtside Track before he had been taken off the track and sold—consequently, the crowd did not recognize him now. Very clean-limbed and beautiful the big bay looked, though, as he curved his proud neck with the air of a true aristocrat and pranced impatiently. But the odds were too heavily against him for the crowd to give him much serious thought. They merely admired his beauty, as they had been amused at his name. They were a good deal amused at his jockey, too. Peter was a trifle old to be in the saddle against a lot of youngsters, and worst of all from the standpoint of effective looks—he was rather bald. His racing colors were unlike those of any stable with which the crowd was familiar. A few old-timers were heard to remark that there was something strangely familiar about the old jockey's style of sitting his horse, but they could not place him.

Suddenly the gong in the judges' stand clanged noisily, and the jockeys began to

get their mounts lined up for the start. Egmont had the outside—Santa Claus the pole. After two ragged attempts at a start, the bunch came under the wire almost neck and neck—and the race for the Warren Stake was on.

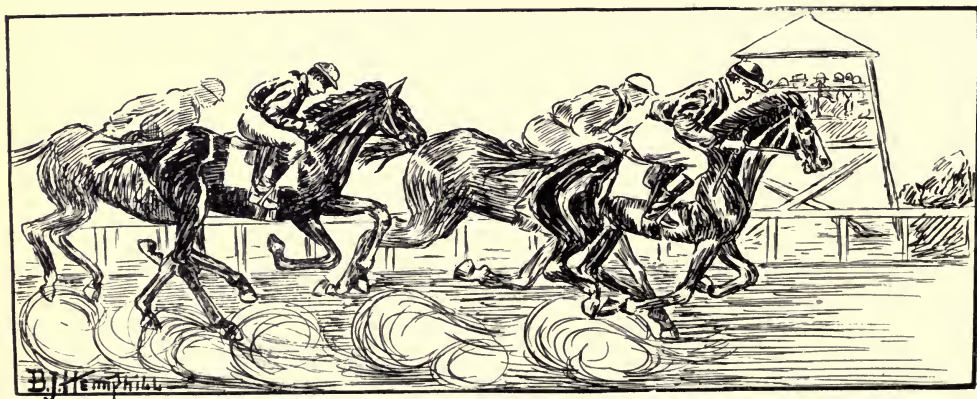
It was a superb start—sudden, swift and even. For the first two hundred and fifty yards they raced down the track in a close-packed bunch, but by the time the first quarter was finished, Egmont had forged ahead and was leading the rest by a length. Neck and neck behind him came Lady Alice and Elbertus. Fully two lengths behind them came Santa Claus. Agnes Z. had balked and was already hopelessly out of the running. By the time they reached the middle of the second quarter, Egmont, without a touch of the whip, had increased his lead another length. Elbertus was running strongly for second place; while Lady Alice kept abreast of him only under constant goading with the whip. Santa Claus was now only a few feet behind her and riding easily. As they came under the wire for the third quarter, Santa Claus, with a totally unexpected burst of speed, pushed his nose even with Elbertus and Lady Alice. Egmont, still two lengths ahead, looked an easy winner. Elbertus, Lady Alice and Santa Claus were now neck and neck and running very even.

Then it was that the patrons of the

Girtside Track received a tremendous surprise. The first flag had scarcely been passed when the bald-headed jockey rose suddenly in his stirrups and a brown streak seemed to draw swiftly away from Elbertus and Lady Alice, and lengthen, lengthen itself to Egmont. It all happened so quickly that the crowd scarcely realized what had taken place until it was all over. Then they realized with an incredulous thrill, that Santa Claus, rank outsider, was running neck and neck with the great Egmont. As the two superb animals came thundering down the homestretch, neither seemed to gain a single inch. But it did not escape the notice of the more experienced watchers of the battle that Egmont was straining every nerve, while Santa Claus was running free. When the pair were within a hundred yards of the wire, Peter Hobbs rose again in his saddle, and—as it seemed—touched his mount ever so lightly on the neck. With another burst of speed, Santa Claus, thirty to one, hurled himself ahead of the great Egmont, and flashed under the wire—alone.

* * * *

Peter Hobbs had spoken to Santa Claus, and that grand old good fellow, with a thousand dollars in his pack and a tumultuously happy old heart under his fur coat, was coming to people who were broke.





At the Coronado Country Club house.

Christmas Sports in California

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

POLO, introduced from India to Great Britain, and thence imported to the United States and other English-speaking countries, is one of the most brilliant of out-door sports. Though it affords opportunities for the exercise of great skill on the part of the players, polo is remarkably simple, and, as it is played by teams of only four men each on a large field, all the details of the game are entirely open to view. The general principles of polo are perfectly easy to understand, the object of each team being to drive the ball through its opponent's goal. The play is fast, but there is nothing of a complicated or unintelligible nature about it. In this respect it is far more satisfying to the ordinary spectator than baseball, cricket or the various

games of football, which call for considerable technical knowledge in the looker-on who wishes to understand and enjoy them. Anybody can grasp the essential features of polo after watching a period of play, whereas a man familiar with several varieties of football is altogether at sea when looking on at a new form of the game.

The regulation polo-field is 900 by 450 feet, though the game may be played on a ground of somewhat smaller dimensions. There are two goal-posts, ten feet high and 24 feet apart, at either end. They are of papier-mache and break easily in case a pony collides with them. The field ought to be perfectly level, well-turfed and enclosed by 10-inch boards along the side lines to keep the ball from going out

of bounds. The center of the field, where the teams line up, is marked with white chalk. The ball is of light wood, $3\frac{1}{8}$ in. in diameter, painted white, and weighing not more than five ounces. The mallets have a cigar-shaped head, into which is fitted a pliable cane handle; they vary from 48 to 53 inches in length, according to the height and preference of the player.

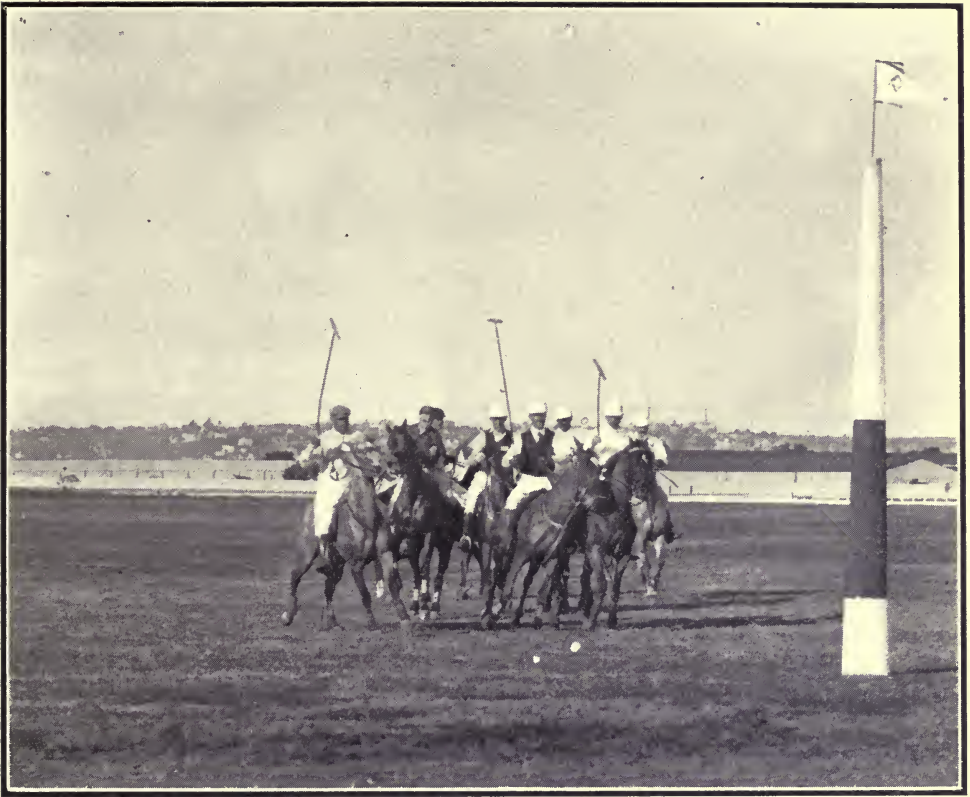
A match consists of one hour's actual play, there being six periods of ten minutes each, with breathing spells of two minutes after the first, third and fifth periods, and of five minutes after the second and fourth periods. Each of the first five periods ends as soon as the ball goes out of play after the expiration of the ten minutes; any additional time that the ball remains in play being deducted from the next period. The sixth period ends at the first stroke of the bell, even though the ball is still in play. If the contending teams tie, the last period is prolonged until the ball goes out of play, and if the match is still undecided, there is an intermission of five minutes, after which the ball is thrown into play at the point where it went out. The game is then continued in periods of ten minutes

each until one side gains a goal, which settles the match. If the ball goes out of play after the expiration of the first ten minutes of any period, the game is suspended for not more than two minutes, so as to enable the players to change ponies. Except for this, the play is continuous, unless an accident occurs, in which case time is deducted.

A mounted referee follows the progress of the game, and is assisted by a timer, a scorer, and two umpires or goalkeepers. The umpires assist in determining when goals are scored. At the beginning of a game, the two teams form up opposite to each other in the center of the field, and the ball is "thrown in" between them. The scoring is by goals, which are made when the ball is driven between the posts of the opponents' goal. A "safety" is penalized a quarter, and a foul a half of one goal, these penalties being deducted from the score of the team against which they are awarded. A "safety" is made when a player takes the ball behind his own goal line to prevent the opposing side from scoring. A foul is committed when a player bumps into another at an angle dangerous to his opponent or his oppo-



The judge's box.



Bunched in front of the goal. Burlingame vs. Santa Barbara.

nents' mount, zig-zags in front of a galloping player, trips or risks being tripped by an opponent's pony. When players are riding from opposite directions, the ball must be kept on the off-side of each. It is permissible to ride an opponent off the ball, but in doing so it is not allowable to touch him, his pony or his mallet, nor to strike the ball when a player is dismounted. The referee may stop the game when a player is hurt or for any other good reason, the time lost not being counted. When the play begins again, the ball is thrown in among the players, who line up at the spot where the play was stopped. In case of a foul, the game is stopped and resumed at the spot where the foul occurred. It is a foul to strike one's own pony across the flanks with a mallet, this being not only cruel to the animal, but also dangerous to opponents who may happen to be riding near.

At the expiry of a period, the play proceeds until the ball goes out of bounds or

a goal is scored. The additional time is deducted from the next period. If there is a tie score at the end of the last period, the teams stop playing when the whistle is blown, and take the usual breathing-spell, after which an additional period is begun and is continued until one side or the other gets a goal or a fraction of a goal.

When the ball goes over one of the side-lines, it is thrown in by the referee at the point where it went out. When the ball passes over one of the goal lines, the team defending that goal may knock it out at the point where it crossed the line. If the player to whom the knock-out is assigned delays unnecessarily, the referee may throw a ball upon the field and call "Play!" No opponent may approach within fifty feet of the player to whom the "knock out" is given until the ball has been struck. A player who requires a new mallet during the game must go to one of the side-lines to get it, no one be-

ing permitted to bring a mallet onto the playing field.

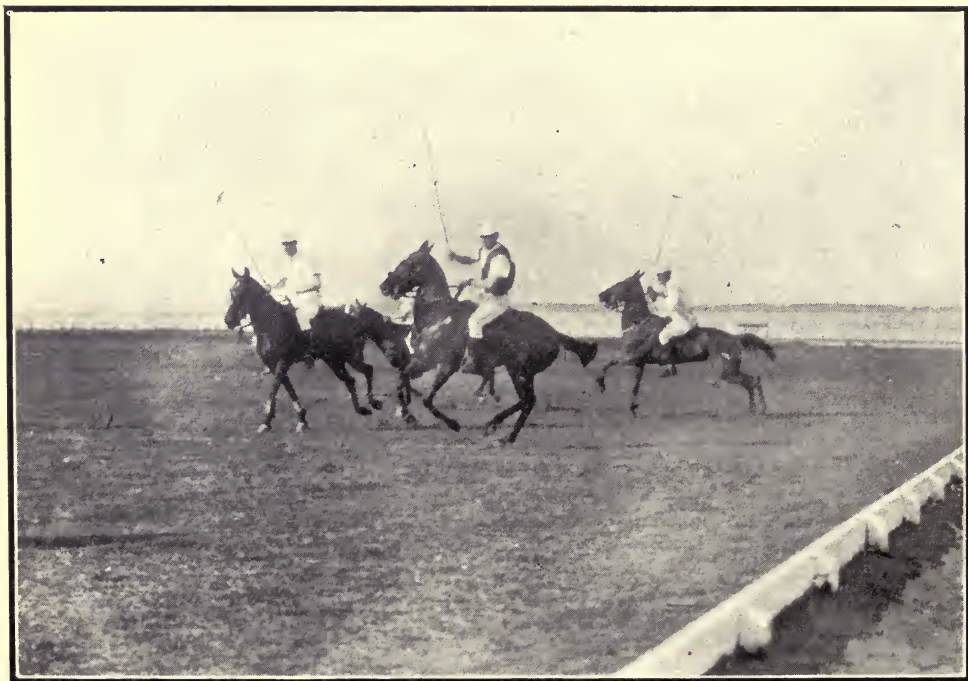
In tournament games in the Eastern States the strong players are handicapped, each being penalized a certain number of goals, according to his skill. The handicaps are added together and a team receives or gives the difference between its own aggregate handicap and that of the opposing team. In championship matches, of course, the teams meet on equal terms.

A player cannot acquire perfect command of his pony and his stroke without constant practice, and few American polo players get this. The individual work being uncertain, the team work is ragged. In polo, as it is played in the United States, offensive play has been developed at the expense of defensive, so that, when one team is somewhat stronger than its opponents, it beats them unmercifully.

The players are four in number, and are known as No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 and Back. Nos. 2 and 3 are the chief attackers; No. 1 leads the interference and the back defends the goal. Each player has his special function, and is expected to look out for the corresponding player on the opposing team. If a player leaves his

proper position, he gives an opening to the opposing team. If all the players of a team are bunched together, their usefulness is impaired and the failure to keep position breaks up team-work. The members of a well-trained team have a complete understanding in regard to interchange of positions, and no spot is left unguarded. A man may at times render good service by leaving his own position, but another player should be ready to take it. In the early days of polo-playing runs round the ends were often successful, but the player of the present day "rides off" his opponent and passes the ball straight towards goal.

As in all team games, combination and an understanding of each other's play are highly important elements of success, and a team the players of which, however good individually, do not work together, is sure to be beaten by a team the members of which are no stronger but play together. The physical condition, too, of the players, counts for much, for the cleverest player will not last through a keenly contested match unless he is in good trim. Polo requires considerable powers of endurance and horsemanship



Joe Tobin, John Lawson and R. M. Tobin at Burlingame.



Santa Barbara team. Dr. Bert Boeseke, R. Cameron Rogers, Edgar Boeseke and Dr. E. J. Boeseke

that has become second nature. The player and his mount should understand each other and work well together.

Though polo in the United States is an importation from Great Britain, the game is played differently in the two countries. The object of the English game is to develop team play, and to offer no inducement to individual brilliancy. In the American game a player may take the ball whether he is on side or not. The hooking of mallets is permitted now both in the United States and Great Britain.

Most of the American polo ponies are well-bred, the first of them having been bred from Kentucky thoroughbreds and Texas mares. The thoroughbred blood gives speed, while hardiness, pluck and cleverness are developed by racing or work after cattle. A good cow-pony is very clever and docile, besides possessing unlimited courage. If he has been trained by a competent rider he should have an unspoiled mouth and temper. He can stop quickly and turn rapidly. The best American polo ponies have been bred by

the Honorable William Anson, an English resident of Coleman, Texas, who believes that they can be improved considerably by breeding imported polo pony sires to native Texas mares. For this purpose he imported "Rock Salt," a remarkably handsome polo pony stallion, who won several prizes at Hurlingham, which club now holds the international trophy.

The headquarters of polo in Northern California are at Burlingame and San Mateo, where nearly all the well-known polo players of this part of the State reside. The Burlingame Country Club has a polo field, and so also has Charles W. Clark of San Mateo. The most skillful polo players in the neighborhood of San Francisco are R. M. Tobin, Cyril Tobin, J. S. Tobin, J. O. Tobin, Jr., John Lawson, and Walter Scott Hobart. Laurence McCreery is living at Burlingame now, but gained much of his polo experience as a member of Walter Buckmaster's crack English team.

In the southern part of the State polo is under the control of the Southern Cali-



"Getting on."

fornia Polo and Pony Racing Association, which includes the Riverside, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Santa Barbara, Coronado and San Diego Clubs. The first tournament of the Association was held on the field of the Coronado Coun-

try Club in March, and was very successful. The club has a fine turfed polo field 900 by 400 feet, and also a practice field. There are sixty loose boxes for ponies, an excellent one-mile track, a grand-stand and a well equipped clubhouse. The polo Challenge Trophy is a handsome, solid silver bowl, thirty inches high and seventeen inches across, and must be won three times by the same club before becoming its property.

Each year four silver goblets a foot high are carried off by the members of the winning team. The Challenge Trophy was presented by John D. Spreckels of San Francisco.

Five teams, representing the Burlingame Country Club, Los Angeles, Riverside, Santa Barbara and Santa Monica, entered the first championship tournament of the Coronado Country Club. In the first round Santa Barbara met Los Angeles, Riverside was drawn against Burlingame, and the Santa Monica team drew the bye. The first match was played on Thursday afternoon, March 1st, Dr. J. A. Edmonds being time-keeper and referee, R. M. Tobin umpire for Santa Barbara and Robert Lee Bettner for Los Angeles. The Santa Barbara team quickly showed its superior strength, Bertrand Boeske, No. 3, scoring the first goal af-



Burlingame team. R. M. Tobin, John Lawson, J. O. Tobin, Jr., and Walter S. Hobart.

ter five minutes 5 seconds play. Before the end of the first period of ten minutes the Santa Barbara team had added two goals to its score. James Blute and T. Weiss, Jr., of Los Angeles worked their hardest to avert defeat, but at the end of the sixth period the score stood: Santa Barbara 7, Los Angeles 2. Bertrand Boeseke scored four of the seven goals; Dr. E. J. Boeseke two, and R. C. Rogers one. The Los Angeles team had been unable to use its polo field for practice on account of heavy rains, so that both the players and the ponies were out of condition. The winning Santa Barbara team was made up of Edgar Boeseke, No. 1; R. Cameron Rogers, No. 2; Bertrand Boeseke, No. 3, and Dr. E. J. Boeseke, back. The Los Angeles four were B. N. Smith, Jr., No. 1; E. R. Young, No. 2; James Blute, No. 3; and T. Weiss, Jr., back.

At 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon the Riverside and Burlingame teams met. Though it was supposed that the Burlingame players would win pretty easily, the contest proved the keenest and closest of the tournament. Pattee, No. 2, on the Riverside team played a remarkably good game, and at one time the score stood 3 to 2 in favor of Riverside. For Burlingame, R. M. Tobin played strongly, keeping the Riverside back, Roberts, out of

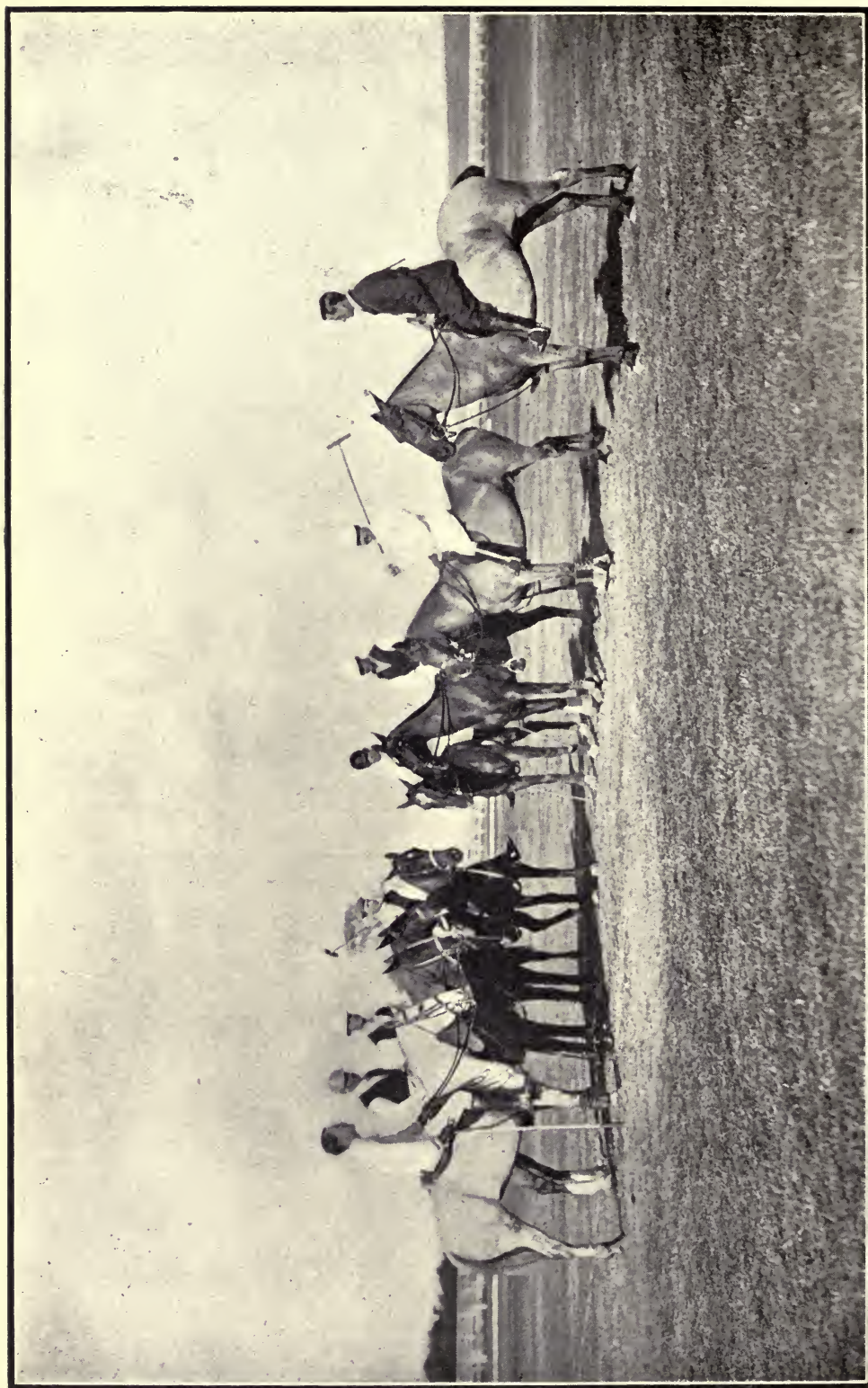


Dr. J. A. Edmunds, referee in the match between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

the game altogether. J. S. Tobin did good work; John Lawson was there with many fine back-hand strokes, and W. S. Hobart drove straight and long. The Burlingame men were well mounted on fast and well-seasoned ponies. Their team work was excellent, but it was the general opinion that if Frank Hudson had played with the Riverside team, Burlingame would have been beaten. The



Los Angeles team.



On the polo field at Del Monte.

winning four were R. M. Tobin, No. 1; John Lawson, No. 2; J. S. Tobin, No. 3, and W. S. Hobart, back. The Riverside representatives were M. E. Flowers, No. 1; H. C. Pattee, No. 2; Robert Lee Bettner, No. 3, and W. L. Roberts, back.

At 10:30 on Saturday morning, March 3d, the Santa Barbara and Santa Monica teams came together. E. J. Boeseke, on account of indisposition, was not able to play for Santa Barbara, and Bertrand Boeseke was not in his best form. The old Southern California Polo Club of Santa Monica was represented by H. G.

ing keen and eager, was first on the ground, while the Santa Barbara men were late in putting in an appearance, and seemed to lack vigor. T. Weiss, Jr., of Los Angeles, was umpire for Santa Barbara, and Frank Hudson of Santa Monica for Burlingame. Robert Leighton was time-keeper and Dr. J. A. Edmonds referee. At 3 p. m. the Santa Barbara umpire "threw in" the ball, which was at once taken and carried to the Santa Barbara goal line by Burlingame. Bert Boeseke drove, but J. S. Tobin of Burlingame took possession of the ball



Some of Walter Hobart's polo ponies in their boxes at Coronado.

Bundrem, No. 1; W. E. Pedley, No. 2; A. N. Redmayne, No. 3, and Frank Hudson, back. The team had not played together before the tournament, and had little chance. Frank Hudson at back played strongly, making two of the three goals scored by Santa Monica, but the score was 8 goals to 3 in favor of Santa Barbara when time was called.

On Monday, the 5th, the final match between Santa Barbara and Burlingame took place. The Burlingame team, look-

and sent it to Hobart, who drove it straight between the Santa Barbara goal posts. On the ball being thrown in again, John Lawson got possession and carried it nearly to goal, but was checked by R. C. Rogers, who played the star game for Santa Barbara. At the end of the fifth period, the score stood 11 to 0 in favor of Burlingame, which won the first championship of the Coronado Country Club. In 1904 the Santa Barbara Club beat Burlingame 9 to 2, but this year the

team was decidedly off its game. Dr. E. J. Boeseke, who is generally very accurate, played weakly, missing many of his favorite back-hand strokes. A sprained wrist and an injured leg handicapped him greatly, and his poor form took the heart out of the other members of the losing team. The results of the tournament showed that the teams stood as follows in order of strength: Burlingame, Riverside, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Santa Monica.

The next tournament for the polo championship of the Coronado Country Club will be held in the spring of 1907, and later it is hoped to arrange an international match, in which British and American teams will take part. For the international event, a magnificent trophy has been designed. It is a two-handled goblet 43 inches high and having an extreme width of 16 inches. The cover is surmounted by two eagles, back to back, with outstretched wings, supporting a gold globe, on which are etched the hemispheres, to denote the international character of the trophy. The eagles are

intended to typify the American character. The lower part of the cover is surrounded by a ring of medallions of Californian quartz of various kinds. The words, International Polo Championship, in gold letters encircle the cup. Beneath the lettering are four gold panels separated by pilasters. On one of the panels the conditions governing the possession of the trophy will be engraved, the others being decorated with polo playing scenes. Below the panels is the Coronado Country Club shield in colored enamels, surrounded by laurel and oak leaves in gold. The handles of the cup are of elaborate scroll work. The ornamentation consists of floral scrolls and acanthus leaves, in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The pedestal is of Californian redwood burl, having round it twelve shields, on which the name of the winning club at each annual tournament will be engraved. The trophy is probably the handsomest and most costly that has ever been given for a polo tournament, and will doubtless be productive of very keen competition between the contestants.



Hobart and Roberts "riding off."

Socialism, Evolved and Ideal

BY SOLON ORR

SOCIALIST sentiment is active, not only in the United States and Canada, but throughout the countries of Europe. It is active in the British colonies, and is represented in Japan. The wide diffusion of this sentiment, as well as the earnestness of its advocates, is not without significance. The Protestant Reformation was preceded by a period in which the sentiment for religious reform, starting from small beginnings, gained steadily until the great sectarian movement had become a fact. Judging from like phenomena occurring in the march of history since that time, the significance of the present sentiment is, that we are approaching a period during which socialist tendencies will enter more and more into our industrial civilization.

There are many facts which point that way. The regulations imposed upon industry by our municipal and State Governments, as well as those imposed by the Federal Government, including the recent rate legislation, are of this character. A like advance in Governmental regulation is also presented in other countries; among these, notably England, Switzerland and New Zealand. In this connection, it is worthy of remark that the heaviest advance in Governmental regulation in this and other countries, has taken place in those quasi-public industries which from their very nature are already nearest the Government.

Ancient industry pursued a like progression. A thorough system of Governmental regulation of industry appeared at the meridian of Athenian civilization, or about 450 B. C. Presumably, this level was approached through a series of gradual transitions, for there was nothing of the kind at the beginning of the sixth century. Passing this meridian, progression declined from this level. Even in Kleon's time, the power of the Government to control the great holders of wealth was beginning to weaken. Gov-

ernmental regulation disappeared from industry as the Graeco-Roman civilization descended to its decadence.

Conceding that our industrial progression is approaching socialism, the latter in its ultimate form is not imminent. In theory, industry passes from private to corporate, and from corporate to Government ownership. Between corporate and Government ownership lie the following transitions: 1. Government regulation under corporate ownership; 2. Government operation under corporate ownership; 3. Government ownership. Between these lie many lesser transitions, each of which must be experienced in turn before we are ready for the next higher. We have been forty years advancing to the present stage of Government regulation in railroad rates. The recent rate legislation, though an emphasis of the Inter-State Commerce Act, is no more than superficial regulation. Were the measure of regulation full, rates would be legislated. At the slow rate with which we have advanced to the present stage, many years must elapse before the full measure of such regulation is attained. Besides, many of our industries are not yet the subject of regulation. Altogether, we are no farther than the incipient transitions. The equivalent of stage 1, in the scheme, is not reached till rates and price in all industries are legislated, until quality of goods and service is also the subject of regulation, and until these regulations constantly impose. If the first stage is so far from us, progression cannot possibly reach ultimate socialism in the normal order for many decades to come.

So much for evolved socialism. Now for the ideal socialism of the socialists.

Is it too much to say that the socialists would immediately substitute ultimate socialism by artificial and arbitrary means for the present industrial system? Socialists tell us that they would observe moderation in bringing about their re-

forms. A little inquiry, however, will demonstrate the contrary.

Viewing the range of present opinion on industrial economics, we have the following disposition: 1. Those who would have industry reduced to individual prosecution (the anarchists); 2. Those favoring a more divided control of industry than the present, such as prevailed a generation ago; 3. Those favoring the present larger corporate control of industry; fourth, those favoring the present disposition, but subject to Government supervision and regulation; 5. Those favoring the public ownership of public utilities; 6. The socialists. By reducing this disposition, we have the following scheme: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, in which the socialists are seen to form the ultimate extreme in the range of present-day opinion. Now an extreme element is incapable of moderation. They were extremists who precipitated the excesses of the first French revolution, and they were extremists who precipitated the war over slavery in our own country nearly a half century ago. The bitterness which actuated these extreme elements is familiar matter to even the superficial reader of history. That the socialists are so imbued, is betrayed in their bitterness toward even those who are the least opposed to socialism. The average socialist has no patience with the principle of Governmental regulation, or with even the public ownership doctrines of the populists. We may gather, then, that the socialists would immediately substitute ideal socialism in the place of the present industrial disposition.

Do they expect an industrial system, artificially substituted and without one hour of experience behind it, to endure and fully answer all economic needs? In thus setting up such a system, many defects would be overlooked, for human judgment, whether collective or individual, is fallible. These defects would certainly lay the basis of many mischiefs, not to be foreseen at the time of reformation. Evolved socialism, on the other hand, would work out its defects as ultimate socialism was gradually approached. The socialists have time and again experimented with colonies, regarding each successive experiment as the beginning that was to beacon the nation on

to successful socialism; yet with unerring certainty, these experiments have proved a series of miserable failures. The socialists have abandoned these minor attempts and now look forward to the time when they may experiment with the nation at large.

There are many reasons why artificial socialism, whether experimenting with colonies or with the nation at large, should fail. Chief among these, and perhaps comprehending all the others, is the fact that the psychic quality of our times is not compatible with ultimate socialism. The socialist colonization experiments failed because the colonists were unable to set aside, as individuals, the self-interest incident to and inheriting the prosecution of industry at the present stage of progression. They assumed a psychic quality not due in the present period. Democracy is the Governmental form which should coincide with ultimate socialism. Thus far, political progression has not been carried to that stage. Our people have not that intense and constant interest in public affairs which distinguishes democracy. As in industrial progression, we are only in the initial stage of democracy, and only in the incipient transitions of that. An imperfect ochlocratic tendency is indeed at work among us; that is, an arraying of sentiment according to group interests. The labor unions are occupied with the welfare of their own class, but with no great regard for outside interests; so also with the agrarian organizations, the commercial order, and other groups. It is only in the higher commercial order that sentiment in such regards is active and coherent. For instance, the labor unions decry the truck store system, the sweat shop, child labor, and other injustices. There is a wide-spread sentiment that these things are wrong; yet the feeling that these things should be obviated is practically confined to the labor organizations; but even there, though active, it is less than coherent. With all their organization and effectiveness in handling labor troubles, the unions remain the veriest rope of sand as a coherent voting unity. "A wrong to the humblest is the concern of all" is a saying which expresses the spirit of democracy in a nutshell. Did the spirit of democracy uni-

versally prevail, the injustices complained of could not exist, for were it possible for the corporate control of industry to obtain under democracy, an active public sentiment would promptly boycott the offending corporation to a larger sense of justice. Clearly, the psychic quality which must prevail before democracy and socialism are possible is not only not with us, but is not due till some decades in the future.

Some socialists take the view that socialism, once that it is instituted, will continue indefinitely without departing from that order. This is not possible. History shows that civilization either advances or declines. It does not nor cannot remain stationary.

Where socialism or any other condition is artificially instituted, before it is due, revulsions in both directions of progression follow with a rapidity out of all keeping with the normal order. This is instanced in the political vicissitudes which have overtaken the French since and including the first revolution. Throughout his reign, Louis XV steadfastly resisted the aspirations of the people for more liberal government, at a time when moderate concessions would have relieved the tension. His successor yielded, but by that time the extreme elements predominated, and were not to be satisfied with anything short of extreme reforms. Within a few months, the Government was thrust from absolutism to republicanism. No doubt these earnest, eager and impulsive, but immoderate reformers believed that the changes that they had made should endure forever; yet within twenty years, absolutism had resumed under the first Napoleon. Here was a series of political mutations, which in the normal order of progression should have required centuries for their evolution. Including the first revolution, French polity has thrice alternated between monarchy and republicanism, and has only come to its normal balance under the present republic.

Our solution of the slavery question, in our own country, is another case in point. The abolitionists, as they became more powerful, persevered in more extreme demands with regard to abolition. They were no longer content with the moderation and the compromises of a Clay and

a Webster. They became impatient and could no longer abide the time when they could free the negro by constitutional changes, but by unlawful means aided runaway slaves to escape from their masters. Then came the lawless raid of John Brown, and its hurrah of approval throughout the North. The slave owners believed that they saw in these things ruin to themselves. Actuated by the misapprehensions which the impatience and immoderation of the abolitionists had inspired, the slave States resolved upon secession. The abolition of slavery was justified by the war, of which it formed the central, though not the direct cause. At the time of emancipation, few if any abolitionists looked forward to the enfranchisement of the slaves; but the now resistless trend of sentiment swept on, and the negro was given the ballot. Thus, within a very few years, the status of the negro was thrust from slavery to the full measure of citizenship; a level to which the white man, notwithstanding his higher intellectualism, has attained only after centuries of slow growth, though starting from a level of servitude far above that of the negro slave. The abolitionists had won, but at an awful cost in blood and treasure. In the normal order of progression, emancipation should have approached through a series of gradual transitions protracted through several decades, in which case this awful penalty and other mischiefs could have been avoided. No doubt the reformers believed that the changes which they had made were to result in permanent good to all concerned. Certainly, they did not foresee the mischiefs which were to follow, though these were near at hand, and have continued to follow in an unending train since that time.

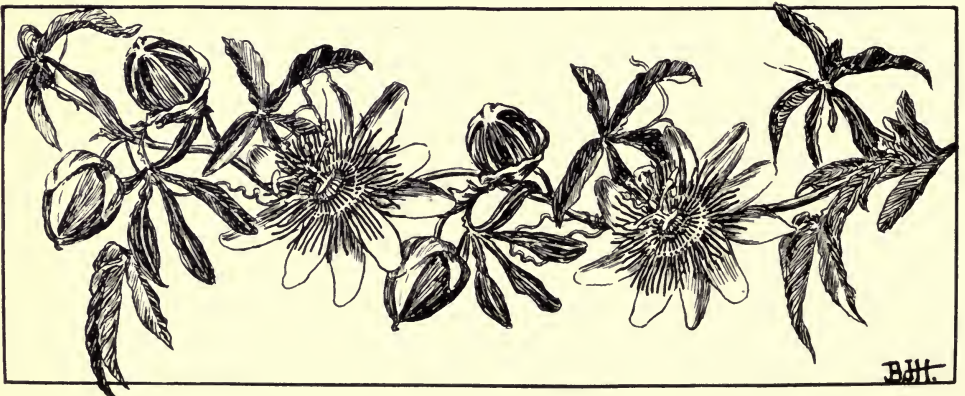
Then came the excesses under negro domination during the period of reconstruction. The period of reconstruction was the apex of the negro's wave of unearned liberty. White rule resumed in the South, and sentiment at the North had sufficiently slackened that they were no longer disposed to interfere. The whites admitted the negroes to civil duties for a time. However, there was at work within the negro himself a disintegrating force which slavery, with all its faults, had restrained, but which the

abolitionists failed to take into account; and that is the negro's native creaturism. After their liberation, the negroes mistook license for liberty. They gathered in the towns, gave themselves over to creature pleasures, and forsook the useful habits of duty which slavery had instilled. At the close of the war they were the most dutiful of servants; now they are the least reliable. Socially, they have so far degenerated that they are no longer fit to associate with the whites in the discharge of civil duties. More than that, as voters they have become so corrupt that several of the States have disfranchised them. In these things, we view a downward trend from the full measure of citizenship attained during the period of reconstruction.

The unrestrained creaturism of the negroes has carried them down to a level of immorality not known of them in slavery. A vicious element has grown up among them, which is given over to vicious and idle pursuits. The failure of legal penalties and mob violence to suppress the shocking outrages committed by representatives of this element shows that sooner or later a measure of restraint must impose for the protection of the whites. Even the better element among them are disposed to condone the offenses of the vicious; they are also possessed of the idea that they must hate the white man whether he comes from the North or from the South. Doubtless once that this policy of restraint is under way, it will carry farther than is rightful, when to correct the same an opposite revulsion will follow. The point of progressional balance is yet far in the future.

Our examples do not argue that the artificial institution of socialism will endure. We rather gain that such institution out of its time would be followed by a series of opposite revolutions, which would strew the march of progress with the wreck and violence of repeated revolutions, until progression resumed its normal balance. However, we further gain from these examples that more than one or two opposing elements are required to produce these abnormalities, and the resulting perturbations by forcing progress out of its order. It was the irrational obstinacy of Louis XV, opposed to the aspirations of the liberals which brought on the crash when the royal resistance finally gave way in the succeeding reign. In the second example, the slave-holders were too little disposed to compromise with the abolitionists at a time when moderate concessions would have relieved the tension, and perhaps have saved the country from the disasters incident to the secession movement.

To hasten socialism out of its turn in the present instance, the controllers of wealth have only to persevere in the imposition of the injustices complained of, and their irrational impolicy of repression against organized labor, and in foiling the regulations legislated for the protection of the public. The force of our examples is, that it is better to trust to moderation and to the slower working but surer and more permanent results of normal progression. Socialism, whatever it is to be, must grow gradually out of present conditions, precisely as these have grown out of the less centralized conditions of the near past.





THE morning sun, glimmering through the redwoods, cast grotesque shadows upon the road which wound its way, snakelike, through the peaceful valley of Las Uvas, and here and there a ray of sunlight played upon the calm waters of Las Uvas Creek, which flowed serenely on, unconscious of its beauty.

The road, narrow, but dustless, often lost itself in turns and canyons and then climbed the mountainside to Loma Prieta, the peak at the head of the valley.

The sky was blue and cloudless; the blue sky of December in California, and all about hung a clean, green freshness, brought by the early rains which had come and gone a week before. The birds were astir, singing morning carols to the sunshine, and now and then a butterfly fluttered about a dewy twig or leaf, uncertain where to rest, so sparkling was the dew.

Luxuriant grape-vines covered the sloping hillsides above the creek, and far below in the meadow lands was the sprouting grain, like a huge velvet carpet of green.

The ranch houses, some more pretentious than others, lay scattered about at various distances from the roadside, and at the forking of the road stood the country store and post office, a large, one-story building. Its long, shady porch was

an inviting resting place on a hot day, and the big oak tree in front of the store, spread out its leafy arms in cordial welcome to weary travelers.

The storekeeper himself sat upon the porch this bright morning, smoking contentedly as he gazed up the road in the direction of Loma Prieta.

"Huh!" he said aloud, laying his pipe aside and thoughtfully rubbing his chin. "Dave Williams must be off to town—that's the rattle of his buckboard all right." He shifted his position to get a better view of the road, and then in the distance he saw a team of sorrels trotting along with the amiable jog-trot of horses who had had a good breakfast of oats and hay.

The driver of the sorrels was a big man with a pleasant face and his broad white hat was tilted far back upon his head, revealing a mass of brown hair. He waved the whip to the storekeeper as he drew near and called out a cheery "Good-morning, Mr. Peters," as the sorrels stopped beneath the oak tree.

"Good-morning, good-morning," Mr. Peters exclaimed with a broad and friendly smile. "And have you heard the news up in your part of the world? No? Well, well, you don't tell me. Why, they're coming up to-day—bag and baggage—and they might be on their way now for all I know."

Dave Williams ran his fingers thoughtfully through his hair and he eyed the store-keeper with a puzzled expression. "Who's this you're talking about, Mr. Peters? Somebody new up this way?"

"Who am I talking about? Who, but them there Easterners who bought the Johnson ranch. Henry saw them down to the depot last night. Goodwin's the name, and some say they ain't as wealthy as they might be. Jimminy knows what they'll stock the place with, seeing as the Johnsons took everything when they went. Henry, he says, the man looks just dreadful sick, and the young ones—two of them—look pretty peaked, too. I heard that they paid cash—that's why they ain't got nothing left, I guess." Mr. Peters forgot his pipe and everything, so busy was he with his information, and the driver of the sorrels sat open-mouthed, listening eagerly to every word.

"Yes, sircé," Mr. Peters continued, after taking a long breath. "I say to my wife only last night, 'Ella,' says I, 'I'll bet the folks up the valley ain't heard the news yet,' but she wouldn't believe me."

"No, that's right; we don't get the news up our way, like you do down here. Why, all the talk up the valley you get, all the talk down to the depot you get, and all the talk out there you get." Dave pointed his whip in the direction of the Johnson ranch, which lay on the foothills along the road that ran to Gilroy. "You see, Mr. Peters, you're the center of information, that's what you are." He picked up the lines and chuckled to the sorrels. "Well, I must be off. Good-day to you, Mr. Peters."

The store-keeper, left to himself, walked up and down the porch, keeping step to the rattle of the disappearing buckboard.

"Well, well, Dave was surprised all right," he said, speaking his thoughts aloud. "He certainly was clean, plumb surprised. By Jimminy, if I didn't sure forget to ask why he was off to town today. Let me see! Why, oh, I got it. He was to get his money for the grapes today—that's it—a good pile, too. Huh, Dave has a snug bank account by now, I'm thinking. He always did have good crops. Well, he——"

His meditations were rudely broken by the sudden appearance of his son Henry, who came from the house at the rear of

the store. "Say, pa, ma wants to know what you and Mr. Williams were talking so long about? Ma says——"

"Run along, sonny, and tell your ma that I'll be there directly. No, never mind! Here, you tend store and I'll go now," and with this, Mr. Peters disappeared around the corner of the building, lighting his pipe as he went.

Henry lingered about the store for a few minutes, prying into every box and barrel to see if there were something new on hand, and then climbed up into the topmost branches of the oak tree, where he sat for a long time, cutting his name upon the bark with his old but serviceable penknife.

Suddenly he stopped with the alertness of a fourteen-year-old boy, and stared with open mouth in the direction in which Dave Williams had gone. He saw, faintly in the distance, a large wagon and a smaller one, and both were strange to Las Uvas Valley. "Pa," he called in excited tones, scrambling out of the tree as he spoke. "Pa, come quick. Pa, pa, here's two wagons coming. I think they're from the depot. Pa, oh, pa——"

He was out of the tree and running for his father by this time.

Mr. Peters came, and behind him bustled his wife, a stout little woman, with a round, good-natured face. She dried her wet hands upon her apron as she hurried, talking all the while. "Now, pa, do fix your necktie—it looks dreadful all curled up and twisted—and smooth out your hair in front—it's tossed just awful. Henry, run in, like mother's own boy, and wash your face and hands—there's a dear."

The wagons moved with maddening slowness to the Peters' family, who stood in a row on the porch waiting impatiently for the new arrivals to come within speaking distance. A two-seated buckboard was in the lead, and the depot master's son handled the reins. By his side sat a tall, thin, saw-toothed man, and in the seat in the rear was Mrs. Goodwin and the two children, all looking about them with delighted wonder at the beauty of the place.

The second wagon was a two-horse affair, also, in which there were a few household articles and two large trunks.

The buckboard stopped in front of the

store beneath the welcoming arms of the oak tree, and the driver was the first to speak: "Hullo, Mr. Peters. How-do, Mrs. Peters. Hullo, Henny. Well, say, it's a fine day, ain't it?"

The Peters family bowed, and Mr. Peters invited the driver to "tie up."

"Well, I dunno but what I won't. Want a rest now, don't you?" He turned to the little woman and the children, and they all nodded assent.

Mrs. Peters drew Henry aside. "Now, Henny, there's a good boy," she whispered, "just run and set the dinner table. Goodness knows they must be hungry after their drive. That's a good boy—and put on the best china and the new spoons and forks—there's mother's own boy—and put on the clean cloth out of the second drawer in my bureau—there's a dear—and don't forget to set the napkins on—the best ones, too. Mother'll buy you something nice for Christmas."

Henry reluctantly left the porch and went to the house to set the table, his mind a confused mass of best china, a thin, sad-faced man, new spoons, new playmates, clean napkins, mother, Christmas, and hungry company, all in the second drawer of the bureau.

It was with some hesitation that the Goodwin family accepted Mrs. Peters' kind invitation to dinner, and with a good deal of talking they all sat down to the table, both drivers and the store-keeper's hired man, who had been out in the vegetable garden planting lettuce, included.

It was a jovial meal, and the strangers laughed oftener than they had in many weeks. They were delighted with the vegetables, all grown by Mr. Peters, and the steaming hot corn, brought to the table on the cob, was received with exclamations of surprise.

"You see," Mr. Peters said proudly, pointing through the window to the fields beyond, "there's my corn-field, here's my vegetable garden, up there on the hillside are my grape-vines, across the road is my grain-field, and here's my home—yes, sree, everything together, and that's just what you'll have in no time out on your place, and I hope you'll have money in the bank, same as me, too, and two or three fine horses and a pig or two, and a nice bunch of cows. We're all farmers around

here—even the store-keeper himself, you see. Farmin's the thing."

"The climate seems to be lovely," Mrs. Goodwin said, timidly, looking out at the bluest of blue skies and the peaceful surroundings.

"Lovely!" Mrs. Peters exclaimed. "Why, lovely ain't the name for it—it's perfectly, beautifully magnificent. Why, just look at pa there and Henny, and by and bye you'll see the neighbors. Lovely! Well, I should think so."

It was long after their guests had departed that the Peters family finally settled down to their varied duties, for they all had so much to say that it took them a long time to get through talking, and even the hired man sat upon the shady porch with them, giving his opinion as freely as the others.

Several customers came to the store in the afternoon, some on horseback and some in buggies, and all had to hear about the new-comers to Las Uvas Valley.

Dave Williams, on his return from San Jose, tied his sorrel colts to the oak tree, and then Mr. Peters and himself sat chatting for a while upon the porch, and the sun, like a golden ball was half-hidden behind Loma Prieta and the shadows were long and indistinct upon the roadway when the sorrels turned in at their home gate.

II.

The next morning, bright and early, the Peters family were astir and busy at their work. The storekeeper sat at the desk in the rear of the store, stamping the outgoing mail, and Henry was currying the gray mare which he drove in the light cart when he went for the mail. It was Saturday, and, being Saturday, was mail day for Las Uvas Valley.

Mrs. Peters was in her cheerful kitchen washing the breakfast dishes, and through the open door and windows the sunlight streamed in, bringing good humor and happiness with its bright rays.

Out in the garden, the hired man was lazily picking string beans for lunch and singing old tunes to the chattering sparrows who were hovering about searching for breakfast.

After stamping the mail, Mr. Peters locked it tightly in the large bag and deposited it on the counter, waiting for

Henry, who presently drove out from the stable yard.

"Here you are, Henny," said Mr. Peters, handing the bag to the boy. "Come back as soon as you can, but don't drive that mare too fast. You needn't bring anything from Madrone or Morgan Hill, because I'll be going down myself Monday to get that case of toys I ordered."

Henry drove off with a flourish of the whip and an important "gid-ap" to the mare, while his father sauntered to the vegetable garden, where he stopped to talk to the hired man.

"John," he said, absent-mindedly plucking bean leaves and tearing them into little bits as he spoke, "I'll finish picking the beans myself, if you'll get the colt and ride over to the Goodwin's place. I think they might need some help for the day, and it looks unneighborly not to give them a bit of help. I'd go myself, only its mail day, and I can't leave the store for long."

"I don't mind going," John said, with a good-natured grin, as he handed the half-filled pan of beans to Mr. Peters. "But is there anything you want to send them?"

"Well, now, let me see." Mr. Peters rubbed his chin with his unoccupied hand. "Well, you might—yes, take them these beans you picked. I'll get more for dinner." He carried the pan to the house and put the beans into a flour sack.

In a few minutes John appeared, riding a bay colt which pranced around in eagerness to be off. The sack of beans was tied to the pommel of the large Mexican saddle, and its presence there annoyed the animal, who had been broken but a short time. John wore a broad-brimmed sombrero, and had neither coat nor vest for the morning was warm. He was a tall man, and looked still taller in the saddle, where he sat erect with the reins in one hand and a stout rawhide quirt in the other.

He flicked the colt with the quirt, and with a "whoop-la," was soon galloping away and in a twinkling was lost to view in a bend of the road.

The horse and rider passed several gateways, all leading to ranch houses and stables, before they came to the wide-open entrance of the Johnson ranch. The bars were down, and John rode into the yard

undisturbed. He saw smoke curling from the chimney, but the dog-house was empty, the chicken yard was bare of chickens, the barn was deserted, and no familiar grunt of welcome came from the pig-pen.

"Huh!" said John, as he rode to the house, "looks kinder lonesome. First time I've been here since the Johnsons quit. Wonder will it look good soon again?"

Around the house was the remains of a one-time pretty garden: lilac bushes still growing and a climbing rose covered the wall on one side, and while on the other was a passion vine which hid several windows from view.

Mrs. Goodwin came to the door, and, recognizing John, gave him a pleasant "good-morning" and invited him in to breakfast.

"Breakfast?" John stammered. "Why, thank you, ma'am, but I ate breakfast two hours ago. I come—Mr. Peters—he sent me over to see if you needed any help. I've got lots of time, and—and—here's some fresh string beans he sent over. He thought you might like 'em." He bashfully handed her the sack of beans, and then stared straight before him, murmuring a "you're welcome" to Mrs. Goodwin's effusive thanks.

The children ran out and were loud in praise of the colt, which jumped about and shied at them when they approached.

"I'm going to ride myself when we get a horse," the boy said, shaking his head emphatically as he looked with envious eyes at the horse and saddle.

"That's right, sonny, that's the way to talk. By and bye you'll be like the rest of us, won't you?" John dismounted as he spoke, and tied the colt to the hitching post which stood some distance from the house.

"My papa feels better already," the little girl said, looking at John's sunburnt face and stalwart figure. "He's going to get big and strong out here—mamma says so. And Willie and me, we're getting bigger already, ain't we, Willie? Mamma says it's the loveliest place she ever saw, and mamma, she knows, don't she, Willie?" The little girl trotted after John, who agreed to every word with a smile and a nod.

The children's delight at everything

about the place was infectious, and even Mr. Goodwin started to work with a will, helping John, who had wasted no time in getting the place to rights.

Mrs. Goodwin, with sleeves rolled high, was dusting and scrubbing indoors, while the boy and girl ran about pulling weeds from the garden and sweeping the paths which were piled high in autumn leaves from the rose and passion vine.

At noon, John rode homeward, leaving an energetic but happy family behind him. As he rode through the bars, he looked back. "Good luck to them," he said aloud, patting the colt's, arched neck with feeling.

III.

About a week before Christmas, Mr. Peters had an idea. It was such a good idea that he immediately communicated it to his wife, who said he was the "dearest and kindest fellow in the world," and clapping her hands with delight, ran out to tell it to Henry and John, who were in the stable-yard.

That day a notice was posted on the oak tree in front of the store, to the effect that "A Meeting will be Held here on the Evening of December 19th for the Arrangement of a Christmas Entertainment."

The notice was written in Henry's best round hand with many flourishes thrown in, and a big red bandana nailed above it to attract attention, fluttered boldly in the breeze.

The same evening Henry and John started on horseback on a visiting trip to all the ranches. The notice on the tree and the verbal message carried through the valley by the two, caused quite a stir in Las Uvas, and on the evening of December 19th, every family was represented at the store by one or two members, except the Goodwins, who had not been invited to the meeting.

The men lounged around on every available box and barrel, and a little group sat on the steps of the porch. They were all deeply interested in the proposed Christmas entertainment and discussed it with much heartiness and good will.

"By gum," said old Jake Geary, who had seen years three score and ten, "it'll be the bulliest Christmas fun this here valley ever had. Say, Peters, you're a great man—that's what you are." He

thumped his heavy cane of manzanita wood upon the floor, and guffawed with anticipation of the good time coming.

"Fun?" queried Dave Williams, slowly filling his pipe as he spoke. "Fun? Well, say, if it's fun for us, what'll it be for them Eastern folks? I guess we'll show them what this here valley calls fun." He lit his pipe and pulled at it reflectively.

"Yes, siree!" exclaimed Mr. Peters, rubbing his chin vigorously. "I'll bet they'll be surprised all right. By Jimminy, when all of us"—here he began to count upon his fingers—"get loose on that there Johnson ranch! Well, say!" He nodded his head emphatically, and looked about at the company.

Manuel Juarez, the old Mexican who lived in a little cabin at the foot of Loma Prieta, sat in a dark corner, smoking his cigarette, taciturn and silent as ever. Being the oldest inhabitant of Las Uvas Valley, he considered himself a very important citizen, so, with the dignified bearing of an old grandee he attended every meeting that took place in the valley.

Of the twenty-five men in the store, each had something to say, and all approved of the plan for the Christmas jollification.

It was late when they bade one another "good-night" and went their several ways—some going up the valley toward Loma Prieta, others turning in the direction of the depot, and the remainder taking the road that ran to Gilroy; the echoes of galloping hoofs and rattling wheels dying away into the silence of the night.

IV.

The moonlight streaming through the uncurtained windows of the Goodwin's kitchen, dimmed the lamplight and threw unnatural shadows about the room. The family had finished supper and were still seated at the table, but the ticking of the old-fashioned clock was the only sound heard in the room, for the father and mother were silent with the home-sickness that they could not hide from each other.

Mr. Goodwin, with his elbows leaning upon the table, and his thin face resting in his hands, looked up and sighed. "Christmas eve, Christmas eve," he mur-

mured, breaking the silence and causing his wife to start.

"Christmas eve? Why, so it is!" she exclaimed with an air of ignorance, although she had been thinking sadly of it when he spoke.

"And all our neighbors who were so friendly when we first came seem to have deserted us," continued the sick man, with a down-hearted tone in his voice. "I don't understand it—could we have offended them in any way, Mary?"

"Perhaps they will come to-morrow—it's Christmas day, and they will have time," Mrs. Goodwin answered hopefully.

The children, who had been deeply engrossed in an old picture book, ran to the window, pressing their faces close to the panes.

"To-morrow's Christmas," the girl said in an awed voice, "and Santa Claus ought to come to-night—oughtn't he, Willie?"

"Shoo, don't make any noise, Alice," the boy whispered. "'Cause if you do, Santa Claus won't come—you must be just awful quiet."

"Ooh!" Alice clung to her brother's hand, still fixedly watching the bright, outdoor world. The moonlit yard was as clear as day, and the two stood a long time in silence, staring out into it.

Suddenly there broke upon the quiet night the jingle of collar bells and the tramping of hoofs, and the rattle of wheels, and voices; many voices in song, mingled with happy laughter.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," the little girl cried, clapping her hands with delighted wonder. "It's Santa Claus! It's Santa Claus—hear the bells."

By this time the boy was out in the yard where the others soon joined him, all gazing with amazement at the strange procession which was coming towards them. It seemed endless, for as far as they could see, there was more, and more, and more.

In the lead was a large, four-horse wagon filled with women and children, all sprawled about on hay in real "straw ride" fashion. They shouted "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!" over and over, and stopping the horses close to the garden fence, the driver jumped down from his high seat and helped them out, one after another.

Mrs. Peters was the first to greet the surprised family. "We've come to wish you Merry Christmas," she said, as she warmly kissed Mrs. Goodwin. "And the men folks—why, they would bring along a few things."

"A few things!" the husband and wife exclaimed in a breath, staring at the strange procession which was arranging itself along the hitching bar.

Old Jake Geary scrambled out of his buggy, and untied a soft-eyed Jersey cow from the backboard. "Here you are, folks," he called in his husky voice, "here is a sample of the kind of cows I raise out to my place. We farmers around this here valley have been a gettin' and a givin' of presents for the last fifteen years—but we're all playing old Santy this time. We like it, too, you bet, so don't mind—ain't that so, Peters?"

Mr. Peters joyfully came forth from the center of the crowd, and assisted by Henry, brought to view a large box of assorted groceries. John followed closely with a mysterious package of bulky proportions, which he refused to open at that moment, carrying it into the house without further explanations.

Dave Williams presented the Goodwins with a good driving horse and a light spring wagon, while his two sons donated jointly an old but still serviceable saddle horse and a saddle.

Manuel rode up on horseback, the jingle of his long spur chains keeping time to the music of the bells on the horses of the lead wagon. Secure in a sack, he carried two young pigs, which added to the general uproar by squealing vigorously.

One wise young farmer brought a good quantity of hay and several sacks of grain. The rest of the neighbors offered their small gifts of live-stock, making a strange conglomeration of ducks, turkeys, rabbits, geese, pigeons, hens, and last but not least welcome, two cats and a large collie dog.

"We're no good at speech-making," said Mr. Peters as he clasped the sick man's hand in his hearty grasp. "But what we can't say we feel—don't we, boys?" He turned to his companions, and they all pressed about their neighbor, wishing him every success and renewed health in his new home amongst them.

Mr. Goodwin tried to thank them for

their kindness, but more than all, the sympathy which they had shown for him and his in their trouble, touched him so deeply that he could hardly speak.

Mr. Peters, seeing this, came to his aid by calling out: "Seems to me I smell hot coffee—ain't you women folks got some ready in there for us?"

"Come in—come in," said Mrs. Peters, who had constituted herself as manager of the occasion, and under her direction, the women were now busy in the kitchen setting out the cakes and sandwiches which they had brought with them.

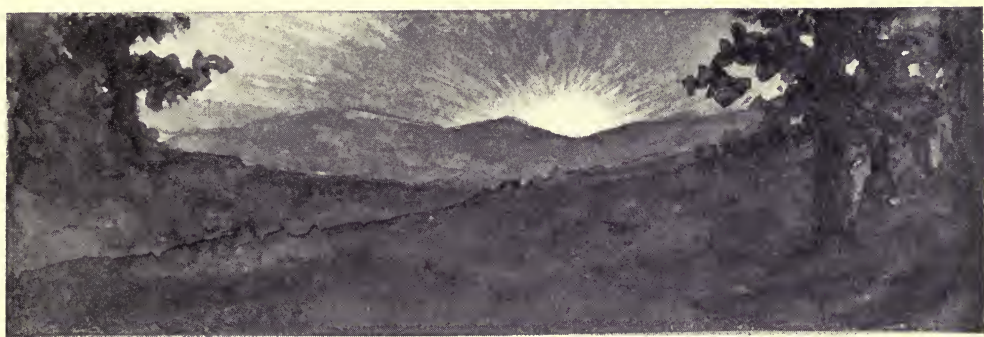
The men, nothing loth, went in, filling the kitchen to overflowing; the children, a dozen or more, still played outdoors, the moonlight lending a new charm to their game of hide and seek.

Everything being in readiness, they were called in to their share of the feast, and John, opening the mysterious package, displayed toys galore, of every kind and description, which he distributed amongst them all without favor or fancy.

V.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" the voices rang out as the old clock chimed the last stroke of twelve.

The Christmas morn was well on its way when the happy gathering broke up, and the sun, rising over the mountains, as they wended on their homeward way, seemed brighter, for the Christmas goodwill was in their hearts and they had learned, truly, that it is more blessed to give than to receive!

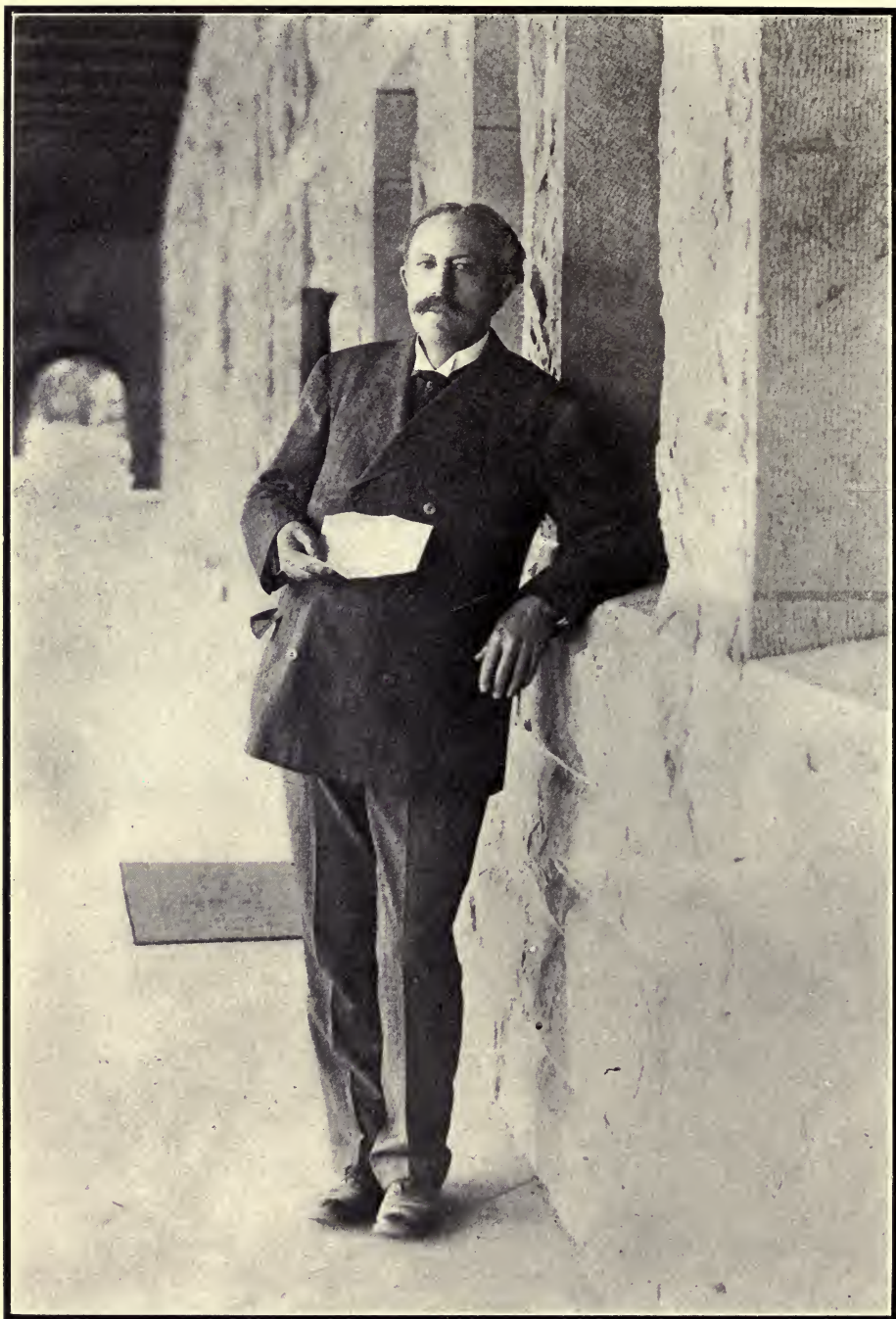


The Captives

BY ARTHUR POWELL

When the gold morion of the conquering Sun
First burns above the ramparts of grey fume,
We—prisoners of the vanquished Night—we pray
Mercy and favor of the hosts of Day—
Willing to work, their slaves, while time shall run,
If but released from silence and the gloom.

At last black-plumed Night returns again,
Fresh troops behind him, anger in his heart,
And will not be denied, but claims his own.
When the last fitful gleam of light has shown
The casques and spears of Day's retreating men—
Welcome, old Master! thine the better part,
The cool, sweet darkness after labor's din—
Open the cells, and let thy captives in!



DAVID STARR JORDAN.—“The charity that makes people happy and strong is good; charity that weakens the recipient is bad.”

To Make the Gift Divine

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

I WILL continuously cultivate in myself the instinct to give, for the reason that the gods have always been providers and doers, not receivers and laggards. Therefore, in joyous emulation of the Higher Powers, I will, day by day, practice ministrations unto others and thereby make good my claim to oneness with the Eternal.

This is a touchstone of faith for Christmas-tide; and while the readers of these pages who have caught the spirit of Christmas, and who, after the spirit of the Divine One, are aiming through gifts to make the world happier and better, will not hesitate in subscribing to it; yet there must be much questioning as to what shall be the policy in giving, and who shall be the recipients to be made happy.

A perfect gift does two things for the receiver. Dr. Jordan puts it in this way: "The charity that makes people happy and strong is good; charity that weakens the receiver is bad." Perhaps we might question still further and ask what it means to be made happy. Socrates said that true happiness possesses two qualities—it is intense and enduring. Our gifts, then, ought to bring happiness in a constantly increasing ratio. This being the case, if we make our friends or our wards truly happy in our gifts, we make them strong. Now, a person cannot be increasingly happy unless his life powers are a constantly increasing quantity. More life means more activity. Hence, every gift ought to mean an opportunity or condition for more activity. The Good Shepherd, therefore, had in mind the perfect gift when he said of his sheep: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

The most beautiful, the most valuable gift we can make a friend is one that recognizes in its very existence the friend's power to do something particularly well. The best gift to the poor is that which becomes to them a power to lift them out of their poverty.

This brings us directly to the text of

this story: How can we make the world better by the acts of charity which we feel impelled to do at Christmas-tide? Dr. Charles R. Brown, of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, has answered this most practically from one point of view—the charity of our own initiation: "I can think of no more fitting way of celebrating," says Dr. Brown, "the glad Christmas season, which was originally ushered in with a song of 'Peace on earth and good-will to men,' than by showing generous and thoughtful kindness to those who need it most. Here in California this year it would be an untold advantage if for the exchange of costly gifts by the rich, who are already surfeited with belongings, might be substituted some intelligent service rendered to the homeless and propertyless people who were burned out in San Francisco. To aid some man in replacing his tools, to assist some young, struggling professional man in securing another library, and set of instruments, to help some woman who had earned a livelihood for herself and her children by keeping a boarding or a rooming house in securing furniture to start again, would be a more appropriate recognition of the meaning of the season and a better act of worship in the sight of Him who said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these,' than the exchange of all manner of costly gifts or the expenditure of great sums in the decoration of many sanctuaries."

Following this beautiful and eminently practical point of view from Dr. Brown I am permitted to quote in full an interesting and suggestive letter from the President of the University of California, Dr. Wheeler, who opens up another broad avenue for practical charity. Most certainly it is sound policy to lend support to well-established institutions whose aim is to uplift humanity.

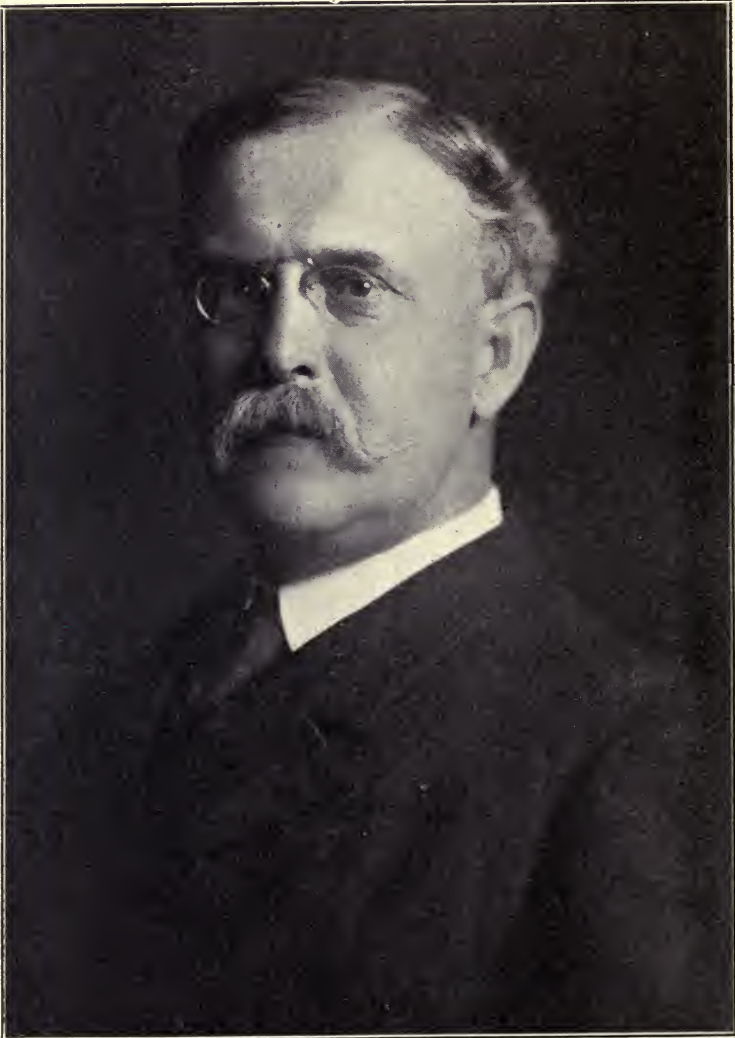
Berkeley, November 4, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Bland:

You ask me for suggestions concerning

the direction of the customary Christmas charity of the well-to-do. There is nothing new or startling that I can say about this subject. In fact, I believe that the best charity will follow the well-established lines which have been already determined by the observed need of men. I do think, however, that San Francisco

institutions, like those of the Hebrews and the Germans, I think are exceptions. San Francisco bitterly needs good hospitals with large endowment. We are undertaking now to start a University Hospital; the buildings of the Affiliated Colleges are particularly well adapted for such a purpose. We shall open a University



BENJ. I. WHEELER.—"I think that in giving, people ought not to try to invent new things. They ought to give to well-established institutions."

in particular can make a very strong appeal on the basis of public conditions there existing; its charitable institutions have never been firmly established. This is certainly true of those which are of a general and public nature. The special

Hospital there with the beginning of the new year. Though we shall begin with scarcely more than thirty or forty beds, we shall establish a standard like that of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. It will serve the general public

good, and at the same time will afford an opportunity for advancing the standard of medical treatment and medical research. I believe this hospital will be the beginning of a great movement; once it is started I believe people will bring their gifts to it. If every man who writes a will would put into that will a bequest of no more than \$500 or \$1,000 for this hospital, we should, within a few years, have one of the best in the country. The effect upon the advancement of the medical profession would be enormous; notably, medical science is extremely backward on the Pacific Coast. There is, indeed, no first-rate medical school west of the Atlantic seaboard. Another object of charity which I have noticed recently is one closely akin hereto; that is, the settlement work. The two settlements, one called the Nurses' Settlement, under the charge of Miss Octavine C. Briggs, and the other under the charge of Miss Felton, are doing a work that no other form of charitable organization could do in connection with the camps and disordered homes of the population that suffered from the fire. The Nurses' Settlement has established itself now in the Potrero, at Iowa and Nineteenth streets, in close proximity to the great refugee camp of that district. It has become an incorporated body. It received \$6,000 from the relief fund for the erection of a building to house its nurses, and it has erected from other funds the general building which forms the club and general place of resort for the young people of the neighborhood. At present it is expending between \$800 and \$900 a month mostly for the pay of nurses and the cost of medicines. Its work is not by any means solely a work of healing, but one of sympathy and association.

I think that in giving, people ought not to try to invent new things; they ought to give to well established institutions. Ninety-five per cent of the money that is given in other ways is lost, thrown away, or worse than thrown away. If a man, however, knows from personal observation the conditions of a given family or a given person, then of course it is well to give in accordance with such knowledge. But even then one has to have care lest charity enfeeble rather than help. Very Sincerely yours,

BENJ. I. WHEELER.

It is to be pointed out, in connection with President Wheeler's ideas, that one cannot be surer that his contributions to charity will do positive good for mankind than when he endows a bed in a hospital, makes an annual contribution to a Good Cheer Club, contributes to the hospital or emergency fund of some school, or gives a coin to the Salvation Army.

Herbert Bashford, the poet and dramatist, says he "would make the children happy—the unfortunate little ones whose wan, pinched faces bear the finger-marks of the ancient monster—Poverty. Nor would I have any difficulty in searching them out. They are everywhere in our great cities—homeless and friendless in their weak fight against the damnable greed of our so-called civilization." It counts more in the world's progress to set one child in line for sound manhood or womanhood than it does to give temporary relief to a dozen adults, who, as President Jordan says, "are passed the age of regeneration."

We need more vacation schools for the children of the slums, more George Junior republics, more playgrounds and parks for children. Great as has been the influence of the American public school in moulding our civilization, we must still broaden the system till we make it give the children of the slums an even chance with the children of the comfortable home.

Jack London, author of the "Call of the Wild," proposes socialism as the most efficient means of bringing happiness to the human race. To that end he would devote his contribution to practical charity as an aid in the campaign of education which the socialists are now projecting throughout the world. He would begin at home. His first gift would be to the socialist press of Oakland, and his succeeding gifts to other socialist organs in other American cities. "In doing this," he told me recently at his Glen Ellen home, "I feel that I would be doing more for humanity than if I contributed to what we ordinarily know as charity."

Socialism, Mr. London argues, strikes at the cause of the misery of the world, which he says is the inadequate, unfair distribution of the world's wealth. "There is enough and to spare for every human," says the reformer, "could each one get

his portion." Every one is to be given his share by being allowed the opportunity to work for it. All this Mr. London proposes shall be brought about by the new theory, which is a scientific scheme of human evolution.

Our last letter is from the author of "South Sea Idyls," who in the following

I could, that the inner-fires might warm their hearts and their veins and help them to hold their own in the battle of life.

I would shelter the shelterless from the raw winds and the heavy storms of the winter, so that they might not be disabled or rendered unfit to try to help themselves.



HERBERT BASHFORD.—"Make the children happy. They are everywhere in our great cities—homeless and friendless in their weak fight against the damnable greed of our so-called civilization."

tells vividly what he would do for the poor in the celebration of his Christmas: Pink Gables, Pacific Congress Springs, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

Dear Friend:

You ask me what I would do if I had a thousand dollars to give in charity at Christmas.

I would feed as many of the hungry as

I would give them as much artificial warmth as they needed to loosen their stiffened joints and make their thin blood flow more freely through their veins.

I would give them good beds to sleep on, with warm covering in the cold nights, so that their sleep might be deep and refreshing.

"Kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy

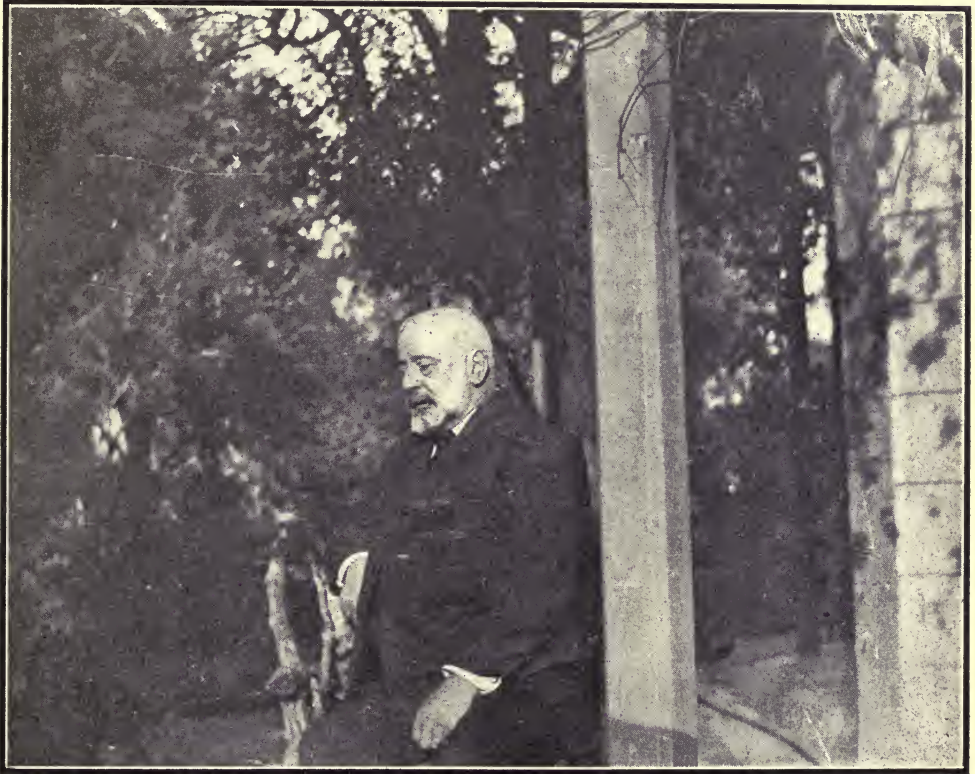
sleep." One does not find it on the park benches, or in strange doorways, or empty boxes on the midnight pavement.

"Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

should all go in this way, with God's blessing, to the needy.

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

After all, is it not good to enthuse in our liberality at the anniversary of Christ's birth, even if we do make mistakes, merely for the sake of the healthy reaction on ourselves? And from this point of view, isn't Jacob Riis right when he says: "Christmas charity never cor-



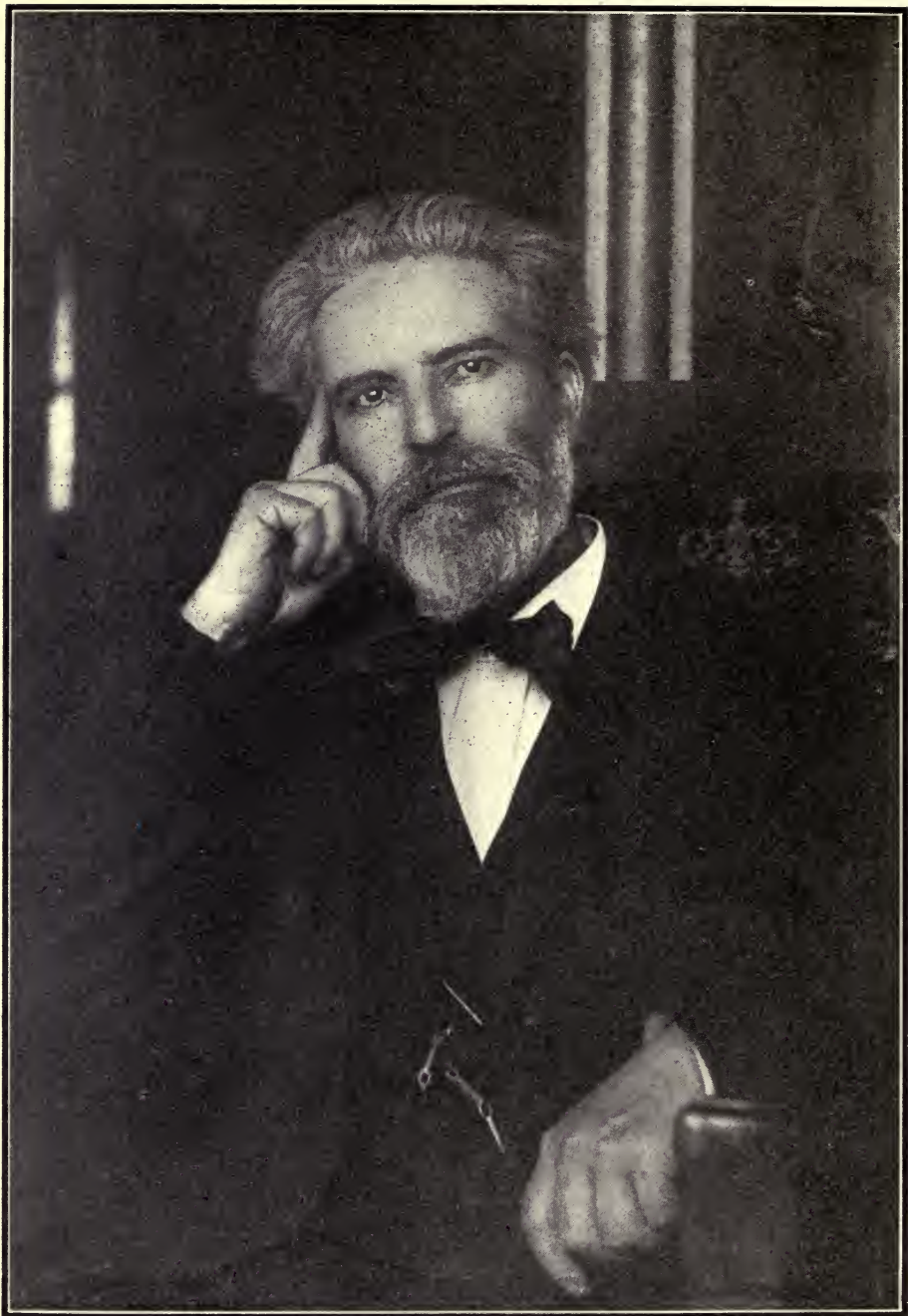
CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.—"I would give them good beds to sleep on, with warm covering in the cold nights, so that their sleep might be deep and refreshing. One does not find it on the park benches, or in strange door-ways, or empty boxes on the midnight pavement."

Those who are not able to work should be cared for; and those who are willing to work, but find no opening, should be helped and encouraged. Blessed is labor and thrice blessed is he who is ready to do what his hands may find to do.

My thousand would not go far, but it would be the best investment I, or any man, ever made. And if it were a hundred thousand and I had it to give, it

rupts!" for "love keeps it sweet and good—the love He brought into the world at Christmas to temper the hard reason of man!"

The President of Stanford University believes that incalculable harm may be done to the individual by injudicious charity, and in this connection he quotes the French proverb: "Charity makes one-half of the misery and can never relieve



"EDWIN MARKHAM, the poet, whose message speaks for the emancipation of the poor."

half of the misery it makes." He thinks that no mistake is made in liberally taking care of the wholly incapacitated, and a careful distinction is to be made between this sort of giving and the giving which is meant merely to be the friendly helping hand that tides one over a temporary misfortune, or the giving which makes it possible for humans to indulge in healthful activity. He believes, too, most thoroughly in the endowing of institutions whose aim is the betterment of mankind. He has recently been made a member of a committee of scientists whose problem is to report information drawn from a study of the breeding of animals and cross-fertilization of plants, that may be of value in suggesting how the fibre of the human race may be improved. No legislation is to be proposed by this committee. The information of value is to be made available to the interested man or woman. To

initiate at Christmas schemes like this that may ultimately lead to human uplift is charity raised to its highest power; for after all, what better can we do for the man than give him the mental lever by which he can bring about his own redemption?

Finally: "Service" is the word of "the still small voice" that comes out of the spirituality that hovers everywhere behind the fierce economic struggle of modern times. And to be of service to our fellows does not mean that we need possess the thousands, not to speak of the millions which make up many a fortune. The service which is appropriate at Christmas may consist of giving only the cup of cold water where it is needed, and, when the cup is so given, the giver's name, so Edwin Markham assures us,

"Is whispered in the God's abode."

To An Oregon Raft Log, Cast Ashore

BY CHARLES S. ROSS

You swayed and bowed to many a Norther's might,
 Among your lofty comrades of the wood,
 And where the ghostly mountain's snowy hood
 Shows pale beneath the late March moon's cold light
 And migrant fowl like shadows pass in flight.
 You heard the freshet rushing in a flood
 To rouse the river's wild torrential mood
 With thunders as of hosts that press to fight.

The hand of man had marked you for his need,
 Bound and imprisoned you; o'er ocean's plain
 His tugging galleons towed you, yet his greed
 O'er-reached his aim—the friendly gale amain
 Fell full upon his handiwork and freed
 You, and your foot hath found the land again!

A Christmas Vision


BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

I dreamed a dream while in the less'ning gray
Of twilight; sunrise ushered in the day—
The day of days when Christian hearts must pray.

Methought a Voice that pealed forth loud and clear,
And like a brazen trumpet smote mine ear,
Aroused me from my sleep benumbed with fear.


And as I looked about me, by my side,
An ancient sage, with solemn gesture, cried:
"Arise, thou sluggard! this is Christmas tide."

Then as he spake, the mellow note of chime,
Ringing out blithely in sweet, rhythmic time,
Told of the Christ, in music's tone sublime.




"Ah! there into the Temple, at the Shrine,
There will I shrive me with the Holy Wine,
There will I kneel in hallowed rite divine!"

So up I started, but the sage said "Nay!
Pause thou, my brother, while I lead the way.
Without and not within the Church we stay!"



And as the crowd passed through the Temple door,
A cripple hobbled all forlorn and poor,
To beg small alms of rich men gone before.



The pompous and the wealthy in their state,
Close by the Altar in the Temple sate,
While sick and needy lingered at the gate.

And of the paupers was a little Child,
Of wond'rous beauty and a mein so mild
Methought 'twas heaven when his pale lips smiled.

From out the Temple swelled the organ's chord,
Then voices rose in praise of Christ, the Lord,
And loud the priest proclaimed the Master's Word!

Still, there beside me at the closed door,
Among the lowly, humble and the poor,
The boy stood patient, weak and wounded sore.

And one there was who roughly said: "Make way!
Know not, ye beggars, this is Christmas Day?
The great and wealthy are come here to pray!"

I clasped the trembling Boy against my breast,
And on his forehead loving kisses prest.
"Here, brother," said I, "here cling thou and rest."

While still I spake the Child rose in a cloud,
Down to the earth prostrated fell the crowd,
And from the heaven His voice rolled clear and loud:

"I am the Lord, Christ God of Israel,
Spurned from the Temple where my high-priests dwell,
When e'en their lips of Holy Scripture tell.

"I care not for the dogma and the creed,
The carved Cathedral that frowns down on need—
The best devotion is a kindly deed.

"No right of Temple e'er a sinner shrove.
Heed ye this Revelation from Above:
All God's Great Kingdom is Good Will and Love.."

And so He passed in shining clouds away,
And I awoke to greet the Christmas day—
Awoke, but still the Vision led the way.



Christmas in the Hills

BY VIRGINIA GARLAND

Illustrated by Eloise J. Roorbach

IN that Cornish mining city, high in the Sierras, where the maple groves out-color the autumn hues of other lands, where the brisk cold air blows down from glacier peaks and frozen moraines, I have watched, as if at a play, the village folks, gathering at the mountain railway station, laden with Christmas greens, for the big cities "down below." Great boughs of pine they are bringing, and toyon and myrtle, mistletoe, huckleberry branches, wild smylax, Christmas ferns—a picturesque crowd framed in the rich, fresh touch of evergreens.

When the sapling firs are standing decked in strange tinsel array, when the red clusters are wound into stiff, compact wreaths, and hang in chancel and hall, will they grace half as fine a sight as they do here, in this crisp, free mountain air, near their source, surrounding the keen highland faces? I see again the long, crowded, crooked, narrow, clamorous main street, the clean, white houses, the huge smoke stacks of the stamp mills, the noisy river leaping through the settlement, the dark forests rising behind the town; hear again the deep English

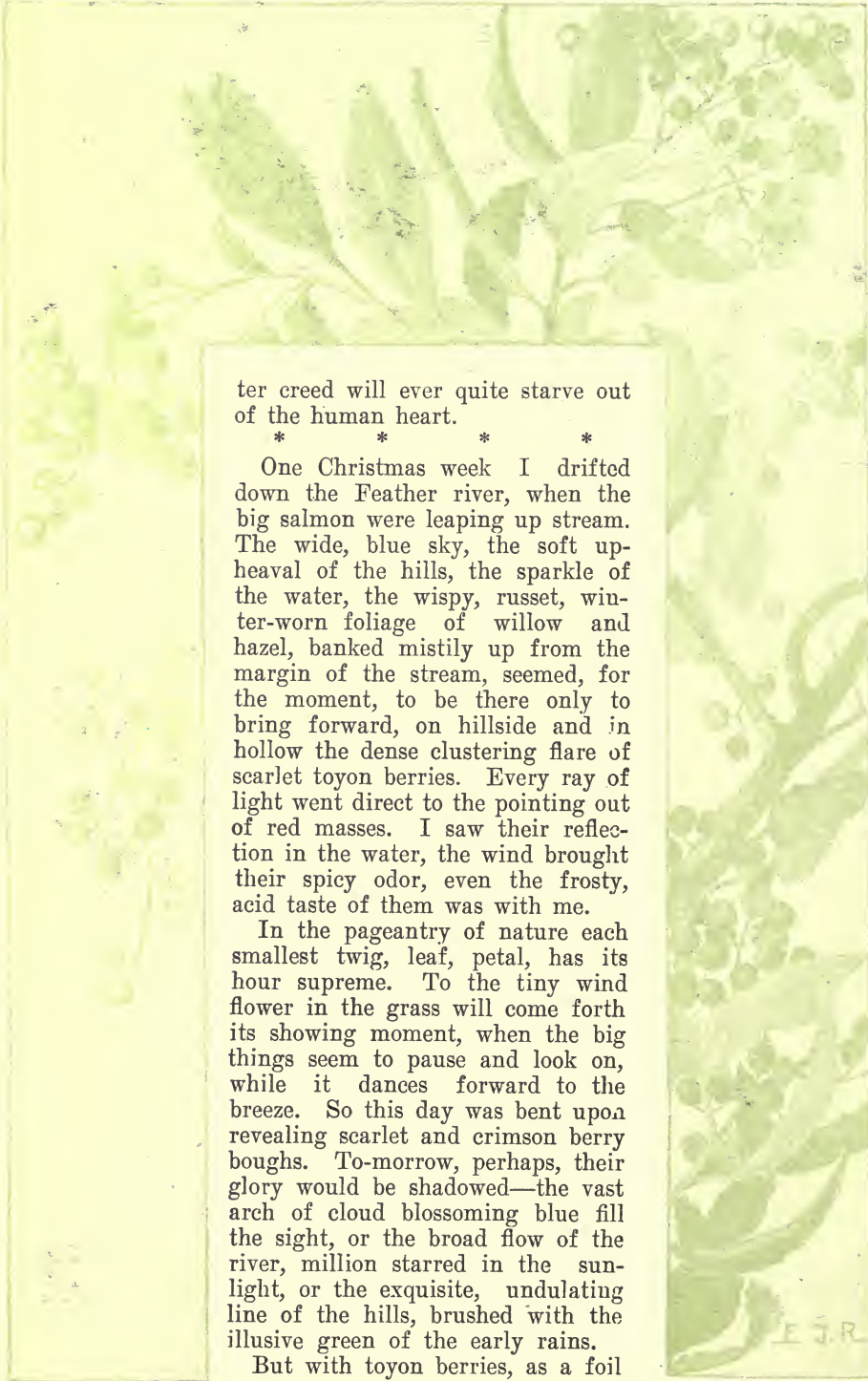
voices, and delight with them in their Saxon love of greens.

Here is a sturdy, straight limbed Cornish girl, and her younger sister, carrying between them a long pole on which is hung heavy bunches of toyon berries neatly tied. Her sweetheart is a florist in Sacramento, and she is taking her berries and her red cheeks to him. Up the long steps of the station toils a small boy, almost completely covered with his burden of ferns. His mittened hands, so cold that morning as he sought in the iced ravine, are now hot and glowing, his round face rosy and dripping with perspiration. And here comes old Jack, the wood-chopper, lolling on the top of his wagon, that tips and sways with its waving, overflowing load of Christmas trees. I suspect the old man is partly drunk, but I return his boisterous greeting merrily. Half, at least, of his high spirits, comes of his sweating joy of labor in the stimulant air of the pines.

The wobbly mountain train steams into the station. I get on board with the crowd. Greens and reds, and laughter everywhere. We sway over a tumbling, joyous river; we snatch at branches switching past the windows; the spruce woods hide the sky. At Colfax and Auburn and other highland stations, more greens are taken on, until the car is redolent with the spice of crushed berries rolling down the aisles, the wafting fragrance of Incense cedar, and spruce and fir. Into the grime of the cities the green boughs go, feeding that hunger of the forest, that pagan love of the wild wood which no down teaching of any bet-



"The human heart has not wandered far from the heart of the forest."



ter creed will ever quite starve out
of the human heart.

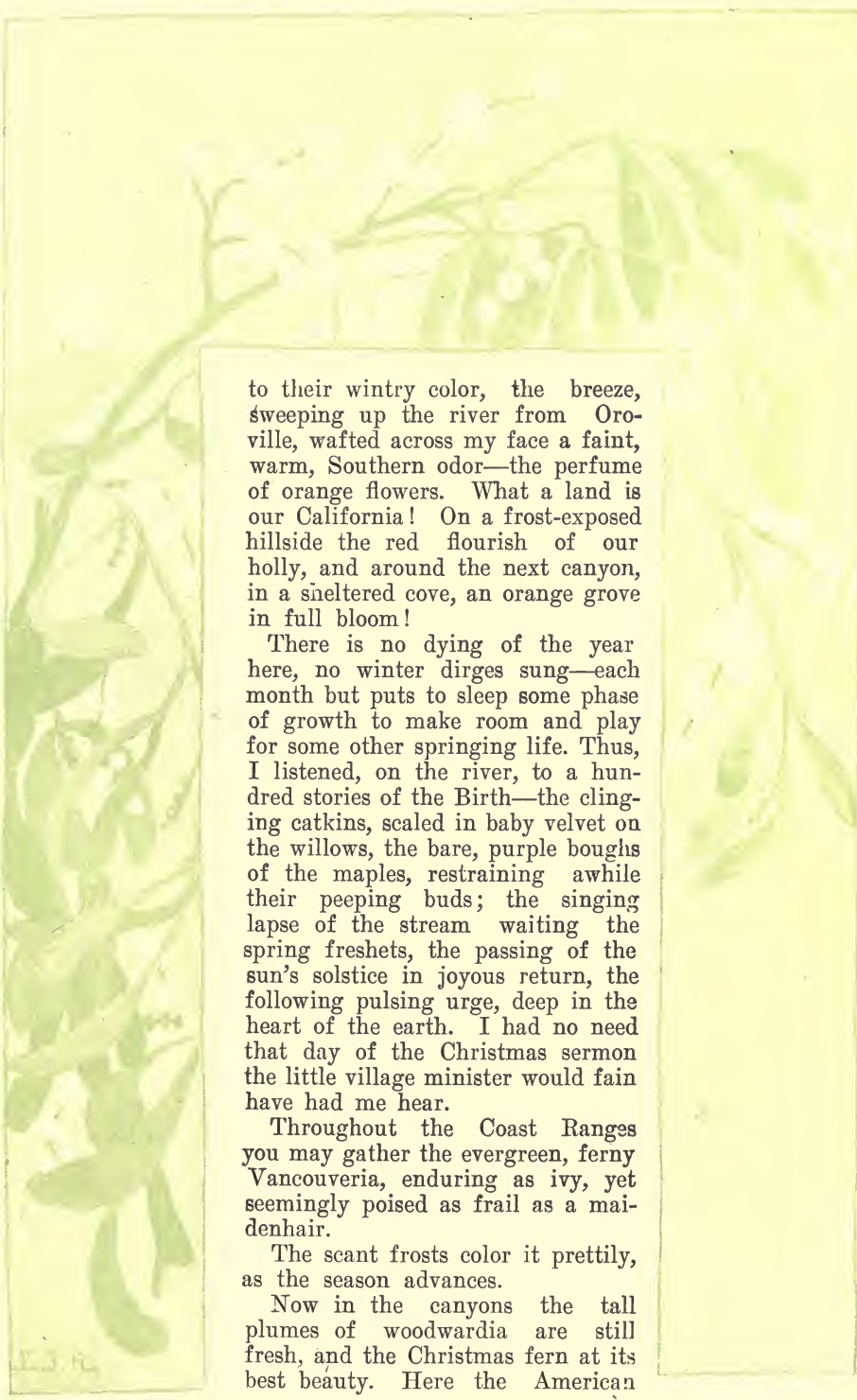
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One Christmas week I drifted down the Feather river, when the big salmon were leaping up stream. The wide, blue sky, the soft upheaval of the hills, the sparkle of the water, the wispy, russet, winter-worn foliage of willow and hazel, banked mistily up from the margin of the stream, seemed, for the moment, to be there only to bring forward, on hillside and in hollow the dense clustering flare of scarlet toyon berries. Every ray of light went direct to the pointing out of red masses. I saw their reflection in the water, the wind brought their spicy odor, even the frosty, acid taste of them was with me.

In the pageantry of nature each smallest twig, leaf, petal, has its hour supreme. To the tiny wind flower in the grass will come forth its showing moment, when the big things seem to pause and look on, while it dances forward to the breeze. So this day was bent upon revealing scarlet and crimson berry boughs. To-morrow, perhaps, their glory would be shadowed—the vast arch of cloud blossoming blue fill the sight, or the broad flow of the river, million starred in the sunlight, or the exquisite, undulating line of the hills, brushed with the illusive green of the early rains.

But with toyon berries, as a foil

E. J. R.



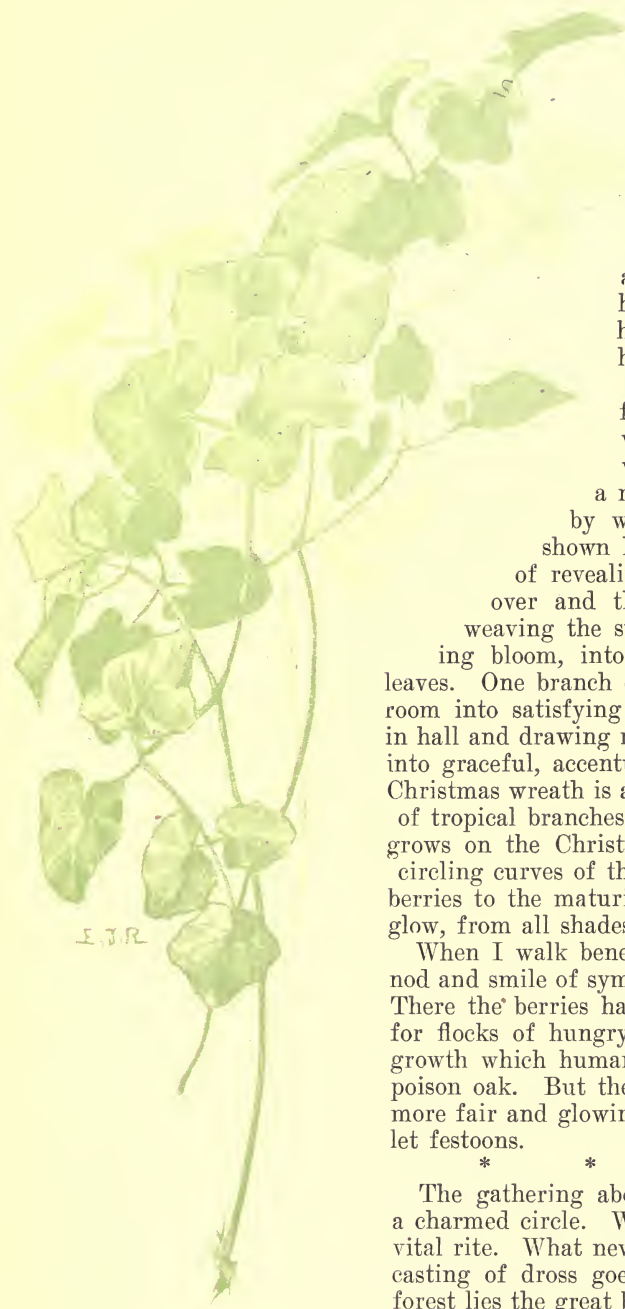
to their wintry color, the breeze, sweeping up the river from Oroville, wafted across my face a faint, warm, Southern odor—the perfume of orange flowers. What a land is our California! On a frost-exposed hillside the red flourish of our holly, and around the next canyon, in a sheltered cove, an orange grove in full bloom!

There is no dying of the year here, no winter dirges sung—each month but puts to sleep some phase of growth to make room and play for some other springing life. Thus, I listened, on the river, to a hundred stories of the Birth—the clinging catkins, scaled in baby velvet on the willows, the bare, purple boughs of the maples, restraining awhile their peeping buds; the singing lapse of the stream waiting the spring freshets, the passing of the sun's solstice in joyous return, the following pulsing urge, deep in the heart of the earth. I had no need that day of the Christmas sermon the little village minister would fain have had me hear.

Throughout the Coast Ranges you may gather the evergreen, ferny Vancouveria, enduring as ivy, yet seemingly poised as frail as a maidenhair.

The scant frosts color it prettily, as the season advances.

Now in the canyons the tall plumes of woodwardia are still fresh, and the Christmas fern at its best beauty. Here the American



mistletoe
fruits its
large, white
berries, some-
times tinged
with faint
pink, and the
madrono, that
glorious red-

arrayed tree of the Santa Cruz
hills, hangs its crimson berries
high above the reach of ruthless
hands.

No sudden surprise of red
fruit, no day's seeking in the
woods, can encompass the joy
which comes by living close to
a madrono tree, in watching, week
by week, the brilliant play of out-
shown hues this tree seems never tired
of revealing. The elemental colors burn
over and through it. You almost see it
weaving the sunlight and its own blue hover-
ing bloom, into the triumphal burst of broad
leaves. One branch of it will startle a commonplace
room into satisfying outlines. Its decorative power
in hall and drawing room merges the harshest corners
into graceful, accentuated strength. The hand-woven
Christmas wreath is a poor thing beside its free sweep
of tropical branches. But one loves it best where it
grows on the Christmas hills, bending to the wide-
circling curves of the Open, turning its young green
berries to the maturing warmth of the sun, till they
glow, from all shades of yellow to deepest crimson.

When I walk beneath a madrono, I always send a
nod and smile of sympathy up to its highest branches.
There the berries hang out of reach, not for us, but
for flocks of hungry thrushes and robins. Another
growth which humanity is forced to let alone is the
poison oak. But the natal days in the hills is made
more fair and glowing with what is left of their scar-
let festoons.

* * * * *

The gathering about the Christmas fire is always
a charmed circle. We are in that hour performing a
vital rite. What new resolves will find the sky; what
casting of dross goes up in the flame. Out in the
forest lies the great bole, fallen by the pruning winds,
the same unceasing burning, tenderly lifting the

crumbling bark, laying the deep heart open to the sun. There is no smallest act of
humanity which has not been worked out for our perceptions in the Open. But our
cold, quick-passing bodies cannot abide by this slow ceremony of the years, this ever
sung litany of the sun and the wind. We need the heat and the hasty burning to
bring us poignantly in touch with universal fires. So we bring in the Yule log, set
our household fires burning, gather about and tell old tales and dream new dreams,
and are taken up in the same gradual, ever-casting, ever-burning, ever-living Change.
that goes on about us. Through the stricken centuries, soothing the sting of tangled


truths, one message has remained clear and compelling—the Call of the Open.

The human heart has not wandered far from the heart of the forest, however strange and devious are our ways of expression. Once at least in the year we remember and reach out our hands to the wilderness. The love of the living bough is hard to down. Wind us about with dead forms and traditions, house us in church and hall, storm at us from chancel and pulpit, still we will ever hear the call, and no mere man may pronounce or withhold a blessing to him who understands the higher, harder-earned benediction of the sky.

These are the days when all the dormant color left over from the summer comes to the surface. The bronze and the red and the green shine brightly forth on all the leaves left on bush and tree. Huckleberry stems are at their reddest; rose leaves, touched with the cold, like drops of coral; saxifrage leaves tinged with russet and warm purple. Soon the long rains will beat down, and soak out the brilliance of the woods; the bright color will begin to fade, run out, drip into the soil, to be taken up again in spring and budded forth in myriad perfumed petals. The leaves are mostly gone from the snowberry bushes, leaving the white globules airily scattered among the twigs in dense, shadowed thickets, or on sunny hillsides against the perpendicular vista of a chaparral, bowed as if they had been thrown there, and lodged in mid-air. Sometimes when the long sun rays slant down, covering the upholding stems in strong shade, each pearly drop seems to hang suspended on the end of the finely barred sun-beams.

The forest has always this manner of mixing up effects of sunlight and form, of melting solid matter and mimicing density with a deep-drawn shadow. One does not notice this at once, but you cannot live long in the woods without gradually learning that they are not the same woods you entered at first. With keened eyes, you learn to pierce distance, which appeared flat, empty, to find there brimming growth, form and action.

Each season has its own way of leading your eyes into strange labyrinths of color and light. You must change the seeking focus of your sight to meet the change coming over the Christmas hills.



In time we shall revert again to the wisdom of seeking at the source. The day shall dawn when we have learned to go for guidance in the hour of our deepest joy, greatest triumph, sternest trial, as the Nazarene went—into the Wilderness, the Open.



Yule Tide in Merrie England

Katherine Elwes Thomas —

"O you merry, merry souls,
Christmas is a-coming;
We shall have flowing bowls,
Dancing, piping, drumming.

Delicate minced pies,
To feast every Virgin,
Capon and goose likewise,
Brawn and dish of sturgeon.

Then for your Christmas box,
Sweet plum cakes and money,
Delicate Holland smocks,
Kisses sweet as honey.

Hey for the Christmas ball,
Where we shall be jolly,
Jigging short and tall,
Kate, Dick, Ralph and Molly.

Then to the hop we'll go,
Where we shall jig and caper;
Maidens all in a row,
Will shall pay the scraper.

Hodge shall dance with Prue,
Keeping time with kisses;
We'll have a jovial crew
Of sweet, smirking misses."

—From "Round About Our Coal Fire,"
1740.

So cheerily sing the Christmas Waits
at the coming of the Yule-tide in Merrie
England, where of all seasons of the year,
the 25th of December is that most given
over to mirth and jollity.

The carnival of old Father Christmas,
as the children of England lovingly call

the good St. Nicholas, is kept right royally by all classes as the time when wrongs are forgiven and all unhappiness of strife sinks out of sight in the pool of a universal joy.

At the present time, Christmas is somewhat shorn of those ancient glories in England which in the long ago marked it as a season of superabundant hilarity. But the essence of these ancient revels remaining mark it the supreme holiday to which all classes look forward as that date upon the calendar on which, however widely separated families may be during the remainder of the year, there is ever made earnest effort for a general reunion.

The hanging of the stockings by the nursery fireside is as indispensable a feature of Christmas in England as is the tree. And the childish custom of inditing letters to the patron saint of the holidays beseeching his largess in unstinted manner at the coming of the Yule-tide is universal.

With the King and Queen, accompanied by the entire royal family and household, setting example of being present at morning service, attendance upon church has scarcely larger showing in Mayfield and Belgravia than in the lowly districts of Whitechapel, Houndsditch, Stepney and Shoreditch.

This, too, is the day on which roast goose is supreme with the bounteous din-

ners appropriately brought to a close by holly wreathed plum pudding, plentifully sprinkled with spirits, to be borne into the feast amid cheers of the assembled company.

In the bestowal of gifts there are in practice two customs for English house parties. The first is for the members of the family to wait until their guests shall have retired before making a tour of their own rooms for interchange of remembrances. This is considered as doing away with any feeling on the part of the company that there will be expected a present for each member of the household.

The other custom is to have the distribution take place immediately after breakfast, when all adjourn to the billiard room. There upon the long table are heaped in little mounds the presents. Such of the guests as have brought something for each person then make the tour of the table, adding a gift to each pile.

It is generally understood that not only will each guest be remembered upon Christmas morning by the host and hostess, but that they will in turn attend the house party bearing suitable remembrances for their entertainers.

When the King and Queen assemble house parties either at Sandringham or

Windsor, each person invited presents to their Majesties a very splendid gift. This custom, as may be imagined, is frequently a severe tax upon the income of the donors, since all persons of rank sufficient to be included in one of the royal house parties has by no means a bank account corresponding to the position in Burke. Their Majesties invariably make substantial and elegant gifts to all official members of their household.

The day after Christmas, known in England as Boxing Day, sees every train running into London bear an amazingly large freight of children. The parents and friends accompanying them are quite as openly delighted as are the little ones at the prospect of the spectacular treat in witnessing the Christmas Pantomime. And always it is to Covent Garden that all feet wend their way, since 'tis there from such time as has been a Covent Garden theatre that the place has, during the Christmas holidays, been given up to the ravishing delights of the pantomime which each successive season would seem to be put upon the boards with more splendid elaborateness.

This holiday time enjoyment is happily by no means limited to children of the rich. It is the vital merry making of the Yule-tide in which, through the gener-



English manor house.

osity of certain lovers of all childhood, the theatre is literally crowded to its utmost capacity at each performance. It is that Mecca toward which the youthful feet treading their happy way, go from thence with lingering step to dream throughout the remainder of the year delicious visions of Harlequin and Columbine, of comical tyranny of the clown, and loud-voiced woes of Pantaloon.

All charity schools and children's hospitals receive an invitation to attend the Pantomime at some time during its run in the holidays, which terminate on Twelfth Day, and are everywhere marked by jollity, for it is then that the youngsters, being home from school, everything is done for their entertainment.

In Scotland, every member of the household must give a stir to the plum-pudding as indicating in thus taking part in the good things of the season, they are imbued with that good will which is the soul of the holy festival.

A custom peculiar to Scotland, as interesting as it is unique, is the keeping of "Hansel Monday." This is the first Monday of the New Year, when each person gives a "hansel," which, being inter-

preted, is a small gift to insure luck for the coming twelve-month.

The singing of carols is as old almost as Christmas, dating back to the time when the Bishops of the Church were accustomed to sing carols among the clergy. The earliest specimen of genuine carol preserved with reverent care in the British Museum Library is composed of Norman-French, and belongs to the 13th Century. Following this, the first printed set of carols or Christmas chants is collected in that priceless volume of Wynkyn de Worde in 1521.

In Yorkshire, on Christmas morning, the village children go "gooding," bearing with them a fir tree as badge of their mission. From door to door they tramp, singing:

"Well-a-day! Well-a-day!
Christmas too soon goes away.
Then for your gooding we pray
For the good time will not stay.

We are not beggars from door to door,
But neighbors' children known before,
So gooding pray,
We cannot stay,
But must away,



Where Yule-tide week-end festivities are held.



Street in English village.

For the Christmas will not stay—
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!”

In many places Christmas eve is selected for the singing of carols by choristers of the village church, who make the circuit of the principal houses. This is a favorite practice in Devonshire, where the moneys received is clubbed and expended a fortnight later in the Twelfth Day jollification.

One of the most charming of these carols, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, comes under the merry title of

Here We Come A-Whistling.

Here we come a-whistling through the fields so green,
Here we come a-singing, so fair to be seen,
God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a happy New Year!

The roads are very dirty, my boots are very thin, -

I have a little pocket to put a penny in.
God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a happy New Year!
Bring out your little table and spread it with a cloth

Bring out some of your old ale, likewise your Christmas loaf.

God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a happy New Year!

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress, too,
And all the little children that round the table strew.

God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a happy New Year!

The cock sat up in the yew tree,
The hen came clucking by,
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a good fat pig in the sty!”

In some churches of rural England there is yet preserved the ancient custom at close of the morning service of the clerk calling out in loud voice to the departing congregation: “A merry Christmas! And a happy New Year!”

Yule-tide is the Scottish dialect for Christmas, the term being identical with that given by the Goths and Saxons to the festival of the winter solstice. And just as by far the greater number of the Christmas time festivities, especially the general distribution of gifts, are survivals of the Roman Saturnalia, so it is that from the pagans come to us the Yule-tide rites of hanging the mistletoe and burning of the Yule log.

It was from the west-midland counties of Worcester and Gloucester that mistletoe flourishes in great abundance and practically supplies the British market.

The olden custom of hauling the Yule



On the road to Bury Green.

log from the forest, with every one raising his hat as it passes, and installing it in the fireplace of baronial halls amid vast cheering, is still kept up where large house parties are gathered to do justice to the Christmas cheer. But it is now an exceedingly rare event for the bringing in of the wild boar's head to have part in any of this modern feasting.

The log having been placed in position and ignited with the "ashton," or fag-got preserved for this purpose from the log of the previous Christmas, there is solemnly lighted a candle of monstrous size. This is the Yule-tide candle, which thereafter sheds its light for the evening upon the company.

In the buttery of St. John's College, Oxford, is a stone socket ornamented with the figure of the Holy Lamb, wherein formerly at Christmas always burned the Yule-tide candle.

Some of the Christmas customs still adhered to in various parts of England are most interesting. Among these is that of the Devonshire farmers who, gathering their friends about them on Christmas eve, entertain with hot cakes and ale. A procession is then formed, the host leading the way to the orchard, bearing an offering of cakes and ale to the principal apple tree, about which the company sing:

"Bear blue apples and pears enow,
Barn fulls, bags full, sack fulls,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The country folk of quaint Devon and Cornwall still firmly believe that at midnight of Christmas eve the cattle fall upon their knees in adoration of the child Jesus born at Bethlehem. Bees, they affirm, rouse up at that mystic hour and sing a Gloria in their hives.

If you are so fortunate as to be invited to make one of a house party for the Yule-tide, your experience is likely to prove one never to be forgotten, for this season has three distinct phases—its celebration in the home, the churches and the theatres.

Primarily and essentially, it is a home festival—that of the peace on earth, good will toward men, which is its body and spirit. The time when, with holly and mistletoe making lovely home and church, with pantries filled with all manner of tempting substantials and sweets, the spirit of generosity extends cordial cheer whereby the humblest dwellings may warm into joyousness.

The home having been wreathed and festooned with holly and mistletoe, households assemble on Christmas even to prettily preserve the cheery custom of singing in praise of the holly:

"Here comes the holly that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent.

Allelujah!

Whoso against holly do sing
He may weep and his hands wring.

Allelujah!

Snapdragon is a favorite sport which has been handed down from generation to generation, and is by many considered indispensable to the jollity of the season. A quantity of raisins having been placed in a bowl or shallow dish, brandy is poured over the fruit and ignited. By turns the guests endeavor to grasp a raisin, plunging their hands as fearlessly as may be through the Snapdragon flames. As this is difficult, requiring courage no less than dexterity, much merriment is excited at the expense of the timid and unsuccessful.

An atmosphere of the supernatural is added to the lapping blue and red flames by extinguishing all lights prior to igniting the spirit in which swim the plump raisins. Then follows sepulchral chanting of

"The Song of the Snapdragon."

Here he comes with flaming bowl,
Don't he mean to take his toll,

Snip! Snap! Dragon!

"Take care you don't take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

"With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

For he snaps at all that comes,
Snapping at his feast of plums,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

But old Christmas makes him come,
Though he looks so fee! fa! fum!

Snip! Snap! Dragon!

"Don't 'ee fear him, be but bold,
Out he goes, his flames are cold,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!"

Christmas evening is the great occasion for children's parties. Early in the afternoon the little ones begin to arrive, visions of loveliness in the daintiest of white frocks, with pretty sashes and shoulder knots, the boys in snowy sailor costumes. With rush of merry laughter and tip-toeing of delight, the children under convoy of their elders, troop up the stairway to have their outer wrappings removed, and descend from thence to the drawing-room. There awaiting them in joyous fluttering stand the small entertainers graciously performing their mimic honors beside the mother.



Windsor Castle (east terrace), where King Edward and Queen Alexandra generally entertain house parties at Christmas.

The Christmas tree is, of course, on such occasions the event of moment, standing resplendant with glittering festoons, starred with many hued candles. From every branch hang down mysteriously ribbon-tied packages, with beneath the green banking of the tree trunk such an array of dolls, drums, sleds and skates as make every young heart leap anew in expectation.

Before any of these surprises are probed, however, comes tea, with delicious plum buns for the youngsters. Then adjourning to the larger drawing room or library, the afternoon flies on rainbow-tinted wings in games which every English-speaking child has for centuries delighted in. There is "Hunt the Slipper," "Ring Around the Roses," "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Blind Man's Buff," and all the gay list in which we have delighted since first in the dim ages some soul of happy inspiration invented the charmed lot.

Almost before one realizes, it is the mystic hour! Above rippling laughter sounds the clang of a great gong! The children pause quivering with the keenness of delight, for often as it comes, year after year, and well as they know what it portends, this sound is always accompanied by deliciously indescribable thrills.

Not a candle has yet been lit. Yet of a sudden the room and all out of doors is illuminated by the gorgeous red and yellow glare of an immense bonfire of brushwood to which, on the instant, the torch has been applied, and the air is filled with the throbbing music, as outside the village Waits sing:

"When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem in that far citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee
In Excelsis Gloria!

"Herdsman beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said: 'God's son is born this night!'
In Excelsis Gloria!

"The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Thereby this song we have in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

"Then Lord for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace
In Excelsis Gloria!

With the last glad ringing notes the door bursts open, and in rushes old Father Christmas, clad in scarlet robe, trimmed about with fluffy white bordering. Upon his head is the regulation pudding bag can, his snowy beard covers his breast, and on his back a scarlet bag is filled with gifts. The wide-mouthed top of this pack, heaped with holly, makes fine background of shining green leaves and brilliant berries for his jolly face.

"A happy Christmas!" jovially calls out the newcomer to the children ere, with ceremonious bow to the hostess, he begs her kind permission to take part in the merry making of the hour. This having been bestowed with smiling cordiality, Father Christmas, seizing a long taper, proceeds to illuminate the tree.

Joining hands, all slowly circle round the tree, singing that deliciously sweet old carol of Wynkyn de Worde:

"As I sat under a sycamore tree,
A sycamore tree, a sycamore tree
I looked out upon the sea,
A Christmas day in the morning.

"I saw three ships a-sailing there,
A-sailing there, a-sailing there,
The Virgin Mary and Christ they bare,
A Christmas day in the morning.

"He did whistle, and she did sing,
She did sing, she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
A Christmas day in the morning.

"And now we hope to taste your cheer,
To taste your cheer, to taste your cheer
And wish you all a happy New Year,
A Christmas day in the morning."

As the echo of the carol dies away, the hush that involuntarily follows is broken by loud, imperative ringing of the gong. Weird, blinding flashes of blue light shoot upward from the bonfire outside as Father Christmas, holding up his hand commandingly, waves it merrily out, as there comes the tinkle of sleigh bells. Looking about at the awe-struck children,



Old English gateway.

he breaks into merriest laughter that make his fat sides shake, as bowing and kissing his finger tips to the assembled company, he makes rapid exit, calling out:

"Merry Christmas to all
And to all a Good-night!"

Bang! The great door closes upon him and the drawing room doors are thrown wide with the merry announcement that the Christmas feast is served. The children sit about the table to be waited upon by the grown-ups, who don fancy hats and caps of colored tissue paper for the occasion.

When the little ones have gone and dinner has been served, the evening is spun far into the morning hours with a round of dancing, until there sounds the strain of the reel, when with one accord all singing "He's a Fine Old English Gentleman," the guests form down either side of the holly-decorated walls for the "Sir Roger de Coverly," the crowning glory of the Yule-tide in merrie England.

Christmas is celebrated in Wales with a cordiality that is amazing for so generally sedate and silent a people. When with holly, evergreens and cedars, intermingled with blooming plants, and always everywhere mistletoe cunningly introduced even into church decorations, the Welch have put even the humblest homes in fitting trim for Christmas gayeties, they are ready for celebration of their national institution, the Eisteddfodd. This direct survival of Druidic rites consists, at this season, of recitations of original poetry and essays, which, taken in conjunction with the invariably fine singing, is popular with all classes, and has distinctive educative tendency.

So eager are the Welch for the Christmas cheer to be inaugurated, the Waits in Cardiff and other portions of Glamorganshire distribute themselves about the streets as early as the beginning of December. And with first appearance of these Waits upon the public highways, Christmas may fairly be said to have begun in Wales.

While in England the mummers, Waits, carols and bell ringers are for the most part but picturesque legends of the past, directly the reverse is true in Wales. And

right merrily the time flies until the coming of Twelfth Night festivities brings fitting jubilant close to the long winter holidays. From the topmost rocky limit of Northern Wales to where the southern border meets and becomes one with the British Channel, the bell-ringers send their joy peals abroad. With the pride of his local glory at heart, each bell-ringer chimes his merriest, cheeriest, clashing peal from respective steeple. To these in the country districts telling of the Christ-child's birth, there is added in the city a clangor that literally fills all the listening air when at this festive time are gathered a concourse of from twenty-five to forty ringers, each bent upon showing his brother man with what melody a Welshman can herald forth the story of Bethlehem. These ringers, gathered from neighboring smaller towns and hamlets to exhibit their prowess upon the city bells, one after the other taking up the task, make merry all the day, silence coming only when the rival musicians gather about the bountifully-laden board.

And again, upon the last night of the year, the bell-ringers reign supreme, for 'tis then to mournful slow tolling of the bells the Waits sing the Welsh carol, "Mae'r ffwyddn yn mawr," which being translated, is "The Old Year is Dying."

"The old year is dying fast, dying away,
A dull, cloudy sunset has closed its last
day,
The night winds are sighing, the last hour
is fled,
The bells are all tolling—the old year is
dead!"

Scarcely have the last words been sung before quick and joyous clash the bells of the New Year, and every Welchman, turning to his neighbor, wishes him happiness and luck in the twelvemonth so auspiciously begun.

To this the children of Pembrokeshire add their quota in perpetuation of an exceedingly ancient custom. Having drawn from the well a cup of sparkling clear water, and broken from the nearest bough a sprig of evergreen, they go their rounds of the village. Dipping the branch into the water, they sprinkle the face of every villager encountered in their progress, singing lustily as they go:

"Here we bring new water from the well
 so clear
 For to worship God with this happy New
 Year;
 Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water
 and the wine,
 With seven bright gold wires and bugles
 that do shine.
 Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon
 her toe;
 Open you the west door and let the old
 year go;
 Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon
 her chin;
 Open you the east door and let the New
 Year in."

The singing of carols by the Waits is generally throughout Wales in their native tongue, which, well rendered, is peculiarly soft and sweet. Occasionally there will alternate a famous early English carol. But which ever it is, the rich calibre of the Welsh voice makes of it a genuine musical treat. In addition to this itinerant singing, there is certain to be a truly marvelous array of Christmas concerts and musical entertainments, which, because of the native love of music and unquestioned ability, combines to render thoroughly enjoyable.

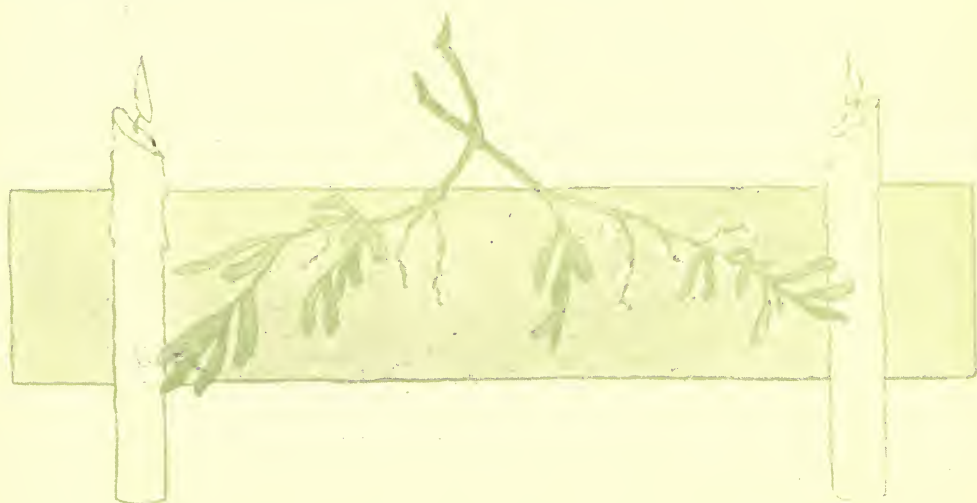
Now and again, a harper playing the role of wandering minstrel, enters a community where the Christmas observances are progressing at a rather more sedate pace than one would fancy altogether appropriate to place and season. For such, it requires but the first quick, full throb-

bing chord to effect a complete change. Up jumps the sturdy farmer, with lads and lassies, on the instant following, and away they all spin into mazy intricacies of the exciting Welsh jig. Yet all the while with movements as tempestuous as any Irish lilting or exciting as a Scotch sword dance, the gravity of the Welsh countenance never relaxes, since 'tis truly a most serious business upon which all are now intent.

Then, presto! a rich voice strikes into some familiar Christmas air, and to the strange, utterly unpronounceable words, the harpist keeps skillful accompaniment, every man, woman and child in the room right royally singing their best.

Largess to the poor is at Christmas a striking feature of Welsh observance of the great Christian festival. In addition to the baskets heaped with substantials left at every door, the poor of each parish are, on Christmas, entertained with a bountiful dinner. This is followed later by afternoon tea at the various church houses in which even inhabitants of the infirmaries and workhouses take delighted part.

As in England, boxing night in Southern Wales is, by the masses, devoted to attendance upon the pantomime. Robin Hood and his merrie men are especial favorites with all Welshmen, as is testified by the numerous statues in their country to the Merrie King of Outlaws. And if perchance the pantomime happens to tell of him on boxing night, all Wales is agog to attend.





Miss Izeita Jewel, leading lady at the Colonial Theatre, who is instrumental in giving an Xmas tree to refugee children.

Charitable Organizations

Their Rehabilitation and What They are Going to do for the Children at Christmas Time

BY EVELYN CRAWFORD

THE Christmas spirit, which has always so bountifully spread its wings over San Francisco, shedding the radiance of sweet giving through every household, will not forsake us this year. But with the added incentive of a calamity that has united the hearts of the people and widened their sympathies, the Christmas spirit will diffuse happiness and love into the darkest corner of our city and make this a memorable feast of Christ Love.

The many charitable organizations which, in former years, did so much to make the homeless and suffering children's Christmas a happy one are making plans to celebrate in the usual manner.

The Doctor's Daughters.

The Doctor's Daughters, a band of capable, helpful society girls, well known in San Francisco for efficient work among the needy, was the first to offer its services to the refugees.

Before the disaster it had been the method of these "Daughters" to rehabilitate the ones who applied to them for help. A person or family was given substantial aid—sent to a hospital, if sick, and looked after until well; then employment was procured, and the applicant faced the world with renewed courage. Their motto, "Helping those who try to help themselves," proved a good working theory before the fire, and their experience enabled them to cope with the situation brought about by the destruction of incomes on April 18th. Immediately after, Miss Susanne McEwen, President of the Doctor's Daughters; Miss Jennie Blair, Vice-President; Miss Jean Pollock, Miss Persis Coleman and Mrs. T. D. Fennimore secured an empty house on Washington street, near the Red Cross headquarters and threw themselves

into the work of aiding the refugees. When the necessity ceased, the house was given up, but the ladies continue the good work in individual cases, and many delicately reared women who could not bring themselves to apply to the relief committee have cause to bless the Doctor's Daughters.

This society very seldom comes before the public, but when it does, the fashionable people make the occasion an event well worth remembering.

Last year, the "Merchant of Venice," with Dick Hotaling as Shylock, was played at the Majestic Theatre for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters, and netted them the sum of six thousand dollars.

A rather amusing mistake that is constantly being made concerning the Doctor's Daughters is thinking that the members are physicians' daughters, when, as a matter of fact, the society was formed by the daughter of Dr. Robert Mackenzie, the eminent divine, and for a time that beloved pastor directed its work.

It was not the intention of those helpful young women to give any entertainment this winter, but they are going to "mother" a beautiful project whereby the refugee children of San Francisco are to have a Christmas that will outdo any previous one in their experience. Messrs. Kurtzig and Bacon, managers of the Colonial Theatre, will, on the afternoon before Christmas, give a free performance of "Cinderella" to the refugee children. An immense Christmas tree will be placed on the stage after the performance, and a useful gift presented to each child in the theatre. The Doctor's Daughters will have charge of the benefit, and a more delightful plan for the enjoyment of the little ones could not be conceived.

Think of it, children! To see the play of "Cinderella" would make a "peach of a time" by itself, but in addition, to have a mysterious parcel wafted down to you—perhaps by the delectable Cinderella herself—is surely crowding enough joy into one day, even though that be the day before Christmas.

Miss Izzeta Jewell, leading lady at the Colonial Theatre, who took a prominent part in the monster benefit given in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for the San Francisco sufferers, shortly after the disaster, will, with the aid of the Doctor's Daughters, have charge of the affair. Miss Jewell has received assurances from her fellow actors in the East that they will only be too glad to aid her in the matter of giving the children a merry Christmas.

The Infants' Shelter.

The Infants' Shelter building, a handsome, commodious house, situated on Columbia Square, and especially designed and fitted up for the taking care of infants—larger children, also—while the mothers were at work, was burned in the late disaster, but as soon as possible a house was procured on Howard street, between 18th and 19th, near the district that needs just such a helping hand as the Shelter can give, and at the present moment a large number of tots are being cared for.

This charitable institution has been untiring in its efforts to rescue children from neglect. No mother has ever been turned away from the Shelter whether she was able to pay the pittance required for the child's keep or not.

The organization was seriously crippled by the fire, but it is sincerely hoped that so noble a charity will soon be able to care for the children of the poor in its former comfortable, cozy fashion. Mrs. Toplitz, the president, informed me that the membership had not fallen off to any great extent.

There is an Auxiliary to the Infants' Shelter, composed entirely of young girls, who have charge of the Christmas tree for the children. Miss Alycia Mills is the President. Each year the members give an entertainment—usually in November—to procure funds to defray the expenses of the annual celebration. These

entertainments have been most successful. Sometimes it has been merely a "tea," sometimes a concert, and occasionally a fair, but whatever it was, the promoters thereof were so popular that young and old were eager to attend and spend their money in a good cause.

The fund gained in this way was spent on an immense Christmas tree, on which were presents for every child the Shelter contained.

I have a vivid recollection of one Christmas at the Shelter. The children—spotlessly clean—were seated in clusters around the magic tree, which was fairly riotous with color and heavily laden with good things. A jolly, rotund Santa Claus, puffed up with pride, covered with cotton snow and glittering with silver dust, judiciously handed out the packages to the children. One tot, her lap filled with toys, candy, a doll and various things to wear, and her heart bursting with gratitude, looked up at me and lisped in a bewildering way:

"I don't know which I like best, Dod or Tanta Tlaus."

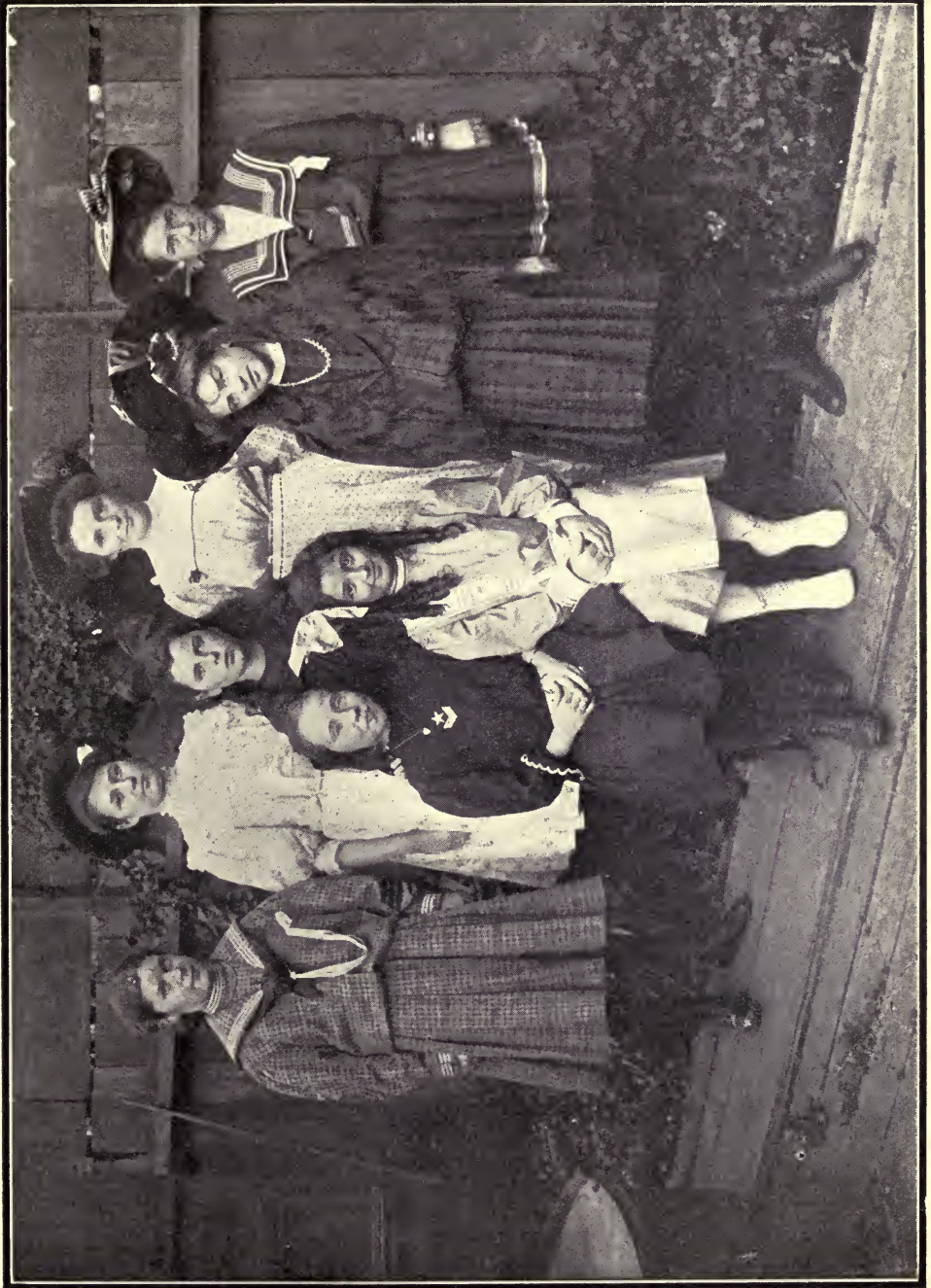
"Well," I said diplomatically, "God sent you Santa Claus, you know."

"Oh, did he?" she whispered. "Course, then, He's the bestest." And her dear, little grateful heart was satisfied.

The members of the Auxiliary had not expected to give an entertainment this year, but quite *un*-expectedly a "bazar," ready made, was put into their hands, and such a sweet, generous gift certainly deserves special mention.

A number of school children living in the neighborhood of Clay street and Presidio avenue, calling themselves "The Busy Bees," were to have held a "Fair" at the house of Mrs. Martin Regensberger on the 19th of April. As the world knows, the supreme tragedy of that time obliterated all thought of festivity, so the dainty things were put out of sight. But all summer long the "Bees" have added to their store, until it has outgrown the confines of a house, and the generous children have turned the whole thing over to the Infants' Shelter, and the sale will be held at Hamilton Hall, on Steiner and Geary streets, the third Saturday in November.

The names of the little "Busy Bees" are: Marian Regensberger, Violet and



A group of little workers for sweet charity.

Melba Cook, Norma Osborne, Marie Cutten, Alice Shalitz, Alberta Neil, Eugenia Masten and Vera Davis.

The articles range all the way from kimonas to pen-wipers, including dolls and their wardrobes, to say nothing of a hamper filled with curios and toys given by Mrs. M. H. de Young.

The price asked for admission to the bazar will be a trifle, and everything will be sold very cheaply. Those in charge will be perfectly satisfied if they make enough to give the children of the Shelter a merry Christmas. The Auxiliary of the Shelter, assisted by the unselfish Busv Bees, will have charge of the affair.

Nursery for Homeless Children.

The Nursery for Homeless Children, another excellent charitable organization, is situated out on Lake street and 14th avenue. The building, a very imposing one, fared very badly on the 18th of April. The children were made doubly homeless by the unsafe condition of the house, and were obliged to spend several days in the grounds surrounding the home. Later, they were transferred to the Foundling Hospital in Sacramento.

Thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. Jacob Bertz, the President, and her able Board of Directors, the building has been repaired. The money was donated by friends of the institution, but in compliance with Mrs. Bertz's request, the names of these good Samaritans will not be published. The home is nearly ready for occupancy, and more than likely before this article appears the little children—seventy-five in number—will be brought back to San Francisco to enjoy the comfort of this admirably fitted up home.

So much has been said and written of these charitable organizations that most San Franciscans are more or less familiar with the object of their being, but perhaps the reminder that the late disaster has increased the number of helpless children to be cared for will quicken the sympathies and interest people anew in this most blessed of charities: "The woman who takes into her heart her own children may be a good woman, but the woman who takes into her heart the children of others, she is one of God's mothers."

The Auxiliary of The Nursery of the Homeless Children is composed of girls and young matrons. Mrs. Houseworth is the president. The work of the Auxiliary in the past has been to aid in all entertainments, of which a charity ball, a sale at the St. Francis, and a card party at the Palace were most interesting events of the year B. E. The young ladies of the Auxiliary furnished the dining of the new home, and always take charge of the Christmas entertainment, which will be celebrated in the usual manner—Santa Claus and all the good things his name invokes.

I hope, however, that the pressing needs of the children will not blind Santa Claus to the children's very real, if fleeting, joy of receiving candy and "useless" toys.

A little girl, who has very sensible parents, said to me the other day: "You know, your father and mother gives you useful presents on your birthdays and Christmas, but your friends give you other things, and I just *love* 'other things.'"

Bearing this conversation in mind, my advice to Santa Claus would be to intersperse useful gifts with "other things."

The Children's Hospital is one of the great charitable institutions of San Francisco, and for many years has ably and devotedly carried on the work of bringing sick children back to health. Mrs. W. B. Harrington, its president since its organization is in very feeble health at present, and the responsibility has devolved on the Vice-Presidents, Mrs. John Merrill and Mrs. E. Pillsbury.

The building on California street was made uninhabitable on the 18th of April, and the patients were removed to the Home on Sacramento and Maple streets.

The local Red Cross, Mrs. John Merrill, President, has taken the hospital under its wing, paying the expenses and keeping the several branches—the Maternity home, contagious cottages and the typhoid wards—amply supplied with nurses and physicians. At the present time the resources of the place are taxed to the utmost.

When the Red Cross interested itself in the Children's Hospital, the work, naturally, assumed a broader character, and the old as well as the young were admitted. The necessities of this disastrous



Group of refugee children of Duboce Park, dressed up in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, to have their pictures taken.

year seemed to demand the change, and the great-hearted women of the Red Cross, who have given time, energy and the means at their command to alleviate the distress of the stricken city since April 18th, were willing to take the burden on their shoulders.

The Children's Hospital has three auxiliaries associated with it. First, the Auxiliary proper, Mrs. Taylor, President; next, the "Chrysanthemum," with Miss Rachel Hovey, President; and last, but not least because youngest, the "Marguerites," Miss Edna Davis, President. Mrs. John Merrill is honorary President of the three auxiliaries, and her kindly interest and advice is valued and sought by all the members.

The auxiliaries are to the children the fairy godmothers of book lore, transforming many a sick child's fancy into reality.

On Christmas day it has been the custom for the Auxiliary to provide the children with a bountiful dinner. The Chrysanthemums donate a tree with presents galore.

The Marguerites wait until Easter, and that day they own the hospital, and make gifts that gladden the souls of the little patients and interest them for days.

On May day, the Doctor's Daughters, though not connected with the organization, visit the hospital and shower fairy gifts on the children; so, take it all in all, the Children's Hospital is a very much favored one, and if a little "tad" *must* be ill, you couldn't blame him if he would rather go there than anywhere else, could you?

In addition to this, the Chrysanthemums support a bed in the hospital, and have been very busy the past weeks renewing the linen for the beds. Miss Edith Bullis is chairman, and has been very active in this philanthropic work.

In former years, the entertainments given by this organization were very attractive. The Feast of the Lanterns, given at the Palace, perhaps being the most notable.

Little Sisters of the Holy Family.

The Little Sisters of the Holy Family, who have sewing centers in the various refugee camps of the city, and who have been doing splendid work in teaching the

children to sew, keeping them out of mischief and surrounding them with the good influence of their beautiful self-sacrificing lives, were much interested in the plan of giving the refugee children a happy Christmas, but had no plans of their own. In fact, each day held so much of work and interest to them that they had not time to look beyond. In former years the Christmas tree had always been a part of the holiday celebration, and though it was a little early to prophesy, they certainly hoped that this Christmas would prove no exception.

California Club.

It has been the fashion of the California Club to celebrate the merry Christmas time within itself. Of late years, a breakfast to which no one but members were invited was the accepted thing. A few years ago they had what some one facetiously called an "inverted" Christmas tree; that is, the club gave the Christmas tree to itself, and all the parcels thereon were gifts by the club to the club.

This year the club will make up a Christmas box for the old people at Ingleside.

Last week the President of the club and the Board of Directors visited Ingleside and found the refugees very comfortably installed—stalled is the word—in the stables. However, the stalls are white-washed. There is covering on the floors and pictures on the walls; also curtains on the windows, and though far from luxurious, certainly preferable to the wind-swept Presidio.

Mr. Squires, who has charge of the supplies and dining room, told the ladies that if they would send out some potted palms or some hanging baskets to relieve the monotonous white of the immense dining room it would be much appreciated. Several baskets were promised, and it was also decided in a conference with Mrs. Killian, Mrs. Angelo and Miss Eaves that the club would send a Christmas box.

"Indeed," Miss Eaves remarked, "a Christmas tree would not be out of place, for a great many of these old people are almost childish in their helplessness and simple wants."

San Francisco Maternity.

The San Francisco Maternity, of which Mrs. I. Lowenberg is President, is one of the newer institutions, but in the short time it has been in existence, it has supplied a most pressing need. It is officered by a number of society women.

The general upset following the calamity of April 18th, scattered the directors, doctors, nurses and students of the institution, but in the face of such difficulties, on the 8th of May the institution again opened at 1195 Valencia street, and immediately took up its work of caring for poor women during confinement.

The Red Cross in May turned over the problem of caring for these women, in five out of seven districts, to the San Francisco Maternity.

Officers—Mrs. Frederick Hewlett,

Honorary President; Mrs. I. Lowenberg, President; Mrs. John Casserly, First Vice-President; Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Margaret Deane, Third Vice-President; Mrs. J. K. Wilson, Fourth Vice-President; Mrs. John Metcalfe, Recording Secretary; Miss M. K. Wallis, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. James A. Cooper, Treasurer; Dr. A. B. Spalding, Medical Director.

Directors—Mrs. Harry N. Gray, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. Fernando Phingst, Mrs. Pelham Ames, Mrs. Gailard Stoney, Mrs. James A. Black, Mrs. Theodore Poindexter, Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mrs. Joseph King, Mrs. W. H. McCormick, Mrs. Charles H. Suydam, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. Albert Houston, Mrs. Mary A. Huntington.

Sonnet for Christmas Eve

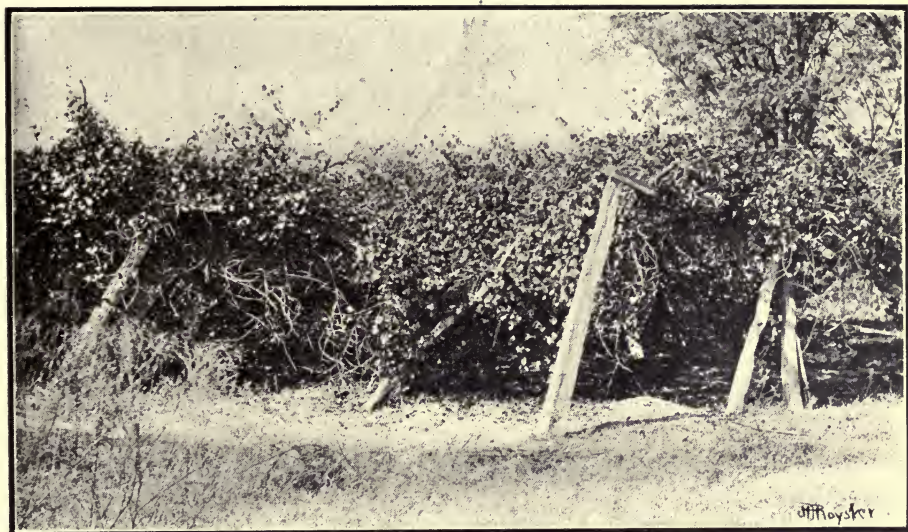
BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

Madonna, centuries have flitted by
 And left as fair the garland of thy praise,
 As first it flowered in those waiting days
 When Gabriel had brought thee from on high.
 The words, "Hail Mary, blessed." So may I
 Devoutly add my leaf, a rhymed phrase:
 Perhaps e'en shepherds stammered in amaze
 An echo of the Christmas angels' cry.

On that first night, when wise men brought their gift
 Of myrrh and incense in rich urns of gold,
 A new star rose in heaven to uplift
 The hearts of men and to their eyes unfold,
 In lowly shelter, clad in simple shift,
 Enshrined MOTHERHOOD, the virgin-souled.



The drive to the "Great House."



Scuppernon vine. Grows only in North Carolina.

Country Life in North Carolina

BY MARY HANFORD FORD

GREEN fields and the shade of thick breath of fragrant pines, dark fig-woods, acres of snowy cotton, the ures moving over the country with a pleasant "mawnin', suh!" to the passer-by, these are the pictures flitting before the mental camera of the individual who has spent a season in North Carolina. In the country districts of this fine old State the routine of life is almost as primitive as it was in the golden days "befo' the wah," when giant fields of fluffy cotton fell into the busy fingers of dusky slave pickers, and master and servant united in a community where human rights were kindly respected, and moral ideals were not forgotten. To-day the negro works for wages, and the cotton fields are not so large. Tall pines cover many an acre where cotton and tobacco flourished in the olden time, but the genial simplicity of an earlier period still reigns.

The first settlers of North Carolina were not, as a rule, so aristocratic as those of Virginia. They were accustomed

to a more simple life, less Baronial in its character. The "great house" about which the plantation still centres is, as a rule, a one-story affair, containing only four or five rooms, and furnished with wide piazzas on which the family live the greater portion of the year. The kitchen, and frequently the dining room, stand in the "yard," separate from the house proper. The yard is usually a wide expanse of several acres, shaded by mighty oaks, and dotted here and there by log cabins, the "servants' quarters" of ancient and modern days.

The negroes gather about these little homes, certain to build a fire in the huge fire-place with which each cabin is provided whenever the weather permits. The women dip snuff, pushing the stimulant under the upper lip with a tiny stick. White and black women in North Carolina dip snuff to an excessive degree. The men smoke their pipes, while songs and rollicking laughter express the never-failing gaiety of these children of the sun. Their labor seems endless to the northern



A cotton planter.

visitor, but their happiness never lessens. They rise before dawn, and one hears them strolling across the fields while they mark time to a characteristic negro melody, always in tune. Their voices are especially rich and mellow, and they never miss the harmony of their intervals.

Doors are not locked in this primitive locale. The broad hall runs through the house, and the entrance is frequently thrown wide open at each end both day and night. The cook who comes to prepare the morning meal often lives at a distance from the "great house;" the boy who kindles the fires on the generous hearths wins free admission in what seems the middle of the night, to perform his function. The weary sleeper awakens with a start, and the fear of burglars caught from a less Arcadian atmosphere, but turns over for another nap with a comforting sense of peace and increasing warmth.

The people are absorbed in their own affairs, and are singularly indifferent to the progress of events in the outer world. They take no magazines; a daily paper is an almost unheard-of novelty; they know nothing of "trusts," and the word "economics" is strange to their ears. In their speech, as well as in their habits of life, there are traces of the Anglo-Saxon origin which has preserved its quiet current of inherited custom unmarred by irritating contact with an environing commonwealth. Thus one of their favorite dishes

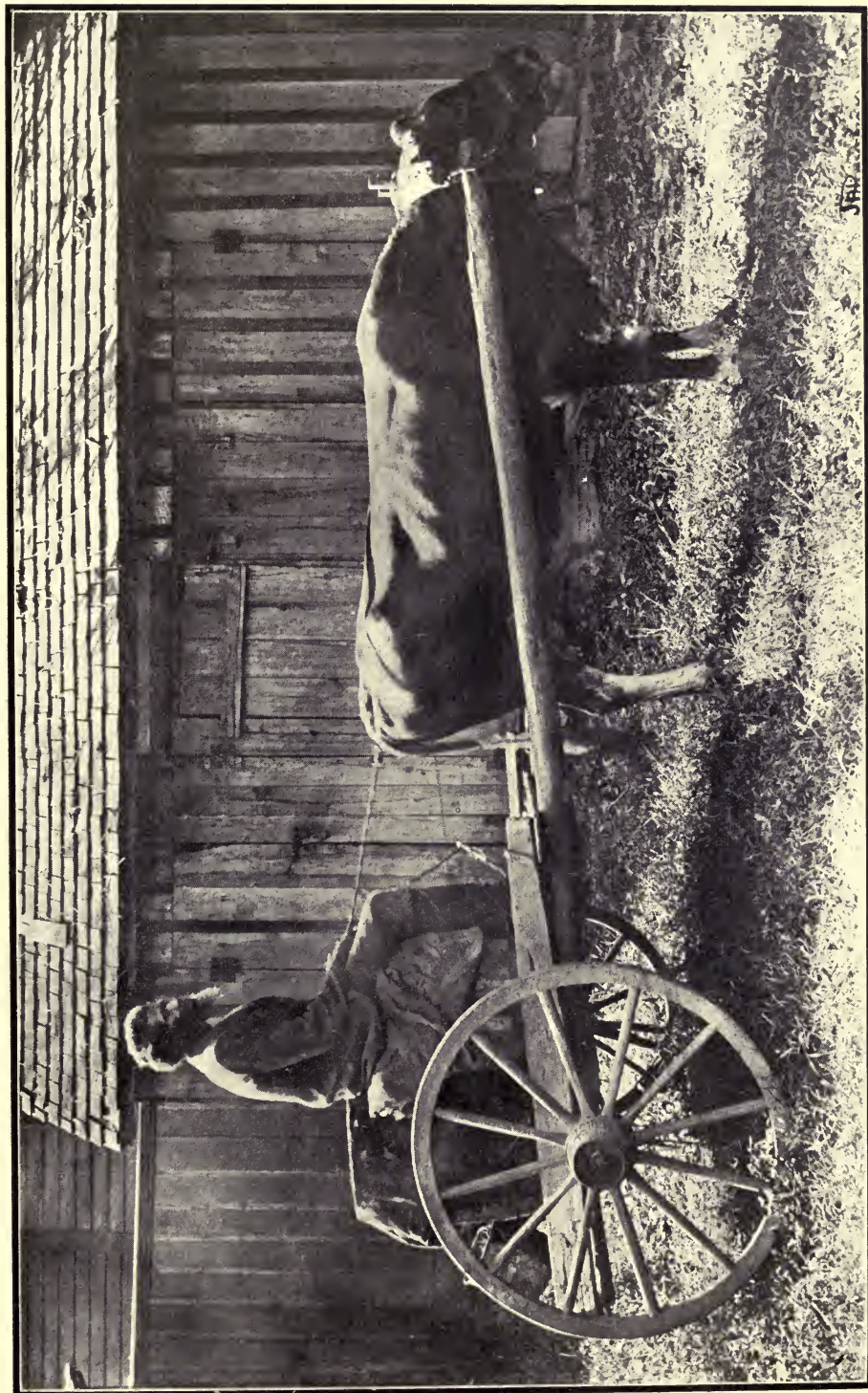
is a stew of hog's jowl with black-eyed peas. The reader will remember that *jowl* is Saxon for *jaw*, and will recall the Mother Goose rhymes in regard to the delights of "black-eyed peas and a piece of bread and butter." Both these reflections from the past indicate the antiquity of such a savory concoction. Alfred the Great may have seen it smoke upon his table, and Harold Bluetooth himself doubtless rejoiced in its luscious flavor.

The *habitants* are exceedingly fond of all sorts of "greens," which they dignify by the Chaucerian name of "sallet." The Brunswick stew is their chief delicacy, and this is frequently one of the cherished additions to the barbecue. The North Carolinian loves better than anything else this communal feast about the creature cooked in the open air, dressed with an amount of vinegar and Cayenne pepper sufficient to render it impossible to the uninitiated palate. Ox, hog, or sheep cooked in the open with these condiments is the necessary accompaniment of any celebration in North Carolina. The planter is not above organizing such a feast for profit, knowing well that his neighbors will ride miles to buy a slice of such roast, flanked by a dish of brunswick stew, washed down by a stiff glass of "corn whiskey," drawn "on the quiet" from a moonlight still, maybe.

Yet the same planter is the most hospitable of souls, and is always willing to contribute his portion of "meat" for an open-air feast, which will put nothing back in his pocket. The neighborliness of people is one of the charming features of life in this remote locality. Men and women know little class distinction as far as "white folks" are concerned, and white and black in a township are sure of the services of their kind in misfortune, in illness or death.

Another curious, and doubtless traditional feature in the country customs of this region is the habit of describing the size of a plantation according to the beasts of burden employed in its tillage. A "one horse farm" consists of thirty acres, which is all that a horse can cultivate, though a good mule can take care of forty. A "steer farm" is only fifteen acres, and a man who runs a "six horse plantation" is a prosperous planter.

The steer is the negro's friend for con-



The negro's friend.

stant service, and he uses it not only to plough his field, but to carry his family to town for the holiday that occurs on the first Saturday of every month. Then all the negroes don their shiniest collars and gayest gowns. The roads are brilliant with their equipages, the air vocal with their songs and laughter. "Cohn whiskey" flows for young and old, and the dark-skinned citizen who returns sober to his cabin is a memorable figure for the succeeding month. The affection a negro feels for the steer he has broken and used for some time is frequently noticeable. He will refuse to sell it and purchase a horse, when it is manifestly to his interest to do so, and thus rent a larger piece of land.

The economic conditions of this part of the South are unique in some respects. The necessity of living "on time" is the black spot in the life of the poor planter, as well as the negro. The broker, who is a "shark," lies in wait for his victim here as elsewhere. He sells him whatever he demands, guano for his fields, coffee and "chitlins" for his stomach, and the coat for his back. He pays for nothing until his crop comes in, but then he pays at quadruple rates, which puts his entire profit into the hands of the broker, and leaves him no resource except to live "on time" again for the ensuing year.

Occasionally a thrifty victim will save himself from the clutch of the financial octopus, but as a rule he is helpless, and lingers on from year to year, never seeing the color of a dollar. There is comfort in his situation, however, for white or black, he grows enough corn, sugar cane and sweet potatoes for his needs. He makes quantities of delicious molasses; he raises so many hogs that his larder is always supplied with the meat he best loves, for pork only is known as "meat" in North Carolina. He sits by a wide fireplace, ever filled with a generous blaze, for the poorest tenant on a steer farm on a Southern plantation has the right to cut all the wood he wants from the ample forest reserves on the place.

There are no "slums" in North Carolina, and familiarity with the poverty of the great cities makes one realize the comparative comfort of the country poor in this region. The negroes are invariably well nourished and smiling. They are de-

prived of their vote, as a rule, but this is a matter of self-protection and good Government. The vote is merely a commodity to the average black man, which can be exchanged for a drink of the inevitable "cohn whiskey." His best friend in such a case is the machine politician, and the negro has not so far been educated into a realization of what power for better living lies in his ballot.

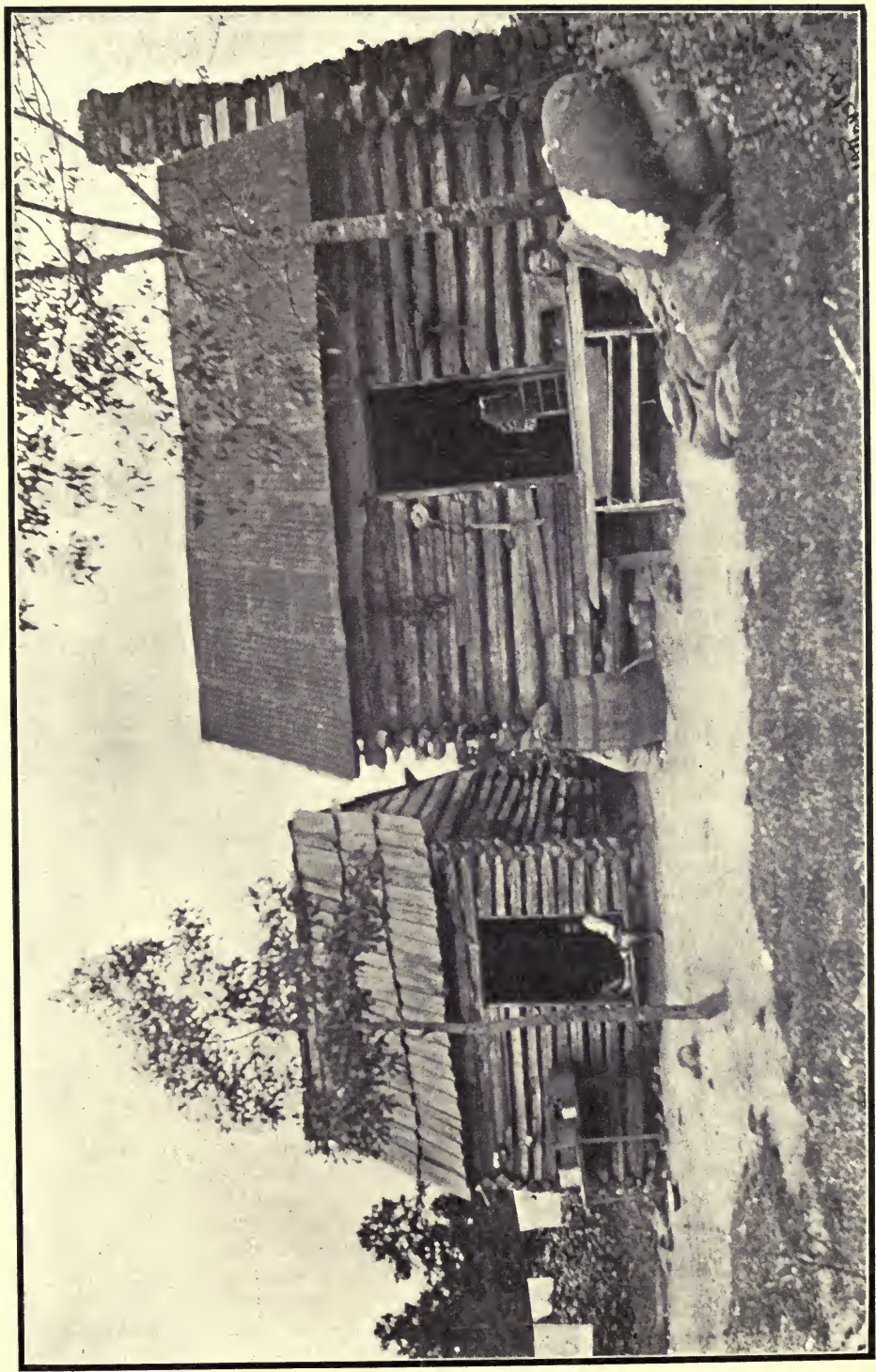
The poverty of the Southern negro is nothing compared with that of the melancholy white workers in the cotton mills. These raise no hogs, plant no sweet potatoes, and are the victims of a commercial slavery far worse than any other despotism at present. If they had courage enough for the country life they might rejoice in the rough plenty of that happier existence.

North Carolina is so sparsely settled that many of its rural districts are remote from the railroad. A telegram and telephone messages are impossibilities. The days are passed in simple duties, which never by any chance stretch beyond the county line, and seldom beyond kinship. Labor is so cheap that no one is overburdened, for the laborer receiving small hire does not rack his nerves to finish any stint in a given time.

The planter walks or rides over his



"Aunt Cindy."



The cabins in the yard.

broad acres to see that all is in order, usually throwing a gun upon his shoulder, so that he may carry home a rabbit or a brace of partridges to add to the family dinner. Hunting and fishing are pleasures at his command, and if time threatens to hang heavy upon his hands, he calls in his neighbors and his dogs for a fox hunt, such as can be experienced nowhere else in the world but the sunny South.

The planter's wife attends to her household in leisurely fashion, always careful that her table shall be amply supplied with the luxuries bestowed by her broad acres. She does not weave nor spin, as did her grandmothers, but she is otherwise independent of the outer world in providing for her family. Jars of fruit and strings of red peppers, dried apples and black-eyed peas ensure the family against any touch of want between the plethora of succeeding harvests. She has figs and peaches, grapes of rare flavor, so she can well dispense with California fruits and Florida oranges.

There is comparatively little social life in the country, but people ride and drive great distances to exchange visits, and the latch string is always out for hospitable reception. A funeral is truly a social function, for the old residents are so well known that when one dies the entire community feels obliged to pay its respects, and as many persons come from a considerable distance, refreshment must be provided for them. A barbecue is a natural part of such an entertainment, and perhaps grief may be tempered by friendly comparisons in memory of the departed.

The country itself forms the unique charm of this rural existence. The pine forest is always but a few paces from the door-step. The sigh of the woods, the hoot of the night owl, floats into the windows to greet the unaccustomed ears of the city sleeper, and the home of the "furtive folk" is thus delightfully near the perceptions of common life. The well sweep is a familiar object in every yard. Pumps are a modern contrivance of the evil one, which have not yet invaded this Arcadia to any extent. The slow stepping negro carries burdens of delicious

water for all household purposes, and the old oaken bucket is not yet relegated to the confines of fairy land.

The family washing is done out of doors, near the well in all seasons. The dark-skinned laundress builds a fire under an immense iron kettle, into which she thrusts her clothes with a sufficient quantity of home-made soap, strong with lye. The fire flames, the water boils, the laundress sits dipping snuff most of the day, delightfully picturesque in her bright turban, and presto! the clothes emerge of snowy whiteness, and odorous of fresh air, sunshine, and sweet woodland scents.

Within the house great fires blaze in every room, quickly ignited by bits of "fat" lightwood bursting with turpentine. The chambers are very large as a rule, with high ceilings which render the apartment difficult to heat.

"Yo' laigs is pa'ched, an' yo' back is freezing," explained Aunt Cindy, a dark-seeress of the neighborhood, "but de fah do look mighty good! Ah wouldn't nevah change foh a ole black stove."

The "freezin' back" coaxes the family to gather closely about the blazing hearth. There is untold fascination in the leaping flame which courts mysterious and flitting shadows in distant corners. Here if one is so fortunate as to be a listener, the lady of the *ancien regime* tells eloquent stories of the plantation life in olden days, when "white folks had to work hard to keep up the niggahs!" When every negro owned three suits a year, made in the "great house," and of such good material that they could not be worn out! Or the white-haired veteran from Confederate ranks recites the epic of his comrades' valor, and raps his cane against the polished floor in illustration of the ease with which his regiment thumped the Yankees.

In such hours, the progress of the world seems far away. One shrinks from the daily paper, and the glamour of the past shrouds the baldness of the present in a golden mist of romance. The murmur of the pine woods fills the silences, and conversation becomes an intrusion when these are broken also by the cheerful tongues of a crackling wood fire.



BY JOHN L. COWAN

"Take Gifts with a sigh: most men give to be paid."—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

IF the tales told of them be true, there never was a more hospitable people than the inhabitants of Carazan, a province of Tartary.

Now matter how uncouth the manners or how rude the behavior of the stranger, he received a cordial welcome, was treated to the best the country afforded, and when the time came for him to depart, was loaded with gifts and sent on his way with protestations of regret that his stay was so short. When a stranger of handsome appearance and pleasing manners came among them, however, they killed him, that his soul might forever remain among them.

Of course the people of Carazan were barbarians. There may, therefore, be some excuse for them in thus perverting the sentiment of hospitality into an incentive to murder. However, we do not need to go to the barbarians, or to listen to travelers' tales to learn that even the kindly virtues may be overdone, or so grossly perverted as to become nuisances or even social menaces. For example, is it not true that in the giving of gifts at Christmas time the virtue of generosity is as sadly distorted as was the Carazan conception of hospitality?

Did human nature ever assume a disguise more ridiculously transparent than that donned for this season of the year? A gift ought to be bestowed in the fullness of one's heart, with no string attached to it, without the desire or the expectation of anything in return. As a matter of fact, the average Christmas shopper, when making the rounds of the bargain sales, in search of tokens of love and friendship, rarely leaves out the crafty speculation: "What will I receive in return?" Although the thought is never uttered, and is rarely

confessed even to one's own soul, there is always a slimy hope that the recipient of one's grudging bounty will reciprocate with something costly, or more rare and valuable. When this spirit prompts the donor, it is not a gift that is made, but a speculation that is hazarded. It is as truly a gamble as a bet on a prize-fight or a horse race, and as much a deal in futures as the purchase of September wheat options in May, or of cotton before the seed is planted. A casuist might be justified in pronouncing this species of gambling the most debasing of all. It is a sort of moral anesthetic, putting the conscience to sleep with lying protestations of good intentions.

Like every other variety of gambling or speculation, this rarely proves remunerative or satisfactory. It is amusing to hear the post-Christmas bleatings of the lambs who have sheared themselves in the expectation of receiving a warmer or a whiter fleece at the expense of some one else. Strangely enough, no one seems to come out ahead. Every one is disappointed, and feels that his or her friends have been unduly niggardly. The season of "peace and good will" thus witnesses the sowing of dragons' teeth that sprout a bountiful, but pestilent, crop of heart-burnings, petty enmities, jealousies and dislikes.

Then there is a class of lavish givers who are prompted by a very different motive, but one no less discreditable. These are the purse-proud, the "climbers," and the "bounders." They give for show, and are grievously disappointed if they are outdone. If they succeed in making the victim upon whom they inflict extravagant, inappropriate and unwelcome gifts, feel that they have reciprocated in a miserly and niggardly way, they are in the seventh heaven. Sometimes these are wealthy. More often they desire to be thought wealthy. Like flies and fleas and mosqui-

toes, these are pests inflicted by an inscrutable Providence for some purpose that lies beyond the sphere of human knowledge.

As a matter of fact, the giving of gifts in general, and of Christmas gifts in particular, ought to be confined strictly to the members of the same family, unless one feels inclined to bestow simple and inexpensive tokens of good will and friendly feeling upon intimate friends. Even in the family circle there is room for the exercise of more common sense than is ordinarily displayed. The box of Christmas cigars that some millions of well-meaning matrons will feel it their duty to bestow upon ungrateful husbands are not the worst of the season's inanities. They serve at least one useful purpose; they justify the gibes of professional jokesmiths, and they can be rendered wholly innocuous by neglect to smoke them. When used judiciously, they have been known to work a lasting cure of that species of kleptomania that impels the General Nuisance and the Chronic Bore to help himself to

ner of one's joys is too generous to content herself with so humble a gift, and many a poor slave at desk or counter will have to work overtime all the rest of the winter to pay for the lavish presents bestowed upon him by his too-considerate wife.

Nor are these the only evils that spring from the Pandora's box that contains the Christmas gift, as any butcher, baker, groceryman or other purveyor to the wants and necessities of the multitude can testify. Those who are most lavish in the giving of gifts are frequently the most remiss in the matter of paying their bills. The family purse is depleted and the bank account over-drawn. For two months after Christmas, Dun and Bradstreet will report collections slow, and the movement of merchandise sluggish. The wheels of trade slacken for want of the proper lubricant, and many a poor tradesman is forced into bankruptcy because his highly respectable patrons desire to outshine some one else in a senseless display of opulence at Christmas time.

Christmas in California

BY JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM

No sparkling fields in vestment meet
 Of white, to emulate the Manger Child;
 Nor chiming sleigh-bells, clear and sweet,
 Soothing the sullen air with music mild.

But, on the rounded hills where cattle pass,
 And in the canyons, where the shadows dream,
 The innocence of tender, springing grass,
 And infant babble of the new-born stream.

San Francisco Forging Ahead

(The following are copies of letters from one of the largest real estate firms in San Francisco, one from John P. Hogan, Chief Inspector of the Board of Public Works, who were asked by the editor or the Overland Monthly to send statements for publication, showing the progress of the city. In regard to the rebuilding of San Francisco, these speak for themselves.—*Editor's Note.*)

San Francisco November 1, 1906.

Overland Monthly, 905 Lincoln Avenue, Alameda, Cal.:

Dear Sirs—In reply to the enclosed, it will be impossible to state the number of vacancies that we had before the fire. The only information one can get in this line is from the Spring Valley Water Company from the number of bills they allowed for vacancies. From the best of our recollection, there was in the neighborhood of 5,000 vacancies before the fire. The cause of so many vacancies was on account of the large apartment houses being erected, and being a new fad, rented advantageously, which of course meant that owners of flats would suffer, although we must state that considering the number of vacant flats in comparison with the apartment houses that were built and which rented so advantageously, the increase in population was remarkable, and it is our opinion that we had 450,000 inhabitants before the fire. To-day there is not a single dwelling to be had. They are in such a demand that whenever a new building is started, all the flats are rented before the foundation is laid.

To show what the demand is, prospective tenants who hear of a building contract being let, trace up the contractor, interview the owner, and pay a deposit on the flat before the building operations are commenced. Flats to-day are bringing in on an average from \$8 to \$10 per room, where heretofore they brought from \$4 to \$6 per room. This of course, does not include the immediate vicinity of Van Ness avenue or Fillmore street. Houses in

these neighborhoods are bringing in from \$10 to \$15 per room. Houses and flats on the cross streets are being rented by families, who sublet the front rooms for office purposes.

Lodging houses in the vicinity of Van Ness avenue and Fillmore street are paying on an average of \$10, and which before the fire rented for only \$5 or \$6 per room. Flats and houses on Fillmore street where the buildings were raised, are renting as high as \$20 per room for office purposes. The best paying proposition on the market to-day for owners owning property outside of the business district is to improve their holdings with buildings known as "Romeo and Juliet" flats. These consist of six flats under one roof, with one large entrance, and which can be built on a twenty-five foot lot, and owners are obtaining easily on an average of \$7.50 per room, whether on a small or large street. You can readily see by this that, notwithstanding the high cost of building and labor, it pays an owner to erect such a building. The cost to erect a building of this character is in the neighborhood of \$9,000, and the income from the six flats is in the neighborhood of \$180 per month, so that owners are obtaining 2 per cent per month gross on their investment.

In the burnt section there are a number of property owners building lodging houses and obtaining \$10 per room. On Third street to-day there are being erected lodging houses in course of construction and completed, and containing in the neighborhood of 5,000 rooms. All of them are permanent buildings. These rooms are bringing in from \$5 to \$7 per room, where before the fire they brought in on an average of \$3 per room. There is a big demand for offices in the burnt section, and prices obtained for offices average about \$40 per room. There is also a large demand for lofts for warehouses, tenants being willing to pay from 25 to 50 per cent more for the same location since the fire.

Any information you may desire will

be gladly given, or should your representative at any time when in the city call at our office, we will only be too pleased to furnish the same.

Very truly yours,
G. H. UMBSEN CO.

To the Honorable, the Board of Public Works of the City and County of San Francisco.

Gentlemen—I submit herewith a report of building operations for the first six months since the fire.

This report is rendered for the purpose of informing you as to the amount of money expended in rebuilding in a perma-

nent manner, but it does not include any structures erected in the fire limits which have been erected as “temporary.”

It is also compiled in consequence of many requisitions received from promotion committees, newspapers, magazines, etc., desiring the same.

I beg leave to call your particular attention to the amount of fees collected, and also to the meagre force of inspectors under which this bureau is operating, and I therefore respectfully suggest that the force be increased sufficient in number to properly cope with and control the manner and method of building as defined by the ordinances under which we operate.

Following are the figures:

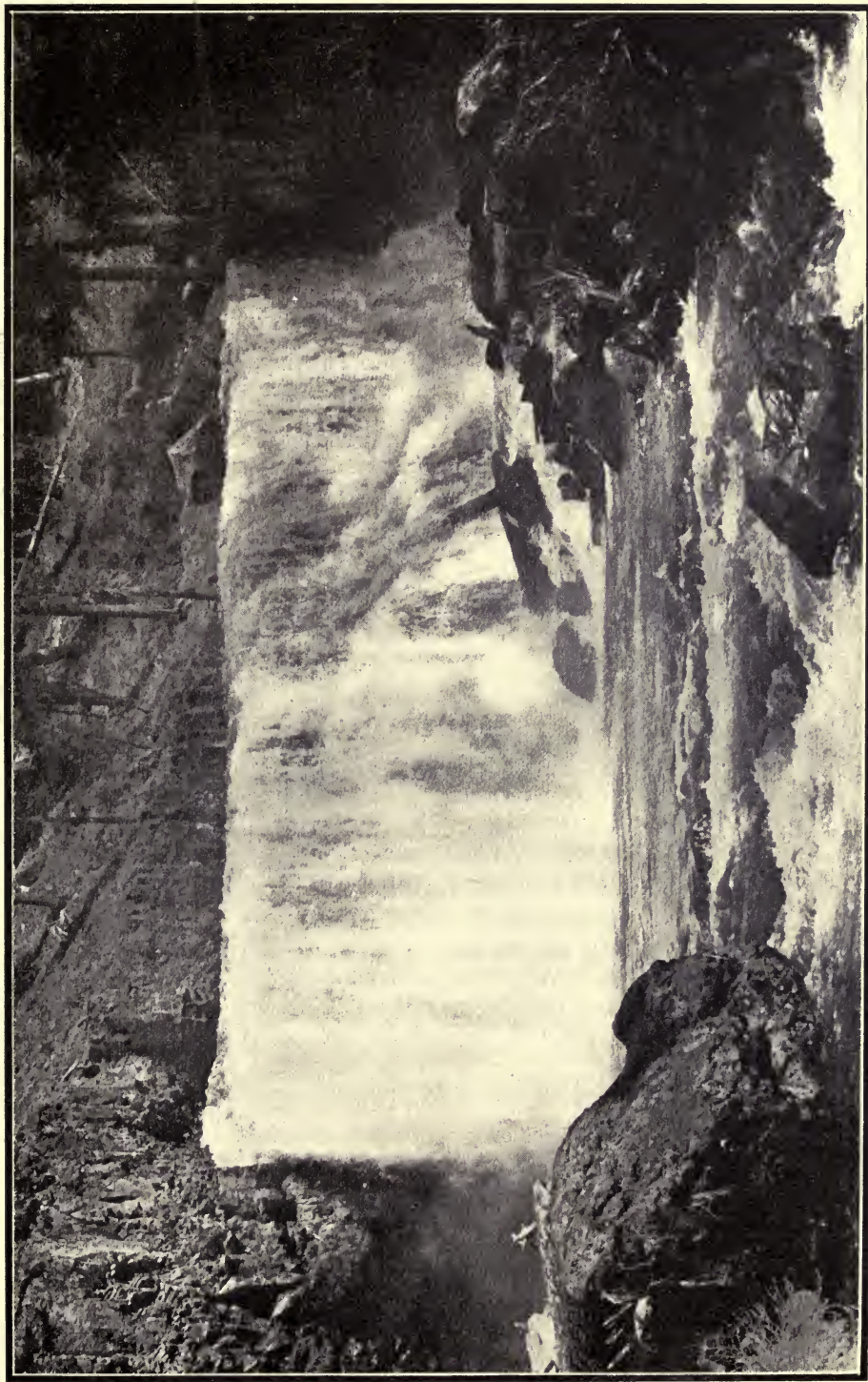
Month	Class A	Class B	Class C	Frame	Alterations	Fees
May 19	\$330,000	\$250,000	\$10,000	\$104,267	\$91,890	\$558.00
June		30,000	355,900	939,720	314,268	2,787.00
July	45,000	41,900	753,050	1,298,061	246,898	5,132.00
August	245,000	203,000	1,626,853	2,062,541	376,347	8,579.50
Sept.		104,000	2,058,165	2,404,186	1,695,230	10,083.50
Oct.	550,000	179,200	2,132,574	2,870,837	265,485	12,288.50
Nov. 19	275,000	175,000	1,828,842	1,612,171	220,053	6,915.00
	\$1,445,000	\$983,100	\$8,745,384	\$11,291,783	\$3,210,171	\$46,343.50

SUMMARY:

Class “A”	\$1,445,000
Class “B”	983,100
Class “C”	8,745,384
Frame	11,291,873
Alterations	3,210,171

	\$25,675,438.00
Minor Buildings and Alterations	309,160.00
	Total—\$25,984,598.00
The fees collected upon the above amount to	46,343.00
Yours respectfully,	JOHN P. HORGAN, Chief Inspector.





Picturesque California. Lower Bigelow Falls, on the McCloud River.

Photo by C. R. Miller.

In the Realm of Bookland.



WILLIAM Marion Reedy's criticisms on Maude Adams and Bernhardt are alone worth the purchase of his latest book, "The Law of Love," so named from the first of this series of meditations, brought out by the Roycrofters' Press, in East Aurora, New York, and exquisitely bound in pale terra cotta suede.

What more vivid and true description could be written of the "immortal Sara" than these lines, taken from Reedy's review of her character and work:

"She is the one woman who has been allowed to grow old without irreverent notice. She has defied all the conventions, and the conventions have obliterated themselves in her behalf. Her sins are peccadilloes * * * Tradesmen have been honored that she owed them money. * * * She has devoted a life to emphasizing the panther in the gentler sex. Admirably, too, has she played the charlatan. The secret of advertising has been hers. Her love affairs have been the best sort of puffery to her."

And again: "She is as new and as old as the dawn. She is the negation of herself and the affirmation of all blasphemies against her. She is the accomplice of the World, the Flesh and the Devil. She is Intellect and Passion interrupting each other and casting a corpse-light over Art.

"She scorns the mob she caters to. She commercializes her idealism as grossly as if she were a money-lender. She idealizes her commercialism as if she were Mark Hanna.

"She is great, but so confusedly polyhedral as to prevent complete conception of her personality. She is tender and hard, wise and foolish, sincere and deceptive; a saint of sin, and a sinner in the name of piety.

"She is a woman whose womanliness is huge, misshapen, vast, without circumference, shifting, centered, elemental. She inspires at once reverence, affection, terror. *Ave Faustina Imperatrix.*"

In writing of Maude Adams: "In I know not what manner, this woman—perhaps I should call her girl—never fails to make me think of old roses, old songs, old landscapes, that I saw and knew under circumstances pleasant, but now sad in remembrance. Something about her ever brings back to mind the fact that there is in life and in memory a bitterness of things too sweet! There's an ancient atmosphere about her, as if she were some creature many million years young; joyous while endeavoring to hide some wondrous secret.

"Her simplicity is so rare and fine that you scarce can help feeling that she is untrammelled by even original sin. The pathetic note about her is the same thing we feel when we see a 'little white hearse go glimmering by.'

"Youth and old are strangely intimated in her glance. She is a child—and yet the antique flavor is in her childishness, as if she had somehow come down to us untouched by time, from a wide, wild open woodland place of the classical world, wherein one walking might easier meet a god or a goddess than a man or a woman. * * *

"Just a shade here, there, on her lip or cheek, and the smile transmutes to tears. Just a hint of a tone, here, there, in her laughter, and it is the cry of youth whose soul is torn out with its illusive and tramped on by Fact and Fate.

"Is she playful—it is with a melancholy undertone * * *

This daintily-clothed little volume appears to the reader to be the compilation of an evening's reverie—a master-mind

portraying in words its conjured up visions of the past—different books read, actors and actresses seen; taken at random and written in a style that renders it a most readable conglomerate.

"The Law of Love," Wm. Marion Reedy, Roycrofters' Press, East Aurora, New York.

* * *

"The Treasure Trail," by Frank L. Pollock, is a more or less thrilling—according to temperament—story of adventure, in which two parties of daring and persistence seek a golden treasure stolen from the Boers, and supposed to be sunk somewhere in the Mozambique Channel. There is incident in plenty throughout, the element of love being also present in sufficient quantity. The tale is told in entertaining manner, and has few dull moments. For those who like narratives of the deeds of "gentlemen adventurers," the story is sure to prove excellent reading.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

* * *

Under the title, "Stand Pat," David A. Curtis has written a collection of poker stories, most of them containing exciting incidents, which he attributes to his sojourn in Brownsville, a typical Mississippi river town, during the early eighties. The stories are decidedly in the nature of the old "wild and woolly West" yarns of the past generation, with much gun-play, remarkable incidents of the card table, the winning of huge pots on tiny hands, and other familiar features of the ancient poker tales. The book is not up to other work by the same author.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

* * *

H. Addington Bruce's translation of Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's "The United States in the Twentieth Century" (Funk & Wagnalls Company), has been placed on the Navy List of books for installation on Uncle Sam's men-of-war. Universities and colleges are also adopting it as a text-book on economics.

* * *

"How to Speak in Public," by Grenville Kleiser, formerly Instructor in Elocution and Public Speaking in Yale Divinity School, is announced by Funk & Wagnalls Company for publication early in November. It is a practical

"self-help" for the every-day professional and business man.

* * *

"Where the Rainbow Touches the Ground," by John Henderson Miller, will be published in December by Funk & Wagnalls Company. The scene is laid in Kansas, and incidents growing out of a Kansas cyclone form the background for an exciting narrative.

* * *

With some of Geraldine Bonner's former books in mind, "Rich Men's Children" comes as rather disappointing, for throughout it is rather carelessly put together, and seems imbued with the exploded idea that wealthy Californians are seldom refined, that their riches, as a rule, have been made over the bar or through some mining speculation, and that the great West deserves its ancient adjectives of "wild and woolly."

However, for its redeeming features, Miss Bonner's descriptions of our old San Francisco are vivid and realistic, and it is splendidly illustrated by C. M. Kelyea.

"Rich Men's Children," by Geraldine Bonner. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Publishers, Indianapolis.

* * *

"The Cynic's Dictionary," by Harry Thompson, and "The Cynic's Rules of Conduct," by Chester Field, Jr., brought out by the Henry Altemus Company, of Philadelphia, are both clever little volumes, so much alike in style, however, that one might at first think them written by the same pen. When you are troubled by those exasperating little imps, "the blue devils," try each or both of these as an antidote.

"The Cynic's Dictionary," Harry Thompson. Henry Altemus Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Cynic's Rules of Conduct," Chester Field, Jr. Henry Altemus Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

"Spinner," Essey's aunt, with her most aggravating idiosyncrasy of filching different edibles from restaurant tables, and carrying them off in her handkerchief, is one of the amusing characters of Lloyd Osbourne's amusing story, "The Tin Diskers." It has that most satisfying virtue—a happy ending, and throughout is entertaining and laughter-provoking.

"The Tin Diskers," by Lloyd Osbourne. Henry Altemus Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

An earl, his automobile, two charming women, the slight mention of one of the demi-monde, and a wild "bubble" race for a "finis," contrive to render this, "The Watermead Affair," (Robert Barr's latest book) a most engrossing volume from start to finish. Of course, it has a smattering of the "grande passion" running through it, as most of Barr's books do, and equally, of course, this makes it all the more interesting.

"The Watermead Affair," Robert Barr. Henry Altemus Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

"Sonnets," a little volume of poems in pamphlet form, issued by the C. R. Kaplinger Press, Springfield, Mass., and written by William Burt Harlow, Ph. D., contains nothing very startlingly brilliant, but at the same time, these songs are perfect as to rhythm and meter, and have a pretty, musical swing of their own that is pleasing to lovers of good poetry.

"Sonnets," by William Burt Harlow, Ph. D. C. R. Kaplinger, Printer, Springfield, Mass.

* * *

"Are you musical?" "No; I neither play nor sing." Your answer shows a complete misunderstanding of the case. Because you neither play nor sing, it by no means follows that you are unmusical. If you love music and appre-

ciate it, you may be more musical than many pianists or singers; and certainly you may become so."

So begins the introduction of Gustav Kobbe's book, entitled "How to Appreciate Music," and it gives one who can "neither play nor sing," but who has sometimes heard in his or her inner consciousness the rhythm of wonderful melodies, and who can know and understand music that is musical, a warm feeling of comfort and consolation, especially when we take into consideration the reputation Gustav Kobbe has as an authority on the subject he handles.

The whole book is written in a most masterly style, and must prove of interest to not only pianists and vocalists, but also to unfortunates outside the pale of harmony.

"How to Appreciate Music," by Gustav Kobbe. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, Publishers. \$1.50 net.

To those initiated, or investigating into the rather over-rated cult of Christian Science, "Carolina Lee," one of Lillian Bell's latest books, will certainly appeal strongly. For ourselves, the different miraculous cures brought about by this quasi-religion appear impossible, to say the least, but the characters in this volume are well-drawn, and aside from its principal motif, the book is intensely interesting.

"Carolina Lee," by Lillian Bell. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

"By Italian Seas," written and illustrated by Ernest C. Peixotto, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and prettily bound, would make a most welcome holiday gift for any one appreciative of the artistic and beautiful. Peixotto, being not only a splendid artist, but an interesting writer as well, has created this volume in his usual style, painting vividly our Latin cousins, their mode of living and idiosyncracies of character.

"By Italian Seas," by Ernest C. Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York.

In "The Pitfalls of Speculation," Thomas Gibson has written a handy volume devoted to the methods, principles, successes and failures of speculation. It analyzes clearly the outright purchase and the marginal forms of speculation, and demonstrates that while vast numbers of speculators are gamblers, pure and simple, there are nevertheless forms of speculation which are based upon knowledge and sound reasoning. In brief, the book deals with speculation as more or less of an exact science. It is readable in the extreme as well as highly instructive.

The Moody Corporation, New York.

"The Story of Scraggles" is a charming little autobiography of a tiny song-sparrow, in which George Wharton James has inspired the power of speech. It is exceedingly clever, and very touching in its exhibitions of innocent bird-life. The sparrow in question actually lived, being found by Mr. James when it was a weak and sickly hatchling. It later became his pet and constant companion.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs is Pigs," has written another amusing story, entitled "The Incubator Baby." It is entertaining, and is written cleverly and satirically. It consists of the philosophies and reflections of an infant being reared from the incubator, and brought into a world that seems strange and wonderful to her.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

Particularly opportune at this time is "The Spirit of the Orient," by George William Knox. Professor Knox, who has spent many years in the Far East, has in this book given as clear, forcible and enlightening a discourse upon the Oriental character as can be found. With a thorough knowledge of his subject, a calm, dispassionate view of the relations between Occidental and Oriental, he has shown the difficulties that lie in the way of harmony between the Asiatics and the Europeans and Americans. He makes clear the widely different mental at-

titudes of the Orientals and the Occidentals, and demonstrates how impracticable it is for the Asiatic mind to grasp our system of reasoning and of general thought, and vice versa. His arguments are so lucid and his treatment of the subject is so absolutely fair that the book cannot fail to be most interesting and valuable to both student and business man.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Blindfolded" is the title of a novel of California life by Earle Ashley Walcott, in which there are no dull moments. It is a melodramatic tale of murder, abduction, conspiracy, stock exchange manipulation, love and final happiness for the deserving, which, dramatized, would make an excellent "tank-play." The scenes, with few exceptions, are laid in San Francisco before the fire of April 18, 1906. The kernel of the story lies in the striking physical resemblance between the hero and a remote relative. There are complications and tragedy and exciting situations galore.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews very prettily portrays an incident in history connected with the life of Abraham Lincoln, in her latest book, "The Perfect Tribute." We think, however, that the writer causes this great man to be unduly concerned regarding the success of his Gettysburg speech as a matter of oratory. The fact that the immortal Gettysburg address of this simple-hearted, God-like character hangs in the halls of Oxford University in England, among the masterpieces of the language, is a tribute which will go farther than any romantic praise which may be written of it.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, 50 cents net.

"Miss Francis Baird, Detective," by R. W. Kauffman, is a story with a good, complicated plot, vividly told. It has the virtue of the best detective stories, that of giving the reader no intimation of "who did it" until the finish.

"Miss Francis Baird, Detective," by R. W. Kauffman. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

Jack London has been taken to task by the press, and by Stanley Waterloo himself, for the flagrant plagiarism perpetrated in London's story, "Before Adam," in connection with Waterloo's "The Story of Ab," which plagiarism on the part of Jack the author of the latter book describes as "kleptomania."

And now comes "Moon Face," the title of a volume of eight stories by London, and its too-evident plagiarism in connection with Frank Norris's little tale, "The Passing of Cock-eye-blacklock," printed in the volume "A Deal in Wheat," which Doubleday, Page and Company brought out in 1903. Not only should the writer be condemned for a literary crime of this sort, but it is also up to the publisher to secure enough competent readers with retentive minds to eliminate any such occurrence as "whole paragraphs lifted bodily from one book to another."

The balance of the stories under the title of "Moon Face," except, possibly, "The Leopard Man's Story," show the usual vigor of thought and the marvelous power of psychological analysis which, through the handling of this California author, have quickened the pulse of the reading world ever since the publication of the "Call of the Wild" and "Sea Wolf."

"Moon Face," by Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

"Pardner of Blossom Ranch" is a realistic story of Arizona life, by Frances Charles, author of "In the Country God Forgot," "The Awakening of the Duchess," and other stories. This latest production is a strikingly graphic one, rich in incident and in complications calculated to arouse and to hold the reader's attention. It is the old tale of the heroine falling in love with the man she had despised, a young officer of the army named Ferris, having met her while on duty in Arizona investigating an Indian massacre. Holly, the heroine, is the daughter of a wealthy rancher. She thought that this officer

was responsible for the death of a young private soldier, whose horse, "Pardner," came into her possession. The story is well told, and its descriptions of Arizona life are good.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Jack London, in "White Fang," has written a story of animal life in the wilds, which, like others of his works, pictures the philosophy of animals, which experience sensations to which the author has given a human phase and a human interest. "White Fang" is a wolf, and the wolf's view of human and of animal life is depicted with London's usual strength of expression. "White Fang's" experiences with other wild animals, with domesticated animals and with human beings make a story readable to those who like animal stories or stories of the wild life to which London has so largely devoted his efforts. It has the atmosphere of the forest, of the wilderness and of the untamed around it, although hardly as notable as "The Call of the Wild" and other stories which have given him fame.

The Macmillan Company, New York and London.

Booker T. Washington has published in book form one of his most notable week-end talks before his students of Tuskegee Institute, under the title, "Putting the Most into Life." It is didactic, and avowedly for the purpose of advancing his race toward better citizenship. It treats the subject from the physical, mental, spiritual and racial aspects of the case, and is certainly full of sound logic and good sense, although in some instances hardly as practicable as the situation would seem to demand. It is scholarly, and contains much that is valuable to white as well as to negro readers.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

Every thoughtful member of a household, every seeker after domestic happiness, will find interesting, instructive and at times sprightly reading in George Hodges' little book, "The Happy Family," in which the author seeks to solve the problem of contented married life. Under the sub-heads "The Business of Being a Wife," "The Business of Being a Mother," and "The Business of Being a Father," a wide range of advice is extended, which may be read with profit. The book is written in entertaining style and is typographically attractive. It contains many trite and wise dicta.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The only preface to "The Impersonator," by Mary Imray Taylor, is a short paragraph, in which it is said that "this is not intended as one of the Washington society novels, etc.," but nevertheless it is nothing else. It narrates the experiences of a young girl who impersonates her chum as the guest of a wealthy and extremely vulgar aunt, whom the chum had never seen, and lives as the aunt's guest in Washington. Some of the characters are well-drawn—others are quite impossible. It is an amusing story, however, with enough of "the German embassy ball," the "Colonel went to his club," and such conventional phrases to give it the atmosphere which is popularly believed to be that of Washington.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Charlatans," by Bert Leston Taylor, is a story of the adventures of a young country girl, who goes to the metropolis to develop the remarkable musical ability she had exhibited to a discerning and kindly visitor in her neighborhood. She has many experiences, grave and gay, and there is the usual thread of love woven in the story. The book is replete with scenes, incidents and technicalities familiar to music lovers.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

In "Buff: A Tale for the Thoughtful," a nameless author, styling himself a "physiopath," attacks the orthodox medical methods, referring to the profession as charlatans, recommending a return to the simple alleged remedies

of nature, and criticising the attitude of the medical profession of the conventional order toward advocates of other schools of medicine.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Printed in large type, on high-grade paper, well bound, admirably illustrated and extremely well written, "The Flock," by Mary Austin, is one of the attractive books of the year, especially to Western readers, dealing as it does with the great sheep industry of the West. But it deals with this prosaic subject in a most charming way. It pictures vividly the life of the shepherds, their trials, their triumphs, their strifes and all the details of their varied lives. The history of the industry is traced from the days of the early Spaniards to the present time. It is truly an idyll of the shepherd's life.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Another book of fables for both young and old, entitled "The Silver Crown," has appeared from the pen of Laura E. Richards, author of "Captain January," "The Joyous Story of Toto," and others. It is neatly gotten up and the typographic work is excellent. It contains many trite fables, and some that are not quite so good as others.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Saul of Tarsus," by Elizabeth Miller, is a tale of early Christian life which, while less powerful than "Quo Vadis," is yet strong and intensely interesting, belonging to the same class of literature as the latter famous work. It is rich in dramatic incident, possesses the scenes and emotions of love and hate, war and tyranny. It reveals the author's close and profound study of the people and conditions of the beginning of the Christian era, and is a welcome contribution to the class of writings it represents. The scenes are laid in Palestine, Syria and other neighboring lands, during the time of the Roman occupation. The work is well illustrated by Andre Castaigne.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"Jeanne d'Arc" is a somewhat ambitious dramatization of the life of the great French heroine, from the pen of Percy Mackaye, author of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Fenris, the Wolf," and other works. It is in five acts, the scenes being laid in Domremy, in Chinon, before the walls of Orleans, near Troyes, in Rheims, and at Rouen. It is well done, and exhibits a close acquaintance on the author's part with the subject, the times and the general atmosphere of the Jeanne d'Arc period. It is dedicated to Augustus St. Gaudens.

The Macmillan Co., New York and London.

Among the dainty holiday volumes for children is a collection of fairy stories by May Searles Johnstone, entitled "Golden Flower." The book takes its name from the first of the three stories which compose it. The second tale is called "Prince Jack," and its theme is the mythical history of the "Jack" rose. The third story, "Prince Joy," deals with a little boy's adventures in "Sweetville."

Probably the most pleasing feature of these pretty tales is the fact that the usual "Boogaboos" is eliminated, and in all of them the principle of goodness and right conduct is emphasized. The volume is illustrated by Jeanette Gillie, a talented young Northwestern artist.

Mrs. Johnstone is the author of a number of popular short stories, and she is also a well-known journalist, so it is probable that the limited edition of her present work will be most cordially received by old and young alike.

Certainly "Animal Series," by E. Warde Blaisdell, would delight the soul of any youngster fortunate enough to receive this most amusing volume of nonsense. And even we big "grown-ups" can laugh over the grotesque pictures. "Mother Goose" beside it would seem inane and spiritless.

"Animal Series," by E. Warde Blaisdell. T. Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers, New York.



(We beg to announce to our readers that Mr. Elliott Flower has contributed a series of six articles to this department, entitled "The Daughter of David." We publish herewith the first of this series.—Editor.)

THE DAUGHTER OF DAVID.

By Elliott Flower.

I.—HER FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

The daughter of David Riggs went to David, ostensibly for advice. Sometimes a woman pretends that she wants advice, when she merely wants the opportunity to think aloud in the presence of a good listener, but that is a matter of no moment in this instance. David was a man of caustic comment in some of the affairs of life, but the girl knew how to use a father. Most girls do; they find them easier than husbands, but it generally takes a husband to convince them of the wisdom and unselfishness of a father.

Estelle, which was the other name for the Daughter of David, had no husband, but she had a brother Tom, and she was sure that Tom was more annoying than a husband ever could be. Tom had a disagreeable and superior way of breaking into the conversation when she was discussing a weighty matter with her father. She also had a mother—a mild, gentle mother who usually sewed and listened thoughtfully, but was shamefully ignorant of the great affairs of the great world.

More important than all else, the Daughter of David had a club, and the club was ambitious. The problems that the club would not undertake to settle in an afternoon session, before tea was served, were really unworthy of consideration by girls of advanced thought. These problems were the ones that generally filtered into the family circle when David was busy with the evening paper, Tom with a magazine, and Mary with her sewing.

"At the next meeting of the club," was the way Estelle brought up the subject one evening, "I am to read a paper on High Finance of Modern Days."

"That's better," said David.

"Better than what?" asked the girl.

"Better than practicing it," said David.

Tom saw the joke and laughed.

"At the same time," David added, without changing his tone, "you never thought keeping the bookmakers in pocket money an evidence of high finance."

Tom stopped laughing so suddenly that he jarred his system.

"I never tried to practice high finance at all," Estelle asserted indignantly.

"Perhaps not," conceded David, "but there are stubs in my checkbook that make it look pretty high to me."

The girl treated this with lofty scorn. She was serious, and it annoyed her that her father should be thus flippant.

"A year ago," she explained, "one of the girls read the loveliest paper on The Theory of Financial Management. She told us just how to systematize expenditures so that there would always be a reserve for emergencies."

"There's only one way," remarked Mr. Riggs, quietly. "It is simple. Don't spend all you've got. I never did think much of paper sayings."

"The kind that shows on the books but nowhere else," laughed David. "Right you are,

Mary. Many a man has gone into the discard with that kind of a reserve."

"But it's so unscientific and unsystematic," argued the girl. "We must have system."

"Of course," returned David. "Nothing else matters so long as we have system these days. I know a man who has his office so tied up with system that it takes him thirty days to dig up enough money to pay his chauffeur. The vouchers he makes out and signs and countersigns keep him busier than a new automobile. System is all right, but sometimes it works out wrong."

"That's what the fellow said who took his system to Monte Carlo," commented Tom.

"I believe Tom Lawson has devoted half a million words to saying the same thing," added David. "Anyhow, red tape isn't legal tender in the market."

"I wish you would be serious," pleaded Estelle. "It is very important. You see, Isabel—that was the girl's name—was so convincing that we made ourselves into an educational committee for instructing the poor. So much poverty is due to bad management, you know, and it seemed a shame that everybody should not have the help of her beautiful theory."

"I haven't noticed any lessening of poverty," remarked Tom.

"Possibly that is due to the fact that the unfortunates have sons who are anxious to learn what high finance can do to them," said David pointedly.

"And perhaps Isabel was wrong somewhere," admitted Estelle doubtfully. "That's what I wanted to ask you about. You see, she married a month later, and her husband has just been trying to compromise with the household creditors so that they can make a fresh start. He says her system ran about fifty per cent ahead of his earnings, and she says the trouble was that he didn't earn enough. All the girls think her explanation is very reasonable."

"Reasonable!" repeated David. "Why, it's sublime! She didn't have enough money. That is all that's ever the matter with any system. I can prove it by nine out of ten men I happen to meet. It's the money you haven't got that lets your balloon drop. Ask anybody who ever went out after easy and quick money. Ask Tom. If he could have gone on doubling his bets until he won, he'd have had the bookmakers climbing trees. It was the trifling fact that he didn't have the United States Treasury, Standard Oil and the Bank of England back of him that compelled him to walk home and promise me that he'd never do it again. But there are some of us old fogies who hold that financial management is managing to keep within the limit of your actual cash resources."

"That sounds real sensible—and profound," remarked Estelle thoughtfully. "I'll make a note of it, for I'm sure the girls will think I'm awfully wise to say a thing like that. But all this isn't high finance. Would it be proper to say that high finance should be classed among the arts?"

"Oh, yes," answered David. "It is the art of wholesale robbery."

"Then it is a crime!" exclaimed the girl.

"Not so much a crime as a disease," explained David. "It is a mental disease, due to microbes in the money—a form of monomania that usually develops into megalomania."

"What's that?"

"The insanity of grandeur, of greatness," said David. "It is the basis of that old idea, 'the king can do no wrong,' and is now applied by kings of finance to themselves. The modern reading is, 'I am IT.' They come to regard themselves as above all law and all the rules of ethics. They are, for the most part, entirely sincere."

"But misguided," suggested Estelle.

"Like the pyronoiac," said Tom.

"We had a cook like that once," remarked the mother, "sincere but misguided. She gave us all dyspepsia."

"They consider the fact that they are able to take our money as a proof that they have a right to take it," David went on. "The very fact that we let them take it shows that we don't know how to take care of it ourselves, so they are doing us a kindness by relieving us of it. That we do not give it up willingly merely shows our perverseness and compels them to take it when we aren't looking or by some financial sleight-of-hand work. They learn, with increasing success, to regard themselves as divinely appointed fiscal agents, sent here to prevent us from spending our money recklessly for such absurd things as food and clothes, so they have no need to be particular about their methods of getting control of it. But it usually all comes back to us later."

"In art galleries, museums, libraries and universities," commented Tom.

"No," returned David. "Only a small part of it comes back to us that way. Most of it is handed back through the bar tenders, book-makers, stock exchange brokers, card-sharps and other such agencies by the sons and grandsons of the heaven-sent geniuses who first relieved us of it. But the descendants of the plutocrats are not alone in that. The ambition of the son of any man who has accumulated anything at all seems to be to get the money back in circulation at the earliest possible moment."

"Tom is an ambitious boy," remarked the mother fondly, having failed to catch the full import of the remark.

"Yes, he's ambitious," laughed David.

"What are some of the symptoms of megalomania?" asked the girl, having dropped her seriousness long enough to laugh at her brother's discomfiture.

"Voting one's self a big salary out of trust funds for handling those funds for one's own personal advantage is one symptom," answered David. "Holding that one should be paid by those he loots. There are many megalomaniacs in New York. They are in all departments of high finance. If some of them were working with less capital on a smaller scale, we would call them confidence men and keep them out of church for lying."

"Then they'd build another church," said Tom.

"They would," admitted David, "and they'd take the money from the public to do it."

"I have heard it said," remarked the girl, "that a man is worth all he can get."

"A fine declaration of principles for any robber," said David. "The burglar is worth the silver spoons that he carries away; the confidence man is worth what he gets for the gold brick. But it takes a captain of high finance to justify himself in doing such things. These men believe in their own superiority, their own immunity, their own stewardship, their own code of business morals for themselves exclusively. Each is a king in the world made by his own money, and 'the king can do no wrong.'"

"And is there no cure for this fearful disease?" asked the girl.

"Why, yes," replied David. "I think a dose of iron—bar iron—prescribed by a judge and applied by a jailor in a few of the most flagrant cases would have a very beneficial effect upon even those sufferers not directly treated."

FOR A RE-UNION.

Oh, life is good and work is good,
And it's good to quit and rest;
It's good to loaf in the solitude—
But to meet old friends is best.

—Curtis Hidden Page.

THE WAIL OF THE "WOULD-BEES."

Why is it that our newest jokes

Fail to provoke a laugh,

When men will double up with mirth

At bawling of a calf?

Why do our tales of love divine

In hands of scoffers fall—

Or too-much-married editors

Who never loved at all?

Why do the "features," gleaned with care

With photos illustrate;

Rejected, travel back again,

"Arrived a day too late?"

Why are our sketches "overdrawn,"

Our interviews "too tame,"

Our essays "trite" or "commonplace,"

Our poems' feet "too lame?"

Why is our climax "evident,"

The action "labored," slow?"

God knows we "labored" hard enough

To make the blamed thing "go."

Why are our characters "unreal"—

"Automatons," or worse;

The incidents "far-fetched" or "stale,"

Or "lively as a hearse?"

'Tis a curious world in which we live,

With curious people in it;

And curious things are happening

Most every blessed minute.

But strangest, saddest, most pervert

Of Nature's curious pranks,

Are those that read this masterpiece

Then write "Declined with thanks!"

—John L. Cowan.

SONG OF THE FREE LANCE.

I left for Adventure the acres and house

My father had promised me; also three cows,

The dower to go with the best of good fraus.

The acres, the cows and the lady so fine

I gave for adventure—what gave I for wine?

I gave for red Burgundy silver and gold,

For Moselle my spurs and my top boots I sold,

My cloak for the Rhenish—and ugh, but it's

cold!

Say, if for the flagons I paid such a price,

What could I withhold from the cards and the

dice?

While comrades trot forward behind I must lag.

I wagered my saddle and fat saddle-bag;

To click of the ivories galloped my nag!

If one night of gaming I paid for with this,

Say, what would I venture for love and a kiss?

Oh, love and a kiss in like coin I'd repay,

Or steal it right lightly, so found I the way,

Or beg or beguile it, or risk aught—yet stay,

One thing I would not do—that's take me a

wife!

But this for a kiss I'd pay—kiss and my life!

—Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

THE BRUTE.

He was a crusty old bachelor

Who hated all women like sin,

And he boasted that never a one of them

(But he lied!) had taken him in.

She was a maid of uncertain age,

And she set out her cap for him,

And he cracked jokes sarcastic at her expense,

She was tall and so very slim.

"I'm not as light as I look," she said,

One day when he asked her her weight;

"You are below the average much," said he,

"I'm as certain of that as fate!"

"What is the average woman's weight?"

She cried with a toss of her head;

"The 'wait' of the average woman," said he,

"Is till some fool asks her to wed!"

—Henry Waldorf Francis.



The Oakland Hotel Situation

BY PRESTON PADDON

IN a class by itself as regards the hotel situation in Oakland, stands the palatial Metropole, conducted for the past eight years by R. M. Briare, than whom there is no better or more favorably known boniface on the Pacific Coast. This hostelry has achieved a popularity that places it in the front rank, and its reputation is not limited by State lines. Although complete in every detail, in order to keep abreast with the new and "Greater Oakland," plans are being carried out for additional room and an enlargement in many directions.

A feature not common to hotels situated in the heart of a large city will be numerous and commodious verandas.

Between the main building and the new west wing, and fronting on 13th street, will be the Palm Patio, or court, where in the midst of tropical verdure, concerts will soothe the ear during the season.

The Metropole has always catered to the best class of trade, and is always taxed to its capacity. It contains now 150 rooms, practically all outside, and of these 50 are fitted with private baths. The building is electric-lighted throughout, and there is hot and cold water in every room. Each guest chamber has its telephone (and by means of the private distance can be had for the asking.)

Every accommodation is at hand to serve the commercial public, particularly large and numerous sample rooms. An elegantly appointed buffet, with billiard and pool tables, as well as a barber shop, are at the disposal of the guests. The house has been thoroughly refurnished since April 18th, and when the present improvements are completed, it will be practically a new hotel.

The location of the Metropole is such that all but a comparatively few rooms face either south, east or west, thus insuring bright, sunny apartments.

The guest rooms and parlors are all Axminster carpeted, and the accessory furnishings are in keeping with perfectly harmonious surroundings. The culinary end is in the hands of an experienced French chef, who, with his corps of trained assistants, attends to the wants of the inner man.

The dining room appointments and service are up to the standard of the best metropolitan caravansaries. There are in addition private banquet rooms, largely utilized for special functions.

Above all, there is always about the Metropole that home-like atmosphere that is absent in many large hotels, and which is the result of perfect discipline and un-failing courtesy on the part of the hotel management.

FREE, DECATUR, ILL.

